

THE FALLEN PRIEST

KEY TO

TRUTH



✻ BOSTON ✻
INSIDE OUT



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KEY TO DIE ON THE COVER.

DESIGNED BY J. J. BERRY & Co.

The right of the capital
Key rests upon a decanter
marked RUM. The left rests
upon the Pope's hat,
or that of his Cardi-
nal's. Oth-er keys are
numerous opening to
the upper or the low-
er world. The Vatican is repre-
sented leaning towards the
rum bottle. It is under-
mined by the
dynamite of
L. L. L., Li-
quor, Lotter-
ies and Li-
centious-
ness. Whe-
ther it shall
be righted in
America by
the present
upheaval re-
mains to be
seen. Cath-
olics are
said to be as
earnest for
Mr. Mor-
gan's suc-
cess in awa-
kening the
Roman Cath-
olic Church
to its duty as
Protestants;
and non-
church-
goers more
earnest than
all, as they
pay most of the criminal
and pauper taxes. The
burden at last will rest
with the non-church
goers whether
the church shall
go on in its present
suicidal course, or at
once and forever lift
the banner of reform.

Agents address Rev. HENRY MORGAN, 81 Shawmut Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

I NOW present to the world the final work of my life. My Music Hall lectures won for me a fortune. My "*Ned Nevins, the News-Boy*," placed me among philanthropists, and won me the friendship of the Irish. My "*Shadowy Hand*" was but a mother's hand that led me through "*Life's Struggles*." My "*Boston Inside Out*" provoked three lawsuits, with two attachments upon my church and dwellings, — one for \$10,000 and one for \$25,000. My "*Fallen Priest, or Key to Boston Inside Out*," may elicit more extended suits. The first suit was by the quack doctors, whom I had assailed. They withdrew the suit, finding that "Morgan did n't scare worth a cent." The second suit was by the gamblers, who, after trial, signed off for their "heirs and assigns forever," for the extraordinary sum of one cent, they paying the cost of court. The suit now pending is by sore-headed Catholics. Not leading Catholics, they are not such fools, though some of them back the suit with their money. A full million could be easily raised in the country if it would but "crush out Morgan and his *church reform*." Alas! poor persecuted Morgan is not easily crushed. He is made of sterner stuff. Better save your money, gentlemen, to reform abuses, check the criminal classes, put a bit upon the licentiousness of your priests, feed and elevate your devoted yet degraded paupers! One of my chief witnesses has been spirited away to Europe, with the declaration that "he will not return until after the trial." But I have caught him, had him before the magistrate, and kept him upon the rack swearing for three days! So much for the "Key." Breakers ahead! There is music in the air! There are sounds whose bass and tenor thunder in unmistakable notes to the church, "REFORM," "REFORM!"

Agents address Rev. Henry Morgan, 81 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

THE
FALLEN PRIEST.

STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

KEY AND SEQUEL
TO
"BOSTON INSIDE OUT."

Three Books in One Volume.

BOOK I.—THE STORY. FORTY CHAPTERS.

BOOK II.—CATHOLIC CHURCH IN POLITICS:
FOR SALE OR TO LET.

BOOK III.—KEY AND APPENDIX.

BY
REV. HENRY MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "NED NEVINS, THE NEWSBOY," "SHADOWY HAND; OR, LIFE
STRUGGLES," "MUSIC HALL DISCOURSES," AND
"BOSTON INSIDE OUT."

THIRD EDITION. ELEVEN EXTRA CHAPTERS.

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1883

DEDICATED

To my Catholic friends throughout the Nation. To you I owe a debt of gratitude. Accept my thanks; give me your prayers. You have watched my movements, said "God bless you," and given me aid and cheer. To you the Church is the choicest object of earth. You tremble for its future. Dark! dark be the day when skepticism reigns! That day will surely come if the Roman Catholic Church, in its present teachings and practices, is to be the exponent of Christianity.

You agonize for its fate, for the home circle, for your families, your children, and your children's children. You see the priesthood standing on the brink, boasting of the impregnable rock and keys, bidding defiance to the noblest public opinion, to law and order, fostering pauperism, beggary, idleness, intemperance, licentiousness, pugilism, and crime; inviting from an outraged, indignant, skeptical, tax-burdened populace, the already forged French thunderbolts for their own destruction.

You are Americanized. You believe in free thought, free schools, and free press. You can recognize other sects and other creeds, especially when they carry ten-fold more weight of intelligence, refinement, moral honesty, loyalty to government, and religious culture than all the pretentious mockery of the arrogant, tyrannical so-called "Holy Mother Church."

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

"SHALL the Roman Catholic Church rule America?" will be the American *watch-cry* for the next ten years. It has already captured the large cities! The conflict must come: reform is in the air. The truths of my books, "Boston Inside Out," and this its "Key and Sequel," will be best appreciated when I am in my grave. Then the church will be cleansed, — eliminated of its assumptions, its arrogance, its indulgences, its image-worship, its miracle frauds, its lotteries, its intrigues in politics, its Sunday liquor selling, — and its priesthood will be purified from intemperance and incontinence. Nothing else will satisfy the three-quarter population, — the non-church-goers, the principal tax-payers, — burdened as they are with the church's beggary, pauperism, frauds, and crime.

What will the public think if I shall prove in this book that the priesthood is cruelly and criminally corrupt; that "Father Titus," the hero of my book "Boston Inside Out," is not a myth, but an actual fact, and a representative character of a score of other ecclesiastics which I shall describe living, teaching, and preaching in and around Boston, breathing moral contagion and death;

that politics, and not piety, is their forte and calling; that to them more than any other cause Boston's downfall is due; that war to the knife is declared on free schools; that the Boston Latin and High School, costing three quarters of a million, is now nearly empty; that the twenty-eight parish schools of this diocese, with their military drills, are already breathing threatenings and slaughter, saying, "Let the Yankees beware"; that Catholic supremacy means supreme corruption; that Catholics are easily bribed; that rich corporations choose them for tools by which to cheat the public; that jobs and junketing are the rule; that votes "for sale or to let" might be pasted in their hats daily; that men who cannot pay one dollar poll-tax for all the privileges of citizenship can pay twenty-five, fifty, and even one hundred dollars every year without compunction for liquor; that beggary is at a premium, idleness a virtue; that a man may be elected to the city council who has to borrow a coat to be inaugurated in; that he is placed on the committee of the treasury, to guard Boston's \$700,000,000, — one who scarcely knows a day-book from a ledger; knows nothing of double entry except at the Parker House; patronizes, with other councilmen and cronies, fourteen cigar stores, eight hotels, besides carriages and car travel, at an expense of \$34,000 a year,

besides public celebrations and receptions ; that city contracts can be changed and money squandered by the million with such votes and such voters ; that committees can change contracts without the knowledge or consent of the council ; that nearly \$200,000 extra were given to the Moon Island job ; that the enormous sum of \$36,000 was given for a pile of rocks that cost but \$4,000 ; that \$50,000 extra more or less were given for the sewer tunnel ; that by the statement of one alderman against another, \$80,000 more were given for engines than for those bargained for by Mr. Corliss, his being warranted, both as to capacity and duration (the favored ones not being warranted at all) ; that money being scarce, certain officials got up a scare at South Boston, — circulating petitions to Legislature preventing pumping in the harbor, — compelling city council to vote in haste to complete the sewer, thereby obtaining \$1,500,000 more ; that the engines are now idle, and will be for a year or two, salted and rusting ; that the chief men in the obnoxious rings are anxious for re-election ; that some of them were connected with the \$60,000 electric-light swindle, some with the Meigs elevated railroad scheme, some with the two-million Charlestown elevated bridge grab, some with the change of plans and contracts on the Back Bay, costing half a million ; that many of

these jobs emanate from one and the same source in Pemberton Square; that a few thousands for poll-taxes can easily be paid when a few millions are lying loose around; that men without manhood enough to own their own heads, pay for their own clothes, can follow the political bell-wether like sheep over a fence, can sell or be sold for a dollar; not possessing an honest dime; not doing an honest day's work for weeks or months; making politics a trade; getting appointed to the Legislature as *retrenchers* and *reformers*; voting for every job, every ring, every clique, every extravagance, except such bills as will enforce the laws; that such men should not rule unchallenged the grand old city of Boston, — the city of the highest culture, greatest wealth according to its population, and noblest deeds of renown of any city on the continent?

If I shall establish these facts and reform shall be the fruit; if American Catholics shall stand by me and cheer me on in the future as they have done in the past, — men born on free soil, educated in free schools, knocking at the door of the church asking for change, demanding reform until permanent radical reform shall come and the church be redeemed, — then may I say, like Simeon of old, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

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BOOK III.

KEY AND APPENDIX TO "BOSTON INSIDE OUT."

BOOK I.

STORY OF THE FALLEN PRIEST;

OR, FRUITS OF CATHOLIC TEACHINGS.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER KEENAN ON THE WATCH. — THE DOVE AND THE HAWK. — MARY MULLIGAN RESCUED BY THE PRIEST.

No part of Boston has undergone greater vicissitudes, or passed through so many varying and diverse phases, socially, morally, and architecturally, as that precinct which has been known since the town's earliest infancy as the North End.

Formerly *the* aristocratic quarter, the abode of famous magistrates, statesmen, merchant princes, and other *high* and mighty ones whose names Bostonians delight to honor, it became successively deserted first by the *elite*, then by the moderately well-off and quasi-fashionables, finally by most of these who laid claim to the slightest degree of respectability, until the district at last virtually fell into the hands of a class of denizens

which can only be fittingly characterized as the riff-raff, dregs, and refuse of humanity.

The quaint wooden and brick houses, once grand and imposing in their way, are now dilapidated, dismal, and forlorn looking enough, wearing the unmistakable marks of a dissolute old age in their crumbling walls, sunken doorsteps, broken windows, and in the general air of squalor and unthrift which is everywhere painfully apparent to the passer-by.

But the march of improvement has already extended to this quarter. The bustling genius of trade and traffic is steadily encroaching upon this realm of vice and crime; hedging in with massive stores and warehouses of brick and granite what is yet, however, an evil and plague-haunted region; a region of sailors' boarding-houses, innumerable grog-shops, and the lowest haunts and resorts of a vicious foreign population, where crime holds nightly saturnalia, lays its schemes of robbery, arson, even murder; defying, seemingly with impunity, the interference of the police.

Late in the afternoon of a summer's day, a few years ago, a man was standing meditatively at the corner of one of those narrow lanes or byways which lead from Hanover Street into the most densely peopled portion of the North End.

The bustle and turmoil of the day was at its

height. Teams, hacks, horse-cars, and omnibuses seemed mixed in a chaotic but ever-moving mass, flying hither and thither with indescribable din and racket to their various destinations, while the sidewalks were crowded by a living stream of people of either sex hurrying home or elsewhere for rest and recreation, now that for most of them the day's labor was over.

To Jerome Keenan, the man who is lounging with folded arms against a building which forms one corner of the street, and who, with thoughtful and somewhat melancholy gaze, is watching the moving throng, the scene possessed a peculiar interest.

It may be said that he haunted this particular spot, at least during certain portions of the day, when the crowd was thickest, as now, and when he was not, as was too frequently the case, ensconced in some corner of a drinking-saloon or in his own miserable garret room, sleeping off the effects of a drunken debauch.

To the regular passers-by, Father Keenan, the "silenced" priest, as he was known to his acquaintances, had become a familiar figure there. Something there was so marked in his massive form, so impressive in his bearing, an air of so much dignity and mental superiority about the broad forehead and full, flashing gray eye, that even though

his countenance was seared and lined by the signs of habitual dissipation, it was impossible to pass him by with a casual glance.

And thus many had come to know this strange man, perceiving him so often at his favorite post of observation, and exchanged greetings with him, and passed on their way delighted and charmed by the winning grace and polished courtesy with which he met their salutations.

A man evidently trained and bred in a far different sphere from that of his present life among the outcast haunts at the North End was Father Keenan. But whatever his past history, whatever causes had brought him to so low a level, were locked within his own bosom. That he had once been a Roman Catholic clergyman, removed from the priesthood, — “silenced” for some cause, which perhaps his dissolute habits may have sufficiently explained, — was all that was positively known of his former life.

Concerning that past life, even when in his cups, he observed the most rigid reticence; and few among the hardened wretches among whom, either from some strange choice or necessity, he had dwelt for years, had the temerity to hint at or question him upon the tabooed subject. For he possessed certain traits and physical qualities which ever command the respect and fear of the

vulgar. A man of heroic mould, of commensurate strength, and of invincible courage, slow to anger, but when once wrought up to resent an insult or indignity, offered to himself or to another whose helplessness appealed to his ready sympathies, quick and sure in his vengeance,—such was Father Keenan.

And by other and worthier deeds of kindness and charity — by soothing distress, ministering to the sick and dying, by nameless evidences of a sympathetic heart ever alive to the needs of others — the “silenced” priest had endeared himself to his associates, despite his known vices; which, however, were vices too common to their class to awaken any feeling of reproach in their debased minds.

An anomaly indeed was this man, surrounded by a pestiferous atmosphere of vice and crime, living a life of sin and shame, yet preserving so much of the nobler attributes of his lost manhood; a man fallen indeed, but not, let us hope, utterly degraded and lost!

The crowd continued to surge along the street like the waves of a restless sea, and the silenced priest maintained his attitude of indolent observation, as if he were reading in the flitting faces the pages of a volume which he had conned again and again, but which he was never wearied in perusing.

At times he would start, drop his folded arms to his side, crane his head forward, and peer into the crowd with an eager, strained, intense gaze, while every nerve and muscle seemed to brace itself as if for a tiger-like spring into the midst of the throng.

At such times his eye had encountered a countenance that by a passing likeness had evoked a long-buried memory, which, ghost-like, was forever rising from its grave to confront and harass him.

It was a memory sweet and hallowed, but painful withal, the memory of a face that had been dear to him in the budding springtime of his life; a woman's face whose smiling beauty was as the sunshine to his heart, but which had suddenly departed out of his life, leaving no trace or clew to indicate whither it had flown.

For years he had sought for that loved countenance, haunting theatres, ball-rooms, and the resorts of pleasure and frivolity, travelling in foreign lands to follow some misleading clew; and still, even after entering upon holy orders, peering into the faces of vast audiences who hung upon his eloquent words; and often, as now in the crowded street, feeling hope suddenly revive, only to sink in deeper gloom, as some fancied resemblance to the one he sought was as suddenly dispelled.

The human tide at length became thinned to a straggling stream, and the priest, wearied of his task, was turning to go to his lodging-place, when two persons brushed by him as they passed into the cross street down which his own way led.

One was a thick set, rakishly dressed man of thirty or thirty-five, who, though what might be called tolerably good-looking, was known to Father Keenan as one of the worst characters in the North End. His name was Tim Brady, his occupation that of a bar-tender and "bouncer" for a notorious house of infamy hard by.

His companion was a young girl not more than seventeen years old, modestly dressed, and evidently, to the priest's experienced eyes, a stranger to city ways and sights.

As her companion turned into the narrow street the girl seemed to hesitate and shrink, while she gave him a timid, askant look, as if she felt some disquieting doubt about proceeding in that direction.

Father Keenan now first fairly perceived the girl's face. It was fresh and fair as a daisy; more than this, there was a sparkling gayety and vivacity in the dark, full eye that when in the full play of mirth and pleasure must have lighted up her charming features into positive loveliness.

But even in that momentary glimpse he could

see that the girl was vain, coquettish, and simple, and that she was just the sort of prey to fall only too readily into the clutches of such a wily hawk as Tim Brady.

As he made these observations he heard Brady say, —

"Come along, my pretty one. Don't yer be a bit afeared. Boston is n't a country village, yer know, with green fields and straight roads runnin' between 'em. You've heard of Boston's crooked and dirty streets, I guess. Well, this is one of 'em; but it's the shortest cut to where yer want ter go. So come along!"

"And you are sure this is the way to Roxbury, where my sister lives?" the girl asked, somewhat reassured.

"Why, there ain't any other way, you bet," answered the fellow, taking her arm, and gently leading her a few steps down the street.

These words convinced Father Keenan of Brady's nefarious purpose, if he had had any previous doubts. With a bound he reached the latter's side.

"I shall have to spoil your game, Brady," he said, in a tone of concentrated earnestness. "Let go that girl's arm! At least I will prevent you from committing *one* evil deed!"

The fellow turned furiously, and raised his

clinchéd fist; but when he saw who it was that dared to interfere with him, the intended blow was restrained and a look of baffled hate and fear spread over his evil countenance.

"I don't seek any quarrel with you, Father Keenan," he said, doggedly. "Lave me alone an' I'll lave *you* alone. I know my own business, I guess, an' kin take care of it myself."

"And *I* know your business, Tim Brady; and this foolish girl shall know it, too! Come, do you not see she is already frightened, and striving to release herself from your grasp? Unhand her at once, or —"

Brady was no coward; his very business brought him into constant frays; but he had once felt the weight of Father Keenan's arm, and he had no desire to encounter him again, single-handed, at least. Therefore, with a savage scowl, he dropped the young girl's wrist, and with a muttered threat turned hastily away.

A few kind words reassured the trembling girl and quieted her alarm. In answer to the priest's inquiries, she told him that her name was Mary Mulligan. She had come to Boston to visit a sister who lived in Roxbury. Her own home was in one of the villages on the Merrimac River. Arriving at the Maine depot, unacquainted with the city, she had inquired her way of Brady, who was

lounging about the depot, had fallen into conversation with him, and suspecting nothing wrong from such a good-looking gentleman as she supposed him to be, had placed herself under his guidance.

Father Keenan was interested and charmed with the girl's manner. He could not take his eyes from her sparkling countenance. Somehow a tone, a look, or a gesture vividly recalled to his mind that lost one whose image had never faded from his heart through all the years of change and vicissitude which had passed since he had last beheld it. It was the same bright beauty, the same artless grace, but, alas! he saw in this youthful face the same weaknesses, the same passion for pleasure and frivolities which had caused the wreck and loss of his early love.

He accompanied the young girl some distance, and, after seeing her into a less dangerous locality, gave her minute instructions as to her further course, bade her good-by, and thoughtfully retraced his steps toward the place he called home.

Little did the priest anticipate that his life's lines would ever cross those of Mary Mulligan's again. But they were destined to meet many times in the future, to meet amid scenes of pleasure, of sorrow, and sin. His tragic end was even more humiliating than that depicted in these

pages. For the sake of the rising generation, to help reform, to give courage to reformers, I have made him more bold, courageous, heroic, and independent than he or any Catholic priest could possibly be while opposed by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

If the Catholics have made the North End an aceldama of blood, if the priests set the example of hard drinking, — some of their liquor bills even out of the State being simply enormous, bills that have accidentally fallen into my own hands, — if the priesthood with full reign brings such fruit, what may be the effect of Catholic rule all over the city? Let us see. The head of police is the Democrat who got thousands drunk at the city's expense during the Peace Jubilee. Number second is a Catholic editor, whose election caused every Lady Superior and every political nun to clap their hands, strange as it may seem. I may show in this story, if space is allowed, that nuns, — closely veiled, bead-counting nuns, — are the most consummate of all politicians. They secretly send out the big boss spiders that catch the silly Protestant Republican flies.

Who is clerk at City Hall? Who runs its politics? An editor of a Catholic Democratic paper, who wrote flaming panegyrics on his own worthy self and won the high position. He is now

paid thousands of dollars yearly from the city taxpayers to Catholicise and demoralize public opinion.

Whom did he supercede? One of the purest, most temperate, and sagacious of men that ever held an office! In office thirty years, yet not feathering his own nest sufficiently to lift the mortgage on his dwelling! Merchants lifted it, after he had been ruthlessly assailed and turned out by Catholic, Democratic, junket-grabbing, *civil service reformers!* Hurrah for the Democratic Pendleton bill!

Now what is the effect? Why, it is Pandemonium let loose! Murders and robberies in broad daylight all over the city! As to the social evil, Boston has become within a few years the Niagara Rapids of America! The New England maelstrom that sucks in the spent swimmers of every nation.

As the daring Capt. Webb swam across the English Channel, dove from masthead into the deep sea, made his bed for days, nights, and even weeks floating on the wave, dashed through eddies, whirlpools and cataracts, but at last met his fate, at Niagara, so the New England braves swimming in smaller streams of vice at their country homes, meet at last their maelstrom in Boston.

Oh Boston! Boston! Has it come to this? Angels weep at thy fate! God of our fathers! Hold back Thy thunderbolts! Stay Thy vengeance until men shall repent!

CHAPTER II.

FATHER KEENAN'S AGONY. — CURSE OF CELIBACY. — MIS-
STEP OF HIS LIFE.

THE meeting with Mary Mulligan, and the impression which her fresh and youthful beauty had made upon him stirred, Jerome Keenan's feelings to their very depths. The sight of her beauty, the strange resemblance the country girl bore to the one whom he had loved and lost, and had vainly sought for years, had recalled with painful vividness to the fallen priest the vanished dream of his youth.

"Oh that I had married my own dear Marie! Oh that I had chosen some other profession than the ministry, — chosen medicine, law, politics, — anything but the priesthood!" muttered Father Keenan, as he parted with the youthful, beautiful Mary Mulligan. She looked the very image of his first and only love, his lost love, the idol of his soul, the heaven-sent, heaven-ordained fruition of his youthful, passionate, love-inspired heart.

He forgot where he was, forgot the busy street and the bustling life that was beating and throbbing all about him, but walked on with bowed

head, muttering to himself, at times excitedly waving his arms or beating his brow, all unconscious of the curious regard to which his singular demeanor subjected him.

"Her name was Marie, also," he said. "Strange! Her very expression of countenance, too! Nay, the selfsame dark hair and eyes, figure and walk. How marvellously similar! Heavens! For an instant I forgot that many years had passed since *my* Marie left me without a parting word, and my heart leaped at the sudden fancy that I had found her at last. Pshaw! This young girl had not then been born. I believe I must be growing crazy," he muttered, impatiently. "Some people indeed call me 'Mad Keenan,' and the 'mad priest,' perhaps with reason, too."

He turned the corner of a street down which his course lay, and paused as if by instinct before a low drinking saloon.

"No!" he said, resolutely combating the impulse to enter, and hastily continuing his way. "I will go to bed sober to-night of all nights!"

But his resolution wavered before he had taken a dozen steps. He paused again, and seemed to hesitate.

"What use to try and fight my tempter," he exclaimed, with a despairing gesture: "it always conquers sooner or later; and why should I

struggle against my fate? What have I to hope for? What matters it to any living being how soon I fill a drunkard's grave? Who would mourn me? What heart would feel a pang at Jerome Keenan's death? What am I but a hopeless, miserable outcast, without a single tie that binds me to earth! Other men have homes, wives, children, objects to strive and struggle for. But I am a priest, and to the priest these blessings are forever denied."

He struck his forehead with a gesture of bitterness and despair. Then, entering the saloon, he strode up to the bar, and, paying no attention to the various greetings of the loungers, all of whom seemed to know him, laid down a piece of money and demanded drink. Without a word or a look to anybody, he gulped down the fiery liquid, and moodily turned away, seating himself in a distant corner of the room, and remained there seated for some time, with his face buried in his hands.

The men about the bar gazed curiously at the priest, shrugged their shoulders, and began to comment in whispers on his strange conduct.

"Arrah, it's a touch of the jim-jams he has," said one. "Did ye mind how his eyes rolled whin he tuk his liquor? Faith, an' it'll take more'n two good min ter howld Father Keenan whin the divils have got him fair."

"Give us a rest, Barney," said another to the speaker. "Sure it's little ye know the praste. It's not the jim-jams at all. Sure ye've niver had 'em yerself, or ye'd know the signs betther."

"It's in one of his black moods he's in, sure," said Pat Gorman, the bar-keeper. "I've seen him sit that way for hours, talkin' ter himself, an' niver moindin' a soul, nor sphakin' ter ennybody, unless 't was ter ax fur a dhrink."

"It's a good man is Father Keenan, ennyhow, whin the dhrink's not in him," said another of the group.

There was a general chorus of assent to this sentiment, and many instances of the priest's charity and kind-heartedness were recited, while his prowess in various encounters was descanted on with the admiration which personal strength and courage usually excite among men of their stamp.

Meanwhile Father Keenan, sitting with head bowed upon his hands, was pursuing the same bitter train of thought, apparently as oblivious of his surroundings as when walking through the crowded streets.

As Pat Gorman had said, the priest was indeed in "one of his black moods" to-day. Life at best wore but a dark, sad aspect to him; but, recalling as now the bright promises of his youth, the triumphs of his meridian period, and the utter fail-

ure and shipwreck of later years, his horizon seemed overhung by a heavy and portentous shadow, pierced by not a single ray of light.

"Why do I live? Why not cast off the weary burden of life at once?" Such was the gloomy tenor of his thoughts. "To die is to be at peace, — at rest. What care I for the childish superstitions in which I was bred? Those scare-crows and nightmares of the church, — purgatory and everlasting fire. Bah! I have been too long a priest to fear them or believe in them. Show me the churchman, whether sitting on St. Peter's throne or occupying the humblest parish pulpit, who, in his secret soul, credits one iota of such delusions, — delusions asserted and maintained in order to enslave the souls of men and weld the iron yoke of Rome more securely about their necks; all for the glory of the *church*, not for the glory of God!

"Yes," he resumed, returning to the previous thought, "death is nothing compared with the wretchedness of a life like mine. What hell could equal the torments I suffer? I am the meanest, most servile of slaves! The slave of passions and appetites that torture and madden me. I am no longer a man; no longer fit to live! I fall daily, hourly, into deeper degradation. I am debased and shamed beyond all human creatures!"

It was terrible, this agony of a strong man like Jerome Keenan; a man gifted beyond ordinary men, who had occupied a brilliant position in life, whose name had everywhere been spoken of with love, veneration, and praise, and who had fallen into such an abyss of degradation that he could claim only thieves and outcasts, — the very scum of society, — for his associates.

Fallen indeed was this man! Beginning life with high hopes and splendid promises of future eminence, all had come to naught. In his youth, an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, deeply religious withal, had led Jerome Keenan to look forward to a clerical calling as the highest and noblest of pursuits. He determined to enter the priesthood. It was while at college that an influence beset him that bid fair to seriously interfere with his cherished life purpose. He fell in love, and made no secret of his passion, nor of his resolution to give up his studies and marry the woman of his choice. But the fates decreed otherwise. He entered the priesthood, took the vow of celibacy, and lost his first and only love. Now how bitterly did he regret that hasty action! How much had he lost in worldly comforts! How little had he gained!

"Oh that I had married her! Fed upon her smiles, been cheered by her sweet voice, enjoyed

the paradise of a happy home, the prattle of loving children; had something to live for, hope for, die for. But, alas! I am now lost, forever lost! Lost in soul, lost in body, lost in reputation, lost to hope, lost and ruined for time and eternity!" and he wrung his hands, while tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he sauntered out of the saloon and wended his way along the crowded street towards the dreary attic, his only home.

On entering his rickety, tumble-down abode his thoughts, his dreams, his reveries, his soliloquies were all centred on his first young love and the misstep of his own early life.

Marie McShea was of high family, noble blood, of still higher virtue, and beautiful as the Mary that had just struck his gaze, whose features were recalling all the agony of his youthful despair. For a time in his youth Jerome Keenan, student, curate as he was, had that fond bird of paradise, Marie McShea, absolutely under his control and in his grasp. She prayed by his side, knelt at his feet, and in the secret confessional poured out all the turbulent, conflicting emotions of her love-inspired being.

Young Keenan was happy. He looked upon that weeping, prostrate, young maiden in raptures; he gazed in ecstasies of delight; he toyed with her young heart as the ensanguined cat toys with the imprisoned mouse in its paws.

Oh, what peril for the warm, throbbing pulse of a young man and student! Angels fell with less temptation. He played upon the passions of that susceptible, unsuspecting girl as one plays upon a musical instrument. Love was a contagion. Her passions at last became his passions, and Jerome Keenan was ensnared in the toils of undying affection for the idol, yet victim at his feet. But there were bars to his pleasure, — if he married he must forever give up the priesthood. "Oh, the curse of celibacy!" he cried.

If she yielded further she was ruined for all time. Happy was she in having friends. They advised her at once to break from his spell, his presence, which she did, and never set eyes upon her charming confessor but once again.

The occasion of that fateful meeting may be related hereafter.

Keenan took his loss terribly to heart, and became despondent and wretched. Instead, however, of quenching his passions, he soon fostered them in other blooming fields of the confessional, until his complete exposure, degradation, and downfall have brought him, an almost total wreck, to this dilapidated hovel of poverty.

"Oh, the curse of celibacy!" he cried, wringing his hands. "If you dam waters, they rush more furiously! They even break from lawful channels! So with human passions; so with the

priesthood ; they break from the guarded banks of chastity ! They flood the land with sensuality !”

And Father Keenan was right. Look at the *bagnios* of Boston, the dance-halls of North Street, the open licentiousness of Pitts and Portland and other streets, too numerous to mention. Three fourths of the inmates and habitués Roman Catholics ! And, oh, horrible sight ! Look at the streams of cyprians passing my own church door ! Ten years ago scarcely one to be seen, now fifty a night ! Ten years ago not a dally or barter allowed in the street. Now, scarcely a man can pass without being accosted by these *filles*. A trade is struck up, price is named, house and number pointed out, and all this right in the eyes of the police and before scores of male lookers-on, all watching the bargain or trade of sin as they watch the prize-ring or the market of the bulls and bears.

Thus Boston has become polluted and defiled ; thus morality has been driven out from the city of the Puritans ; thus foreign customs have been introduced, while wholesome laws are relaxed or openly derided and defied.

Glance back to the time when that fearful scarlet letter **A**, with all its terrible significance, was worn, perforce, on the breast of the woman who had sinned against virtue, broken the seventh commandment.

Under Catholic rule the red letter A, though representing a terrible crime, might signify nothing more than "*Absolution*," and be worn upon the breast as a scapular. But with those stern old Puritan men of God it meant the awful crime of "ADULTERY!"

There was no escape, no avoiding the brand. She could not hide it from public gaze. It blazed like a birthmark, red and fiery, upon her bosom, proclaiming her dishonor and infamy to the entire community. Youth and innocence could not, then, be blindly contaminated by her artful seductions and fascinations. Her character was known, and, like the leper, she was avoided and shunned. Now you jostle her sisterhood on the streets, in the omnibus and horse-car, at the concert and the theatre, yea, even in the church. Your wives, your sons, and your daughters may meet her at the crowded seashore, at the fashionable mountain resort, and may dance with her in the same set at the summer hop and at the winter ball.

Is there no remedy, no legislation, to meet the alarming increase of the "social evil" here in Boston? Yes, when Catholic laxity in morals, when the licentious habits of Catholic nations shall be honestly rebuked by the voice of the priesthood, and the power of the church itself, and not till then.

Look at Boston's present rulers, mostly Catholics or Catholic sympathizers. Never before were junketing, jobbery, and profligacy carried on with such unblushing shame!

"Souls for sale here" is stamped upon the brow of nearly all the Catholic heads of our City Government. "Souls for time, souls for eternity." "Roman Catholic votes *for sale* or *to let*." Who bids highest? Better pull down the American eagle from City Hall, and erect in its stead the three balls of the pawnbroker,—a sign typical of our barter in souls and votes!

Yet in the face of all this, Ex-Judge Chamberlain, now head of the Public Library, says innocently, "Catholics are generally chaste. I found but few arrested and brought before me when I was on the bench."

The judge is in the dark as to the facts. I asked him how he knew what religion criminals professed. He said they were either indifferent or announced themselves as Protestants. Uncle Cook was his authority. Uncle Cook is blinded, also. While professing Protestantism, nay, even assuming American Protestant names, nearly all of these Catholic criminals carry a charm or scapular around their necks "to keep off the evil spirit, ward off death and judgment." Nine out of ten of them would refuse to eat meat on Friday, and

there are Catholic harlots in Boston to-day who with superstitious fear wear blessed medals and say their prayers as regularly as the most devout Catholic who ever carried a pair of rosary beads or knelt at the feet of the priest in the confessional, while at the same time they are sunk in the very deepest mire of debauchery and sin.

I know whereof I speak. I know the alpha and omega of this subject. I have spent time and money in ascertaining the facts, and for years have made the Catholic question in all its phases my chief study.

No wonder when intelligent Protestants allow themselves to be hoodwinked that Catholic influence ejects Henry Morgan's books from the Public Library shelves, refuses him the special card, as author and clergyman, he has a right to receive by the laws of the institution.

No wonder when Catholics, having less than one third of the votes, rule the city; when Protestants and non-church-goers are blind to their devices; when the *élite* and rich contribute blindly to every charity, cutting their own throats at the same time.

Such are the effects of Catholic rule and influence in Boston, such the fruits of Catholic teachings. And the same is true of every community where the Church has obtained a stronghold **the world over.**

CHAPTER III.

FATHER KEENAN'S EARLY RENOWN. — VEILED WORSHIP-
PER. — SENSATION IN A CHURCH. — TRIP OF THE TOE
AT THE ALTAR.

LET us go back to the days when Father Jerome Keenan was in the zenith of his fame and renown. Rector of one of the largest parishes, young, handsome, popular, eloquent, he was the idol of the street and the idol of his people, especially the female portion of his parishioners.

It was a gala-day at the Church of the Holy Apostles. The occasion was the celebration of one of the grandest festivals of the church, the feast of Corpus Christi. The young pastor had made preparations on a grand scale to celebrate it, with all the *éclat* and pomp of the Roman Catholic ritual.

Almost for the first time in the history of Boston, the high dignitaries and State officials had condescended to grace the occasion by their presence. There, in reserved pews, were officials of city, State, and nation. Heretofore, Boston's cultured society had looked down in pity and contempt upon the illiterate "Irish church," as it

was called. Now and then they gave it a shilling or a dollar, out of charity or pity, but not out of reverence or respect.

But all this was changed under the rectorship of Father Keenan. From the time of his advent, mayors, governors, senators, and judges were frequent listeners to the music and the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

On the present occasion Father Keenan surpassed himself in eloquence and in theatrical effect. He astonished, captivated, and enthused the staid denizens of Beacon Street as by a magician's power. The students of Theodore Parker, Emerson, and Channing were spellbound and entranced. They afterward confessed that the performance was as good as a first-class drama. Accustomed as they had been to hear cold, theological essays and theoretical dogmas, with icicle logic from icicle pulpits, this was a new revelation.

Here was a young man, without notes, brimful of his subject, florid, fiery, passionate, red-hot in doctrine and feeling, all action, all eloquence, all aglow with his theme, a perfect volcano of burning conviction and overwhelming subjugation, let loose as a tiger upon the unprotected, unresisting lambs of his spiritual flock.

The effect was electrifying, even to Boston's cold logicians and free-thinkers. From that hour, mul-

titudes in aristocratic circles began to turn from derision and scorn to reverence and veneration, and were willing, on the proper occasion, to profess conversion, even to kiss the Pope's toe. From that hour Roman Catholic coffers were filled with Protestant gold, and Roman Catholic politics and policies permeated every circle of influence.

He preached not only upon Corpus Christi, or the Eucharist, but upon other themes, to catch the popular ear. To the Spiritualists he opened the heavens to new visions, and called disembodied spirits from the ends of the earth in answer to prayer. First of all was the Immaculate Virgin, "Mother of God." She came all the way from the tomb of Joseph, in Palestine, to grant her benediction upon the Protestant public who had contributed to the funds of the "mother Church."

Some of the more spiritual and visionary in that audience, by faith and prayer, declared that their visual organs were opened, and they actually saw the face of the Holy Madonna with hands extended in benediction. Another saw St. Augustine, and another St. Ann, the mother of the Virgin. Others saw the African saints and bishops of olden time, bereft of their dusky faces, hovering over the altar, chanting with the choir, answering to the chorus, all surrounded with a halo of glory emanating from the spirit world.

Rarely did spiritual medium or necromancer, with dark lantern and cabinet tricks, ever produce such startling transformations! The altar, the vestments, the draperies, the pictures and images, illumined by the variegated colors of the dancing sunlight from the stained-glass windows, and aided by the exquisite music and the charming voices of the officiating priest and his curates and acolytes, — all conspired to transport the faithful into realms of beatific delight.

Not less effective was his description of the tragedy on Calvary. In portraying the agony of the Son of God in the Garden and on the cross, but few tragic actors — not even those in the famous Passion Play, with all the helps of scenery, orchestra, footlights, and stage — could equal him. The grandeur of Catholic ceremonial, the hundreds of flickering candles, the peals of the organ, were all imposing and all in harmony with his tragic theme. The bloody sweat, the piercing nails, the groans, the prayer, the cry, — "Father, forgive," — the yielding up of the ghost, the death and burial, and glorious resurrection, were all depicted to the life. Corpus Christi was indeed a tragedy.

He then descanted on "Purity and Chastity." His eloquence on this particular subject was marvellous, his figures of speech simply magnificent. All the scenes of nature were brought into requis-

tion to aid his glowing metaphors. His poetry of diction was not only charming but astounding. The resources of his genius seemed transcendent and inexhaustible.

Purity was made doubly pure. The snowflake had not a clearer glow. The icicle had not a speck of dust to tinge the whiteness of its melting drops. Rippling streams from cooling fountains and creviced rock babbled more pure, as described in flowing eloquence from his mellifluous lips. Crystal pearly drops falling from the azure sky of heaven, untainted by the animalculæ of dusty earth, seemed purer by his portrayal.

Sunbeams had a richer hue, and moonbeams a sweeter, more enchanting smile of uncontaminated love. The rainbow was perfect purity, before its falling drops touched this terrestrial sphere. The zephyr blew from beds of violets and roses, and the lily of Israel, emblem of the Immaculate Conception, was purity itself.

Then came "Priestly Chastity." Here he ventured too far. At the mention of priestly celibacy, there was one person in that congregation who manifested commotion. Those who were sitting near a veiled female form could see her quake and quiver; and more than once her agitated hand seized the edge of the veil, as if to throw it off for some desperate purpose.

But the priest, unconscious of the presence of the veiled personage, descanted in still higher strains on the self-denial and sworn continence of the clergy. "The clergy," he said, "are God's vicegerents; they indulge in no home relations, no connubial bliss. They neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." Alas! and unfortunately for his fame and reputation, he was treading on ticklish ground.

Another rustle in that pew, and a stir of marked sensation, when he affirmed, "They neither marry nor are given in marriage." Evidently there was a turbulence of passions and of agony in that woman's breast.

"Yes," he repeated, "they are as the angels of God in heaven. And who would refuse obedience to the angels of God? Such are the shepherds called to minister to you, the tender lambs of his chosen flock."

At this, the declaration of "the angels of God in heaven," the veiled form, masked for charity's sake, could remain quiet no longer. She arose from her seat, and with vehement gesticulations shouted, "Jerome Keenan, that is false! False as the bottomless pit! False as the Serpent, whose child you are. Jerome Keenan, you lie!" And before the audience could recover from the shock she dashed out the side door, and was seen no more. Her name was *Marie McShea*. -

Father Keenan was at first nonplussed and discomfited. He recognized the voice, knew it was the troubled voice of Marie McShea! Oh, what a world of thrilling recollections pierced his soul at that eventful moment! Her upbraidings, entreaties, anguish, and despair were revived in a twinkling, and with redoubled vengeance. Yet he pitied her, would have given a world to restore her virtue, would have consoled her with all the gifts in his power, for he knew that he was the guilty party.

Father Keenan soon recovered himself, however, stating that the disturbance was but the freak of a crazy woman, hoped the congregation would not be alarmed or disquieted; so he finished his discourse, holding the audience spellbound.

When he descended from the pulpit and came before the altar his toe tripped, and he came near falling. Alas for his hopes! His friends saw that he had been inspired by some other spirit than the spirit of heaven. If this was the apex, the acme, of his renown, it was also the turning-point to his terrible downfall. Like a rocket had he ascended, and like a rocket must he come tumbling ignominiously down. New England Puritanism, as yet, had not fallen so low as to encourage and condone both drunkenness and licentiousness in the consecrated pulpits of a Puritan city.

From that hour Father Keenan was doomed. The wild accusations from an excited woman, his flushed countenance, his stumble on the pulpit stairs, started a scandal which gave to the gossip-mongers a new topic. As the congregation departed, many were the comments and criticisms heard on all sides. The pillars of the Church, its wealth, its aristocracy, and more intelligent portion, — the liquor-sellers, — walked in groups to the nearest saloon to discuss the matter.

"After all," said one red-faced rum-seller, "what does it matter to us if a priest is guilty of a *crim. con.* now and then, or even if he takes a little of the 'rale ould stuff' occasionally to give him inspiration? Why, some of the best songs of the Catholic poet, Moore, were written while under the influence of liquor. We don't go to church for faith or devotion, we go for policy."

"Yes," said another, who counted his profits by the thousand, "this church-going is a regular part of our business. An Irishman gives us one half of his earnings, and the priest and doctor 'scoop in' the other half."

There was a conflict of opinion regarding the priest's conduct, some seeming fearful that the bishop would suspend their popular pastor, and the Church be scandalized, others condoning the offence as an amiable weakness. Yet not one voice was raised against the vice of drunkenness.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRDS OF PREY. — PLOTTING AGAINST A PRIEST. — A
WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

"HOLD on, Sam Skillins! What's your hurry? Is that the way you pass by an old friend, without so much as a 'how d'ye do'?"

"Why, bless me! is that you, Andy?" exclaimed the young man addressed, who had been stopped in his hurried progress along the street by a sudden grasp on the arm, and, on turning, had recognized in the first speaker an old friend and chum. "Faith, you are just the fellow I have been looking for this week past. I heard you were discharged from quod, and, as I said, have been on the lookout for you ever since."

"It was n't very sharp you were looking, then, my boy, for you brushed by me just now as though you'd quite forgot 'auld lang syne,' or did n't care to remember Andy Luttrell."

"Nothing of the kind, Andy," said the other, heartily. "I was in such a drive that I did n't see you, that's all. You're the man of all others that I wanted to come across at this present moment."

"Well, here I am, then, Sammy, none the worse

for a year's taste of the stone jug, and, as ever, very much at your service. What's up, now? And, above all, is there any money in it?"

"Thousands, my boy, if you've still got the backbone and plenty of nerve to go partners with me in a little game of bluff I've been planning," said Skillins, eying his friend keenly.

"You can count on me, dead sure, Sam, if that's the racket. For why? 'Cause I'm dead broke, and am bound to 'raise the wind' somehow, or bust!"

"Then let's go to McGlinchy's, where we can talk without being overheard, and I'll let you into as nice a little scheme as you could want, with money enough in it to keep your pockets filled for a month of Sundays."

The two proceeded without further words to the place designated, a well-known drinking resort, kept by a famous sporting man, and here, ensconced in a private room, over a bottle of whiskey, Sam Skillins commenced to unfold his plan.

It was a plan that a cautious schemer like Skillins would hardly have revealed to any one, unless he had the most perfect confidence in him. Of all men in the world, he knew that Andy Luttrell could be trusted. The two, though young, had been bound to each other by a long association in criminal projects. At a tender age both had

been thrown together at the House of the Guardian Angel, a Catholic institution for homeless and wayward boys. Neither of them had ever known father or mother; but the Church assumed the place of a parent in their case, — and a stern and rigid one she proved to be, so far, at least, as to teach her favorite doctrine of blind obedience, enforcing the same with punishments and penances innumerable for the slightest infraction of the rules and ordinances of the institution.

But alas for the efficacy of Catholic teachings! Alas for their much-vaunted hold on the minds and morals of youth! In the case of these boys, Catholic training had been a dismal failure. Two more cunning and unscrupulous rascals, in their respective ways, were never let loose to cheat and prey on society. Scapulars, holy water, beads, charms, and confession were at a discount, when, at fifteen years of age, they were turned adrift from the asylum, and were told that henceforth they must earn their own living.

In less than a year both of these promising youths found themselves sentenced to the Reform School, for theft, during their minority; and the burden of supporting and reforming them was thus transferred to the State. Six months, however, had not elapsed when the fertile mind of Sam Skillins planned an ingenious method of eluding

the vigilance of guards and keepers, and with his old comrade, Andy, made a daring and successful break for freedom. In vain were rewards offered for their apprehension; in vain every effort to recapture the precious pair: they had made good their escape, and the State Reform School beheld them no more forever.

On reaching a place of safety, the first thing for the refugees to do was to assume new names and new clothes. The former was accomplished without difficulty. Martin Sullivan, as he had been christened at the House of the Guardian Angel, became Sam Skillins, and Terence Driscoll was thenceforth known as Andy Luttrell. Two suits of clothes the young adventurers managed to steal in a country village, and, hiding their old garments in the woods, betook themselves by circuitous ways to Boston.

For a time the boys kept together, working at odd jobs here and there when luck was against them, and they could find no safe opportunity of stealing. Honest labor was not to their taste, however; and together they planned and executed many schemes of petty thievery, and generally managed to escape detection. This was principally due to Sam's consummate dexterity; for his was the thinking head that did the scheming, while the executive part of the programme was

usually confided to the ready hands of Andy. At last, however, the latter was caught in the toils of the law, and received a year's sentence to the House of Correction. The long partnership of crime was thus ruthlessly broken for a time by the iron hand of Justice, and the cronies had now met for the first time since Andy's release.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log, Andy, my boy," said Skillins, after he had drawn a brief outline of the plot he had in view. "There's no danger, absolutely not the least, you see. It's a new line of business for us two, that's true, certainly, — different from what we've been used to; but I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me there's bigger stakes to be gained and less risk to run than anything we've ever been up to yet. What d'ye say, old pard?"

"Why, it's for you to say, Sammy. I never 'backed water' yet on anything you ever put up, and I don't see any reason to now. But half-confidence is no confidence, you know. Let's hear the whole jig. Who's the blooming fool that's going to let us bleed him to the tune of five thousand dollars, and never squeal for his money?"

Skillins did not immediately answer. He had hesitated thus far to name the victim he had selected, out of regard for certain prejudices which he knew his partner cherished. If the gaining of

a large sum of money was not sufficient temptation to override Andy's prejudices, then his little game was effectually blocked, and he would have to give it up.

Andy, noticing this hesitation on the part of his friend, gave him a wondering look, that had a shadow of suspicion in it, as he said, —

"Well, Sam, what are you hanging back for? Spit it out, man! Who is the gudgeon that's to make our fortune for us, — and very much against his will, of course? Come, now, it must be some big-bug, or you wouldn't be so squeamish. 'Tain't the President, or the Governor, or His Royal Knibs, the Mayor of Boston, is it?"

"No, Andy," said the other, slowly. "It's only a — priest!"

Andy Luttrell's eyes opened to their widest extent; then he quickly arose to his feet. "*A priest!*" he exclaimed; and there was an accent of superstitious horror in the tones of his voice as he repeated the word. "It's a bad business, Sam," he went on, with a shake of the head; "and I'm fearful it would bring us ill luck for the rest of our lives."

It was less veneration for his religion than a superstitious fear that gave Andy a qualm at this announcement. Less intelligent than his partner in crime, he had never been able to wholly divest

his mind of the abject belief in omens, signs, and portents, and the servile veneration for her ministers which the Roman Catholic creed inculcates. For example, though depraved and criminal in every instinct, he still wore his scapulars upon his neck, believing that, though they might not save him from prison or his neck from the halter, they would at least preserve his soul from everlasting torment. No matter how hungry he might be, it is doubtful if he would have eaten meat on a Friday, except under a dispensation, although his religion would not prevent him from robbing a house, or garroting a man for the sake of relieving him of his pocket-book.

Sam Skillins burst into a derisive laugh at Andy's words.

"Ill luck!" he repeated. "Humbug! A priest is but a man like you and me, Andy. And if he, a minister of God, lets his passions and appetites get the better of him, he's lower and worse than ordinary men. Now this priest, I know, has a stronger liking for fire-water than holy water; and, more than that, he has an eye for a pretty woman. Yes, he's one of those men whom a woman can just wind round her thumb, and make him her toy and slave."

"Well, who is this priest?"

"Father Jerome Keenan, of the Church of the Holy Apostles."

Andy gave a start of surprise.

"You are flying at high game, Sam," he said; but it was evident that his scruples were subsiding, and that the greed of gain was gradually surmounting his superstitious fears.

"Have you found the woman who is to be the cat's-paw in this little game of yours?" he asked, presently.

"That is *your* part of the biz, Andy," said Skillins, with a significant look. "There are plenty of women whom we *might* choose, but there is *only one* whom we could trust!"

Andy slowly rose to his feet. There was a troubled look in his face. He knew at once that his artful friend referred to one who was all in all to him, — a fair siren, who, born as some women seem to be, to enslave and captivate men, and lead them willing captives by their Circean charms, was, by a strange contradiction, devoted to the death, if need were, to this rough, hardened miscreant, Andy Luttrell. Yes, she loved this brute, who had abused and cruelly beaten her time and again. A mere girl in years, she had become perfectly infatuated with him. His brute strength, his daring courage, his big, burly frame, somehow supplied to her imagination that ideal of manly power which woman instinctively looks for and admires in the opposite sex.

Strange, indeed, that a girl marvellously beautiful, delicate and refined by nature, though lacking, indeed, high culture, should attach herself to a man of coarse, brutish instincts, like Andy Luttrell! It was Beauty and the Beast, Miranda and Caliban, Bill Sikes and poor, devoted Nancy, — the contrast between these two. Incongruous, paradoxical, anomalous, indeed, such a connection may seem to be; but the poet Byron has answered every sneer, and every objection to its truth and fidelity to nature, in those two famous lines, —

“Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?”

For a moment Andy Luttrell did not speak. There was a struggle going on in his breast. The project was more than distasteful to him. He still retained some little feeling, some spark of sensibility. Could he surrender, even for a moment, the woman so devoted to him, to the arms of another man, even for the sake of gain?

“You mean *my* girl, Sam,” he said, at last. “You mean Nora Brennan!”

“Yes,” said the other. “She is the only one capable of doing what we want. And if you tell her to do it, Andy Luttrell, she would obey without a murmur, and you know it.”

“Yes, I know it,” said Andy, sententiously. “But —”

"I understand your objections," interposed Skillins; "but they are foolish and absurd. You know that Nora would not look at another man in earnest, and she is a woman that knows how to take care of herself, if any woman does."

Perhaps Sam Skillins, who somewhat envied his friend the possession of such a *rara avis* as Nora Brennan, may have had some practical proof of the truth of this statement. The two discussed the matter at some further length, and Skillins finally overcame all his companion's scruples. How this dastardly plot succeeded will be told in the following chapters.

Meanwhile, poor Father Keenan must watch his laurels. Undoubtedly loose in his habits, and guilty of several misdemeanors, he by these sins lays himself open to black-mail jobs which none but an honest man could repel. A man that can stand up before the courts and before the world, and dare his accusers face to face, dare them to bring on their proofs and do their worst, — this Father Keenan could not do. His vices were too apparent, too public for concealment. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines." Little sins eat out the buds of hope.

CHAPTER V.

NORA BRENNAN'S DEVOTION. — BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
— RESULT OF ANDY'S MISSION.

WHEN Andy Luttrell parted from his partner in crime, Sam Skillins, it was to proceed at once to lay their nefarious scheme before Nora Brennan and secure her co-operation therein.

"It will be no easy job," muttered Andy, doubtfully, to himself, as he mounted the stairway to Nora's rooms. "I'd rather take a thrashing than drag her into such a plant. But it's no use talking: there's big money in it, and money I want; and what's more, money I'll have; and she shall get it for us, whether she will or no!"

So saying, he opened the door and walked in without ceremony. Nora met him at the threshold. She had heard his footstep, and, with the quick ear of affection, had recognized it at once. A beaming smile of love and pleasure lit up her bright, winsome face as she greeted him with a caress, and helped him off with his overcoat.

"Andy, sure you're a darling for coming home so early, when I did not expect you for hours," she said, after he had seated himself. "See!

There's your supper on the stove, all hot and ready for you."

"You need n't have taken the trouble, Nora, for I've already had all I want," he answered, too intent on considering how to break the matter of the plot to her to heed her look of disappointment. Without replying, the girl silently seated herself at a table and resumed the sewing which she had flung aside at his entrance.

Andy fidgeted for a moment, shifting his hands and feet restlessly, and at last got up and commenced to pace the room.

"It is n't much of a place for a born lady like yourself, Nora," he said, stopping and giving a contemptuous glance around the room. It was a small room, scantily furnished indeed, and with none of the luxuries, scarcely a sufficiency of the commonest comforts of life; but it was exquisitely neat, and everywhere showed the deft, tidy handiwork of woman's fingers.

Nora looked up in surprise at the remark.

"I wish it were better, for *your* sake, Andy darling," she said, fondly. "As for me, why, it's good enough for a poor working girl, who must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, or rather by making shirts at starvation price the dozen." And she playfully held up the garment she was then occupied with, pointing at the same time to a pile on the table already finished.

For nearly a week Andy Luttrell had been out of prison, and during that time he had lived on the fruits of Nora's industry. More than that, during the long period of his incarceration, not a visiting day had passed that the faithful girl had not been to see him, and never with empty hands. Such luxuries as prison rules permitted, and which her humble means afforded, she had supplied him with, and never conveyed by a hint even that she had procured them at the cost of depriving herself of actual necessities.

Probably, in his selfish, brutish way, Andy appreciated the love and self-sacrificing spirit of this girl, who, familiar indeed with vice from being born and bred in its midst, and living all her young life among its pestiferous atmosphere, had still some dim, vague longings for a worthy existence, and had, Heaven knows how, managed to set at naught the many temptations to vicious courses which beset a woman in her unprotected condition, — one, too, possessing such extraordinary beauty as was hers.

A true love has been many a woman's salvation, and perhaps this was the secret which had preserved Nora Brennan from plunging headlong into the abyss of shame. There was much in her relations to Andy Luttrell to which the moralist must take exception, nay, much that must be severely

condemned ; but at least she had ever been true to him ; and it was not her fault, neither was it for lack of constant supplications, that she was not his lawful wedded wife. He had sworn to marry her, and it is but justice to Andy Lattrell to say that he fully meant to keep his vow, — that is, when it should suit his convenience, — and in this belief Nora fully trusted.

“ Well, you sha’n’t work for starvation wages much longer, Nora,” Andy resumed, after a moment. “ I’m going to get to work in a day or two myself. I’ve been growing rusty for the past year, but shall soon get into the harness again, and try and strike out for us both once more.”

“ O Andy ! ” exclaimed Nora, dropping her sewing and springing to his side, while a gleam of joy and delight flashed in her dark eyes. “ Do you mean right down, square, honest work ? Such work as honors a man ? Work that raises and ennobles him ? Work that he can point to with pride and say, ‘ I did that with my own strength ; I fashioned this with my own hands ; this money I gained by honest toil ? ’ O Andy ! is *that* what you mean ? ”

And the young girl standing before him with clasped hands, her frame quivering with emotion, her bewitching eyes literally dancing with hope and joy, made a very pretty picture that few men could have resisted.

Very lovely, very enchanting she looked thus, and Andy Luttrell thought he had never seen her so alluring. But her enthusiasm awoke but one idea in his vicious and insensate mind, and that was, "By George! she's a born actress! She'll do the job for us as no other woman could. What man, what priest even, could withstand such beauty as that! Sam Skillins was right! *He* knows what he's about!"

"You do not answer me, Andy dear," Nora resumed, while the sparkling light seemed to fade from her countenance.

And suddenly flinging herself at his feet and laying her clasped hands upon his knee, she continued earnestly, —

"Oh, I had hoped and prayed that you would forsake your old habits and calling when you were free once more. I have looked forward to the time when we could hold up our heads with the highest; when you would turn your back on your old companions, get into some good, honest business, and leave the old, hateful life behind us forever! O Andy, darling, think how pleasant and how happy our lives would then be! To have a nice home, to be your own faithful wife, never to feel the worry, the anxiety, the daily and nightly terror of the police; never to dread the coming of the morning's light, and you away on some dark,

perilous errand that might end in prison and separate us forevermore! Oh, think of it, Andy! Promise me here and now that you will commence this new life. I will help you with all my strength. I will work my fingers to the bone for you! Nay, we will *both* work, and prove that bread earned by honest toil is infinitely sweeter than the choicest luxuries gained by crime! O Andy! Andy! listen to my prayer! Listen to your own, true and loving Nora, who, above all earthly things, cares only to secure your comfort and happiness!"

She paused and looked at him, her face aglow with hope, her lips parted in expectancy, awaiting the answer to her impassioned appeal. The man must indeed have been the veriest clod, his heart but a lump of ice, not to have been moved by so much faithful love and earnestness. And moved he was; but alas! not in the way the poor girl anticipated.

"Never heard such a preacher in my life as you are, Nora!" he exclaimed, with a jeering laugh and with a hiccough, for the heat of the room began to act on the liquor he had been imbibing with Sam Skillins, and his brain was far from steady. "Why, I see some new charm in you every day! Lord! there's a fortune in your voice alone, my girl. *You* talk of work, when you've got talents enough to win money by the cartload

without soiling your pretty fingers with dirty labor ! Work ! I hate the very name ! Neither you nor I were born to work for a living, Nora Brennan ! I never was taught the delights and virtues of work that you prate so much about. I don't see it in your light, you see. I was brought up, you know, at a public Catholic asylum, where we boys chiefly learned how to cheat our masters, lie out of scrapes, pick each others' pockets, and play the mischief generally. When I got old enough to shift for myself, they turned me loose into the streets, and told me to help myself. Well, I *have* helped myself ever since,—that is, to anybody's property that I could lay hands on,—and precious good pickings I've found it, off and on. Of course, everybody strikes a streak of ill-luck, and I've had mine. But that's all over now, and I'm on a lay that's bound to prove a ten-strike for us both, and I want your help in it."

Nora's dream vanished with this speech of her lover. She saw he was too thoroughly interested in some new scheme of villany to heed any further words of hers. She sank despondently in a chair, while Andy, drawing closer to her, recounted in a low tone the details of Sam Skillins's plot against Father Jerome. She heard him patiently to the end, and then she sprang indignantly to her feet.

"And you expect me, the woman you profess

to love, whom you have sworn to make your wife, — you expect me to play this low, vile part of a temptress and deceiver!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing with scorn, but suddenly filling with tears of grief and disappointment.

"Of course I do," said the ruffian, brutally, stung by her reply. "Where's the harm, I'd like to know. All you've got to do is to play your points up to a certain limit, and then me and Sam Skillins will step in and finish the job."

"Sam Skillins!" cried the poor girl. "I might have known that such a scheme could come from no brain but his. O Andy! if you would only cut adrift from that man! It is he alone who is leading you on to ruin."

"Humbug! he's the best friend I've got in the world. But come, I want your answer."

"Oh, I cannot do it, Andy! Do not ask me, I implore!"

"Fudge and fiddlesticks! You can, and must! It's the last thing of the kind I'll ever ask you to do, Nora, and I swear by all that's holy, if you please me in this I'll marry you this day week!"

The girl started and trembled at this pledge, which was the highest bribe that her lover could have offered her. But the next instant she shook her head.

"No, not even for that, Andy, can I soil my soul with such infamy!" she said, resolutely.

The blood rushed to the ruffian's face. He sprang to his feet with an oath, and, before she knew it, caught her delicate throat in his rude grasp.

"What!" he cried, hoarse with fury, "you dare refuse me anything I ask! You, a girl born in the gutter, whom I picked up out of the streets, dare prate to me about honesty, virtue, and soiling your soul! Drop such patter of the gospel shops, I tell you, — it's all flung away on me, — and answer me once more, and be careful *how* you answer; for, if you refuse again, by all the saints in the calendar, I swear I'll throw you over and send you adrift, after breaking every bone in that pretty carcass of yours! Now, what d'ye say? Will you do what I want or not?"

Nora Brennan was brave beyond her sex; but with that infuriated brute standing over her, one hand clutching her throat, the other raised threateningly as if to crush her with a blow, and, above all fear of bodily harm, the dreadful, overwhelming threat he had uttered of deserting her, dispelled all her courage, and, at last, half dead with terror and her agonized feelings, the poor girl yielded and gave a reluctant consent to the wishes of the wretch whom she had chosen for her lord and master.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER JEROME BECOMES RECKLESS.—HOW NORA PLAYED
HER PART. — THE PRIEST FALLS INTO THE TRAP.

AN almost reckless mood had taken possession of Jerome Keenan. Everything that made life endurable seemed slipping away from his grasp. The air was rife with rumors regarding his late conduct. Friends and enemies alike were canvassing the matter. When a clergyman falls from grace, people's tongues will wag. Envy, like death, 't is said, loves a shining mark. The priest's proud and combative nature was aroused, therefore, by all that he heard. He had grown proud and arrogant, perhaps by the servility and obsequiousness that surrounded him on every side, and was not prepared to receive with humility the varied comments on the recent *fiasco*. A few days after the festival of Corpus Christi, a summons came for him to call upon the archbishop. Divining the object of it, knowing that the scandal had reached the prelate's ears, he had the temerity to send some trivial excuse which was almost tantamount to a refusal to obey. Probably no other priest in the archdiocese would have dared thus to trifle

with the archbishop. But Father Jerome felt like a lion goaded by gnats, and was in no humor to humiliate himself or allow his enemies and detractors to witness such humiliation.

"If I am to fall, so be it," he said to himself in his bitter mood. "But, if they drive me to extremities, my fall shall be like that of Samson. I will pull the temple down about their ears, and involve bishop, priesthood, and church in one common ruin. But they dare not go too far with Jerome Keenan. The bishop knows what I know, and I know too much, am possessed of too many secrets of the church, have been admitted too often to the inner sanctuary, for Bishop Gilpatrick and his creatures to press the weight of their authority on me."

Such was the spirit that animated Father Jerome at this time. But pride goeth before a fall, saith Holy Writ. Little did the proud priest know all that was in store for him. Little could he anticipate the power and malignity of his adversaries. To treat so high a dignitary with such scant courtesy as Father Jerome had shown to his superior was to make for himself a most powerful enemy. It was one of the greatest mistakes of Jerome Keenan's life, and bitterly was he destined to rue it.

No more auspicious time than the present could

have been selected by Sam Skillins for pursuing his plot of black-mail against the priest. He had familiarized himself with Father Jerome's habits and mode of life. He had learned by some secret means pretty much all that passed daily in the priest's household, and had found out, much to his satisfaction, that at this time of trouble and trial Jerome Keenan had taken to himself the solace of the brandy bottle, and was, in short, just in that reckless state to render him likely to fall headlong into the trap set for his unwary feet.

Returning homeward one evening from a visit to a friendly parishioner, Father Jerome was accosted at his doorstep by a woman who in most piteous accents begged him for alms.

It was a cold, bitter night; the rain was falling in a steady drizzle, chill and cutting as sleet. Looking at the young woman, perceiving that she was ill-clad, with nothing but an old shawl thrown over her head, and that she seemed to be shivering with cold, the priest's compassion was quickly aroused.

Whether the fact that the rays of the street lamp before his door enabled him to catch a glimpse of her face, and to see that it was a youthful and very beautiful one, though apparently pinched with cold and suffering; whether this fact had anything to do with exciting his sympathies,

must be left to the imagination. However it was, Father Jerome's hand at once sought his pocket, and drawing out a roll of bills, he pressed one into the woman's outstretched palm.

She was in the act of clutching the money, when suddenly and with a low cry she staggered and sank, half fainting, upon the doorstep.

To ring the bell and raise the drooping figure in his stalwart arms was the work of a moment only for the priest to do; and as his housekeeper quickly responded to his summons and opened the door, he cried, —

"Here is a poor girl whom I found fainting with cold and hunger on the doorstep, Mrs. Mahoney. Assist me to carry her into the sitting-room."

This was speedily done, and the unfortunate woman, revived by the warmth of the room, and by some hot drink administered by Mrs. Mahoney at her master's suggestion, was soon sitting up, quite restored, and began to murmur her grateful thanks for the aid and succor afforded her.

"There, my dear child," said Father Jerome, kindly, "do not trouble yourself to thank me. I will leave you now for a few moments while Mrs. Mahoney procures you dry clothing and gives you some food, of which you seem to stand in need. I will return presently, and then you can tell me your story, and I will see what further can be done to assist you."

So saying, the priest left the room, carrying with him the vision of a face of such arch-loveliness, that even the beauty of Marie McShea seemed to pale and grow insignificant before it.

On returning soon afterward, Father Jerome found his new charge sitting before the open fireplace, alone. She gave him a shy, grateful look, and arose with a modest reverence as he entered.

"Be seated, my child," said he ; and as she obeyed, he took a chair beside her, and glanced with interest into her pale yet inexpressibly beautiful face.

One of the priest's besetting weaknesses was his admiration for a pretty woman. He was no exception to the general rule of the priesthood in this respect. Far from it. Laymen would be surprised, and perhaps disgusted, to know how largely the topic of woman and woman's charms enter into the thoughts and ordinary conversation of priests when gathered together among themselves ; perhaps on the principle that what is denied is doubly attractive. The beauty and personal qualities of this and that fair penitent are canvassed with the freedom and indelicacy that the "points" of a racehorse are talked over by sporting men ; and they twit and banter each other about certain female members of their respective flocks in a way that would make the ears of self-respecting husbands, fathers, and brothers burn and tingle if they could but hear them.

The power given to the priest by the confessional, the close relations which in consequence subsist between Catholic women and their spiritual advisers, taught and compelled as they are to reveal even the most sacred mysteries of their lives to their confessors, the familiarity with which matters pertaining to the sexual relation are referred to between priest and penitent, are naturally subversive of native modesty and of that moral restraint which Christian civilization has erected as a bar to the free and indiscriminate indulgence of the passions, and which is the very rock and foundation-stone on which our civilization rests.

We say this, not to cast a slur upon the priesthood as individuals or as a class, but in condemnation of a system which does a pernicious work under a sacred name. All honor and glory to that little band of independent Catholics, those modern Luthers of the church, who, in the face of much detraction and calumny, have dared raise their voices and taken their noble stand against those dogmas and ordinances of the Roman Church which conflict with all enlightenment, all progress, and all morality.

Father Jerome, then, we portray as one of the striking fruits of priestly training, made such, less by natural inclinations than by the force of association, of precept and example; and we vouch for

the truth and fidelity of the portraiture, for he is a study taken from the very life.

"What is your name, my child?" resumed the priest.

"Nora Brennan," was the low answer.

"But what drove you to the street on such an inclement night as this?" he asked.

"My story, Father, is, I fear, but a too common one," replied Nora, sadly. And then (as if with great reluctance, and frequently interrupted by her sobs and tears) she told the priest a most harrowing tale of abuse and wretchedness on the part of a brutal husband. This man she acknowledged she had once loved (or fancied she loved), but he had soon proved himself one of the cruellest of domestic tyrants. He made her work for him as long as she was able to work, and then drove her with curses and blows into the streets to beg, while he (too lazy to earn a living) squandered the money in low vices.

In short, Nora's artful story, composed of truth sufficient to lend an air of sincerity to its relation (as it was designed to do), had a powerful effect on Father Jerome. He pitied her deeply, and pity in his case was very near akin to love.

In the end the priest pressed some money upon the girl, bade her return to her home, and promised on the next day to call at her house.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER JEROME VISITS NORA. — THE TRAP IS SPRUNG. —
THE PRIEST DEFIES THE PLOTTERS.

"GOOD afternoon, my dear," said Father Jerome, as he entered Nora Brennan's apartment the next day, agreeably to his promise.

Nora was sitting by the window, and her sad, tear-stained face lighted up with what seemed a flush of pleasure as her visitor came in. That sad look was by no means assumed for the occasion. She had really been crying, and crying in deepest agony, at the despicable part her tyrant was compelling her to play. That part was in every sense repugnant to her nature, and filled her with shame, with grief and remorse. Yet there was but one alternative for the poor girl: either she must carry out the farce to a successful end, or be subjected to her lover's brutality, and then be deserted by him and left to her fate.

Ah! how powerful is woman's love! How true, how tender, how self sacrificing! It may make her an angel or a demon, a saint or a sinner of the deepest dye! Lower than the very beasts is the man who would take base advantage of

woman's affection to drive her to sin and shame through the tenderest emotions of her soul!

The priest noted, with quick compassion, Nora's sad looks, her drooping form and languid movement, as she arose to welcome him. He took her hand and gave it a tender and encouraging pressure as he led her back to her seat.

"You have been in my thoughts continually since we parted, my poor child," said he. "Your sorrowful story has deeply impressed me, and I would do much to make your lot a happier one. Confide freely in me, Nora. Tell me without reserve how I can best help you. To relieve the sorrowing and distressed is one of the highest duties of my office as a priest, and it is a pleasant as well as a sacred duty to me."

"You — you are very, very kind, Father," murmured Nora, trembling and almost overwhelmed; for the magic tenderness of the priest's manner, the earnest sympathy with which he spoke, aroused an almost invincible disgust and abhorrence in her heart against the task she had undertaken to perform. "Oh!" she continued, with a sudden and irresistible outburst of feeling, wringing her hands and breaking into tears, — "oh! that I *could* tell you all! O Father, that I could pour out all the misery of my heart to you without reserve! Oh! oh! I cannot, cannot do it! I cannot, nay, I will not betray —"

She paused suddenly. Carried away by the intensity of her emotions, the poor girl, in one more word, would have revealed enough to arouse her dupe's suspicions. For the moment she was on the verge of distraction ; but a smothered sound, seemingly coming from the adjoining room, recalled her instantly to herself and to the necessity of controlling her agitation. Nature had almost triumphed over art in that one moment, and the girl felt a terrible fear, and grew pale and giddy as she realized how nearly she had precipitated herself into the abyss.

Father Jerome, however, had not heard that vague sound, so full of significance to Nora's ears. Her words seemed perfectly natural to him, although he was surprised at the violence of her emotion.

"If any new cause of trouble has occurred, my child," said he, gently, "I will not ask you to reveal it now, since it seems to distress you so much. But you should remember that I am a priest, and it would be no betrayal of any confidence, in the ordinary sense of the word, to tell all your causes of affliction to me. But from what I already know, I can easily surmise that you have been subjected to some fresh outrage on the part of your husband."

Nora bowed her head as if in acquiescence, but did not speak.

"I pity you from the bottom of my soul, poor child," said Father Jerome, feelingly. "I must see your husband, Nora. He is a Catholic, is he not?"

"He is, Father."

"Then perhaps I may be able to influence him to treat you better, and to become a worthier husband. Yes, I will see him this very day."

"That will be impossible, your reverence," said Nora; "for he left home this morning, after taking the money you gave me, and said that he should not return for several days."

"Left home!" exclaimed the priest, indignantly. "Left you without protection and without means! Oh, it is outrageous! What manner of man can your husband be to forsake a young, lovely, and faithful wife, as I know *you* must be, Nora, in this cruel and heartless fashion? It is shameful! shameful?"

And Father Jerome bent forward and again took Nora's little hand in his.

"Alas, Father!" she said, with downcast eyes, "it is no new experience to me. Day after day, night after night, I have been left thus alone. Ah! I fear my husband cares very little for me. His love has long since died out, or he would not treat me so. There are fairer faces than mine, deeper fascinations than I possess, Father."

She said it with such an air of modest self-depreciation that the priest was inwardly amused, in spite of his pity and sympathy. The idea that any man, possessing such a bewitching creature as Nora Brennan for a wife, could be tempted from his allegiance by another woman was the very height of absurdity. In all his varied experience, Father Jerome had never yet met the peer of this lovely girl; no, not even Marie McShea, he confessed to himself, could approach her in those alluring qualities which tempt and fascinate men. The bending, willowy form, the rich tint of the smooth skin, the large, sweet eyes, whose lustrous depths suggested wells of slumbering passion, stirred the susceptible heart of the priest as no woman's attractions had stirred it since his early youth.

"She is a veritable goddess," said he to himself. "Diana had not a more charming face, Venus no more lovely form!"

He drew nearer to her, and said in a voice that he tried to render calm, "And yet, in spite of his ill-treatment, you still love your husband, Nora?"

"Love him!" she repeated, springing to her feet, and, mindful of her odious part, throwing a torrent of simulated passion into her tone. "I hate him! Hate and detest him as man never

was hated by a wronged and outraged woman before! (God forgive me for the lie!" she muttered, under her breath.) "O Father, forgive me!" she cried, suddenly dropping upon her knees at his feet. "I knew not what I said. It was wrong to speak so of my husband. I had no right to utter such words in a stranger's ears."

"You must not regard me as a stranger, my child," said the priest, soothingly, and raising her gently. "Henceforth, Nora, you must look upon me as a friend, — a friend ever ready to aid you to the extent of his power. You will think of me as such, will you not?"

And he laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder, and gazed into the eyes that were raised to his, and seemed to see in their depths an answering glance that thrilled him to the very heart.

It was a moment full of peril to the priest, — a peril not only to his soul, but to every earthly interest on which he set store. But he was blind to all this; he was completely in the toils, like another Samson, powerful yet weak, strong, mighty, and towering among men, yet the veriest puppet in an artful woman's hands.

Perhaps, gazing at the siren before him, he thought of the weariness of his life, the sorrows that had crowded it, like a full bowl that runneth

over; of the tyranny of fate which had snatched this cup of joy from his lips, and made him athirst ever since. He was, moreover, a priest and a casuist, and had learned to stifle the voice of conscience, to allay its sharpest prickings, by a method of reasoning that he would have condemned as deadly sin in another. Marie McShea was forever dead to him; there was a void in his heart that yearned for the solace and sympathy that only woman's love can give; and here before him was this beautiful woman, looking upon him as a friend and benefactor, and whose soft glances now seemed full of the reflection of that magic

“Light which never was on sea or land.”

A wild delirium seemed to come upon him and possess his senses while he gazed, in which moments, perhaps hours, passed by, and left their impress only with such fevered images as flit through a madman's brain. A cry, sharp, piercing and full of terror, broke the spell of his enchantment, as Nora suddenly flung herself upon his breast, and, clinging with her arms around his neck, cried, —

“Save me, Father! save me! He will kill me! See! God help me! It is my husband!”

And there, standing in the doorway, their faces expressing astonishment, blended with fiery wrath, were Andy Luttrell and Sam Skilkins!

For a moment not a word was said. Nora, after that startled cry, had burst into a fit of hysterical weeping, more real than affected, for the strain upon her nerves had given way at last, and she had sunk into a chair completely overcome.

Agitated Father Jerome certainly was at this startling denouement; but in the face of danger he seemed to recover all his power and energy of mind.

Andy Luttrell sprang fiercely toward the priest, and launched forth at him a string of oaths and foul vituperation that would have stunned and shocked even a rum-seller's ears. But Father Jerome calmly waited until he had ceased, and then said, —

"You, then, are this young woman's husband?"

"Yes, I am that same; and, if I had a pistol or weapon of any kind, I would show you that I know how to avenge this stain upon my honor, priest though you are!" answered Andy, with considerable bluster.

A disdainful smile played upon Father Jerome's lips. He looked from one to the other, first at the girl, whose face was buried in her hands, then at Sam Skillins, who stood in the background, regarding the scene with ill-disguised anxiety, and lastly his gaze came back to Andy.

Now, if the latter had been one tithe as skilful

in acting his part as Nora had proved herself to be, the victim of the plot might have been completely deceived. But Andy had unmistakably overdone his *role*. His swagger, his oaths, his gesticulations, were manifestly unnatural, and like a flash the whole scheme was made plain to the priest's eyes. Still, with that calm, disdainful look, he took his hat and was moving toward the door, when Luttrell threw himself in the way.

"You don't get out of the scrape quite so easy as that!" he cried, with a threatening gesture.

"Ah! indeed!" said the priest, mockingly. "But I forget; your wounded honor demands a healing balsam, of course. Well, what price do you set on your lacerated feelings?"

"You'll pay me five thousand dollars, and not a cent less, or to the bishop I'll go and lay the whole case before him," said Andy. "And thank your patron saint that you are a priest, or it would be *blood* and not money that this affair would cost you!"

"Fellow!" said Father Jerome, "do you think to deceive me longer? Were I as guilty as you pretend, which I am far from being, I would scorn to stoop to the humiliation of saving my reputation or my life even, by purchasing them at your hands. Not one dollar of my money shall enrich you or reward your silly plot. Now, carry out your

threat, fly to the bishop with your tale, and we shall see who wins the game, you or I."

And so saying, and with flashing eyes, the priest strode resolutely toward the door, crossed the threshold, and descended the stairs, while the two *confrères* looked on, too confounded to interpose any obstacle to his departure.

It would have been policy for Father Keenan to have silenced those black-mailers at any cost, — silenced them, as other priests have done. But he was inflexible, and, in consequence, sacrificed his robes and his reputation. The sin of priestly criminality is in being found out, not in the commission of the crime.

What becomes of the immense revenues of the Church? Here is a priest, high up in holy orders, who paid \$3,000 in hush money: he was guilty; then, finding that thousands more were demanded, in despair he either took his own life or fell by the stroke of Providence. Other instances might be named by the score. No wonder that mortgages of churches are not lifted, when fortunes are spent in covering up priestly crimes.

Father Keenan was too proud, too high-spirited; he resented as an insult the imputation cast upon his honor. One week from that time he would have given thousands. Disabled soldiers cannot fight. He had been maimed in other fields of sin; this laid him open to attack.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BISHOP'S SENTENCE. — THE LAST BLOW FALLS. —
FATHER JEROME IS "SILENCED."

"MY sin has found me out!"

Murmuring these words, in the accents of despair, Father Jerome sank into a seat and bowed his head upon his hands. His shoulders worked convulsively, his broad chest heaved with his emotions. Three days had gone by since the fatal visit to Nora Brennan's house, — days of anguish, of remorse, and of bitter self-reproach had they been to him. None but his God could ever know the agony of his soul. The panorama of his whole life had passed before him. He recalled every event of sin and folly, — and they had been many. He had scarcely touched food during this awful time, had hardly closed his eyes in slumber. His dark hair had become threaded with silvery streaks, his flashing eye was dull and leaden, his cheeks were hollowed and had lost the hue of health, while his whole frame seemed to have grown lank and shrunken, as if he had undergone some severe and wasting sickness. What it would have taken long weeks of physical pain and disease to pro-

duce had been accomplished by the mental strain of a few days, the intense soul-torture of one suddenly awakened to the conviction of sin, and overwhelmed by its rushing floods.

The story of the scene in Nora Brennan's room had gone forth garbled, misstated, and enlivened by the most sensational details, and was everywhere in men's mouths. Vain every effort to hush up or explain the scandal. Andy Luttrell and Sam Skillins, chagrined at the failure of their plot, had carried out their threat: the bishop had been told all, and much more than had really happened. The prelate had long feared and envied the brilliant Father Jerome, and in his secret soul hailed with delight this crowning act, which secured his rival's downfall.

Rousing himself at length, Father Jerome raised his head, and took from the table an official-looking document sealed with the archepiscopal signet. It had just been left at the door, but, though divining its contents, he had not yet the courage to break the seal. Now, with a desperate resolve, he did so.

Yes, as he had expected, there was the fatal decree in proper form, and signed by the bishop,—the decree which removed him from the priesthood, that set the bans of the church upon him, that took from him all his high honors, his useful-

ness, his power and influence, yea, that plucked the very bread from his mouth and left him a beggar and a homeless outcast forevermore. Father Jerome was disgraced, degraded, dishonored; he was henceforth but a "silenced" priest.

"Oh, I never dreamed of this!" he murmured, in a broken voice, looking at the paper with staring eyes. "I felt too secure, believed that the bishop at least would stand my friend, for his own interest's sake. God in heaven help me, for I am deserted of man! Let my enemies talk; I care not for their clamor. But my friends, those who have stood by me through good and evil report, who have given me their sympathy and love, and strengthened my hands when they would have grown weak and faltered! O my friends! my friends! my dear parishioners! What will you say when this last stroke of fortune becomes known? Oh, you will hate and despise your once-loved pastor! Great God! I shall see those loved faces turned from me in reproach and scorn; shall see them shrink away as though I were a loathsome reptile, a leper of contamination! O Holy Mother of God! what is left for me to do? Is there no help? No way of moving the bishop? Shall I go to him, pray on my bended knees for his pardon? Shall I confess all my sin, acknowledge all the evil of my heart; or shall I brave it

out, — deny, lie, threaten, accuse in my turn, and dare Bishop Gilpatrick to make public this decree? Alas, I know not what to do! My mind is wavering and unstable as that of a child. I cannot think consecutively. Oh, I shall go mad with this terrible weight of woe! Pardon, merciful Saviour! Pardon, Holy Mary!”

And in the abandonment of his misery he flung himself again into his chair, beating his brow with his clinched hands, tearing at his hair, and moaning and groaning like one bereft.

Again starting up, he cried, in the words of the Psalmist, “Yes, my sin is ever before me! Save me, O God! for the waters are come into my soul! I sink in deep mire where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. They that hate me are more than the hairs of my head; they that would destroy me are mighty!”

Thus he continued for some time to groan forth the agony of his soul, walking the room with wild, disordered steps, throwing himself into a chair, and at times grovelling prone upon the floor in the paroxysms of his anguish.

In the midst of one of the wildest of these outbursts there came a low, timid knock at the door. With a mighty effort he controlled the fever of his mind and bade the applicant to enter, thinking

it must be his housekeeper. To his intense surprise and indignation, when the door opened Nora Brennan hesitatingly came into the room.

"You here, miserable girl!" exclaimed the priest. "How dare you venture upon such an intrusion?"

For answer, Nora raised her hands toward him with a supplicating gesture, and then he first noticed the extreme pallor and haggardness of her face. It was like the face of one dead; it was but the ghost of her former beauty that he beheld. Even his own misery was forgotten for the moment in the unutterable wretchedness and speechless woe written on that countenance. His manner changed. His great heart was stirred, as it was always stirred, Christ-like, in spite of his faults and vices, at another's distress. He sprang towards her, for she began to sway and totter from weakness, and led her to a chair.

"What ails you, poor child?" he asked again, compassionately.

"I — I believe I am dying, Father!" she murmured, with a gasping sound.

"Dying!" he repeated, springing to the table and pouring out a glass of water which he placed to her lips. The draught seemed to revive her, and in a moment she spoke again, at the same time falling upon her knees at the priest's feet.

"I could not die until I had sought your pardon, Father," she said. "I dragged myself here, though I was too feeble to stand, to beg and pray you to forgive my wickedness toward you. O Father! I fear I have ruined you, an innocent man."

"No, not an innocent man, God pardon me!" said the priest, sorrowfully. "Innocent, perhaps I may be, as respects you, poor girl; but guilty enough in the sight of Heaven, I fear! "

"But you *will* pardon and forgive me when you know all, Father, deeply as I have wronged you, will you not?"

"I have already solved the motive of your conduct, Nora," said Jerome, mildly. "I know you were but the irresponsible agent of others in the foul plot to despoil and ruin me. Yes, I bear you no ill-will, and I forgive you freely."

"Then may God bless you, Father Jerome!" cried Nora, fervently. "If you can forgive a wicked girl like me, who has wrought you such terrible injury, then Heaven will surely forgive and save you. Listen, Father," she went on hurriedly, "and let me tell you the whole of that scheme." And briefly she recounted what is already known to the reader, adding, however, that after the failure of the plot her lover, in his anger, had accused her of having secretly betrayed the whole affair to the destined victim, for that

was the only way Sam Skillins and Andy Luttrell could account for Father Jerome's defiance of them. Andy had quarrelled with her, had struck her repeatedly, and then had abandoned her to her fate.

"Thus, Father," she concluded, "you see before you a lost, hopeless, and despairing creature, of no use to any one in the world, and who is wearied, utterly wearied, of living longer in it."

"Oh, surely Heaven has sent you to be my salvation, Nora!" cried the priest, as a sudden hope flashed on his mind. "Fly with me at once to the bishop! Repeat your story to him; he will believe you and the wrong you have done will be righted! But, good heavens! What is the matter, my child?"

For the girl had suddenly given a cry of agony and fallen forward at these words, and as the priest bent down to raise her to her feet, she cried, —

"Too late! too late! God forgive me! Why did I not think of that in time! for I am dying, Father, dying! It is too late now, too late! I have done a rash thing! Father, forgive me, for I have taken my life! Oh, pray for me, Father! You are a priest: give me your absolution before I die!"

It was only too true! The unhappy girl, in the delirium of her despair at her lover's abandonment, had purchased and swallowed some deadly

drug. At the last moment, while feeling the poison working in her veins, she had flown to Father Jerome, her only thought being an intense anxiety to procure his pardon and forgiveness.

Calling loudly to his housekeeper, the priest bent frantically over the dying girl and tried to arouse her from the stupor which had fallen upon her. A physician was summoned, but his skill was of no avail. It was, indeed, too late! Nora never opened her eyes or spoke again. The laudanum she had taken, slow-acting at first, had at last done its fatal work, and within an hour the unhappy girl had passed away.

The fact that this girl had died of poison, and in Father Jerome's own room, intensified the feeling and awakened new suspicions against him. The true explanation very few credited. It was believed that he was trebly culpable, and that Nora Brennan had destroyed herself on his account alone.

Thus, with this added load of obloquy to his already overweighted heart, and at last completely broken down, Father Jerome ceased to struggle against his adverse fate, and sunk, by lower and lower degrees, to that final stage in which he is portrayed in the first chapter.

A denizen of the North End, the station-house, and the brothel was the once-famed Father Keenan.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGGARS AND BUMMERS. — PIETY, CROSSES, CHARMS,
AND SCAPULARS AMONG THIEVES. — SCENE AT MRS.
O'LEARY'S LODGING-HOUSE, NORTH END.

BOSTON has become the haven of tramps, the Paradise of beggars. Beggars in your pathway, beggars in the street, beggars at the front door, beggars at the back door, beggars in the office, beggars in the workshop, beggars in the store, beggars, beggars everywhere. Beggars for church, beggars for charity, beggars for church lotteries, beggars for cold meat, beggars for hot meat, beggars for old clothes, beggars for new clothes, — misfit or any fit, so long as they can be sold at the pawnbroker's for one tenth their value. So long as cold victuals and city soup can bring a drink of whiskey, a can of beer, or a bunk at night, so long will the fraternity flourish.

Astonishing what able-bodied men a majority of these beggars are ! The maimed, the weak, the sick, the aged do not appear. These are supported generously by the State, or by their friends, when too proud spirited to accept alms. But the ragged army of tramps who infest Boston have both cheek

and endurance. They can travel like an Indian, eat like a gormand, drink like a fish, swear like a trooper, and pray like a saint. Some even bless with the sign of the cross the whiskey they drink. Fish and eggs on Friday. Give them meat, they throw it to the dogs. In summer they sleep behind wood-piles, on the public Common, in the groves, in empty cars, and on the wharves. In winter they throng the various homes, — the Chardon Street Home, the Temporary Home, the North End Home, the Lewis Street Home, — or in the rickety garret homes of those who share their gathered pelf and booty.

Professional begging is a fine art; a profession that requires skill, tact, talent, experience, cheek, and perseverance, also thanks without limit. Parrot-like words of unbounded gratitude for the smallest favors: "May all the saints and the Blissid Vargin protect yer."

In short, the professional beggar has studied his part like a master actor. He eyes his almoner through and through while repeating his pitiful story. He has a story to suit every occasion. To Mr. Skinflint he tells a tale that would draw tears from a rock: "Oh, sir, won't ye ba a helpin' a poor starvin' man with a sick wife that ba a freezin' and a dyin'?" To Miss Great Heart he pleads like a seraph: "And it's you that will not sa a baby

dyin' ! And wa can't get no coffin for the darlin' laatile crather ! ”

Why, in times past I have had the eyes cheated out of my head by these scamps ! I have given them the last shirt I had for the Sabbath, have taken the coat from my back and given it to them ; then at last found myself duped.

The following is of actual occurrence, — a true scene : —

Let us enter the lodging-house of Mag O'Leary. Here many of these characters “hang out.” It is situated on Cross Street, North End.

“Hello, Mike Haley ! Yer just up from Deer Island,” said Pat Mooney. “Yes ; and yer not long up yisself.” “Faith an' didn't he git fat on the mush an' salt air ?” remarked Jim Blevins, a big-bodied, North-of-Ireland Orangeman. “Be jabbers, it's better nor aitin' the city's soup up here.” “Is Barney Lynch down yet ?” asked a rum-soaked old codger. “Didn't yer see him yerself afore yer came up, last Tuesday ?” “Were yer in the scrub-gang, Mike ?” “No, I was actin' as a mason's clark” (hod-carrier).

“Yer goin' to the divil entirely, Mike,” said the husband of Mag O'Leary.

“Well, Pat, it's a good man's fault to get drunk once in a while.”

“It's dry yer must be now, Mike, after yer tin

days' pledge," continued Mag's husband. "Yer might fill the can, or ax a feller if he had a mouth on him. I had poor luck since yer wint away."

"I always liked you, Pat, an' we'll have a can of stock ale from Murphy's; an' I'll sing yer a song whin I come back that'll rouse yer courage a little, mebbe."

While Mike is out for the beer, let us take a look around. Of all the streets for fifteen-cent lodgings, Cross Street "takes the palm"; of all the women that open their hospitable doors to midnight prowlers, Mag O'Leary leads the van; of all the beds for lodgers, packed like sardines in a box, hers seemed the largest, — lodgers squeezed like dates in a bag.

Of all the men who live by their wits; of all who have sworn never to do a day's work, declaring that the world owes them a living, — now drunk, now sober, now down at the Island, now in jail, now at this house begging for food, now at that house begging for clothes, — give us Mike Haley, for all the world. "God is good, and the devil ain't bad," was his password on all occasions.

Now this man, Mike Haley, was a character in his own way. Once he had been quite respectable; had a steady job at the Navy Yard, a good wife, and a comfortable home. He took to drink, however, and, coming home one night full of bad

whiskey, he kicked his wife down-stairs, and she died from the effects of the fall. Mike was arrested for murder and sentenced to prison for three years. He was not even allowed to gaze upon the dead features of his wife. This was a sore blow to him, for Mike had a tender spot in his heart withal. Mike came out of the jail broken down in spirits. His child, a little delicate girl of six years, had died shortly after its mother. The man had nothing now to live for. His ambition was gone. The State had supported him now for three years. During this time he had done very little work, feigning sickness every now and then.

It was the evening of the 14th of August, the eve of the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. To-morrow, on that sacred feast, Mike Haley was to be released. The thoughts of gaining his freedom once more were in his mind all day long. Suddenly he bethought him of what the morrow was, and, kneeling down by the little iron bed in his cell, he took from his neck a cord to which was attached a medal of the Virgin, a gift from his mother, and holding it before him, he prayed fervently,—for Mike was a faithful Catholic. He had also with him a pair of beads and scapulars, given him by Father McGlynn, the Catholic priest who attended the jail. After saying his evening devotions, the prisoner fell into a

reverie, and the events of his past life flitted across his mind. Again he imagined himself in the little town of Bandon, County Cork. His mother's form appeared before him in the little rude cabin which was his former home. He heard her sweet voice again as he stood on the quay in Queenstown when he kissed her good-by for the last time and received her admonitions to remain true to her early teachings and never forsake the old faith. All his life-doings came up before him, and at last arrived that dreadful scene which had blasted his life. Alas! had he come to this? His feelings overcame him, and he burst into a flood of tears such as he had not shed for years. He, a strong man, but of a sensitive nature, wept like a child at the recollection of what he had gone through. What had he now to live for? Was he not branded with the mark of a felon? As he passed through the streets the finger of scorn would be pointed at him. People would remark, "There goes the brute who murdered his wife."

All these things were uppermost in his mind, and the thoughts sickened him. Disgusted with his life, he vowed in revenge to work no more, and sealed the compact by kissing the medal he held in his hands.

Oh, how well had he kept that vow! Four

years after we find him as our sketch opens ; but what a contrast ! Then he was a fine, able-bodied man, the very picture of health. Now gaze upon his rum-suffused countenance, his bleared eyes, and ragged garments. All this time he had not worked a day, but always had enough to eat and drink, and a place to sleep at night. He lived by his wits. He was a bum, a beggar. He eked out a comfortable existence, and, as he often remarked himself, got along better than most men who worked from morning till night.

Mike returned in a short time with a flowing can of Murphy's "family destroyer." He placed the beer on a rickety table, and, pulling a chair over near it, he told Pat O'Leary to "dish out" the stuff while he filled his pipe. Mag's husband filled a glass and drank it, saying, with a knowing wink to the crowd, "Pat, be good to yerself, an' yer friends 'll like yer the better." Then, as a mark of respect to the man who had paid for the beer, he filled the goblet brimful and offered it to Mike Haley, who took it eagerly, offering as a toast, "Bad luck to poverty," to which the company present responded a fervent "Amen."

Mike was treated to a second and third glass, and after the lapse of a little time was in a mood for singing. After considerable pressing and coaxing by those present he gave the following

song in a deep, rich brogue, which, considering his recent departure from the "stone palace," was quite appropriate : —

DEER ISLAND DOWN THE BAY.

It was on one lovely night in March I got so awful tight,
I took a stroll down Portland Street, 't was there I had a
fight ;

When two policemen came along they had a word to
say, —

They said they'd send me over to Deer Island, down the
bay.

They marched me up to Station Three; 't was there I
stayed all night ;

And in the morn, when I awoke, I was not quite so tight.
I asked the captain to let me go, as I had no money to
pay ;

" Oh, yes ! " he says; " I will let you go to Deer Island,
down the bay."

It was on the first of April I was brought before the
judge ;

They put me in the prisoner's dock, that they might have
their grudge.

The clerk, he read the charge to me. " Not guilty," I did
say ;

But they proved to send me over to Deer Island, down
the bay.

The officers swore they had seen me drunk some fifty
times and more ;

And the judge, he thought they told the truth, as he
viewed my carcass o'er ;

SCENE AT MRS. O'LEARY'S LODGING-HOUSE. 85

For an awful pile of whiskey I did daily stow away ;
But I guess they will keep me sober on Deer Island,
down the bay.

Deer Island is a pretty place ; South Boston can't compare.

The judge, he thought it would improve my health to give
me a passage there ;

So two months the judge he gave me, and I was sent
away

In the steamer "Common Drunkard," to Deer Island,
down the bay.

When I arrived on this beautiful isle they marched me
to the house ;

They shaved my hair close to my head, but never found a
louse.

They dumped me into a bath-tub, put on me a suit of
gray ;

For that is the way they use them all on Deer Island,
down the bay.

Eight hundred drunkards, bold and true, down on this
isle do stay,

Working for this good old State, for which they get no
pay.

Brown bread and mush is plenty : they have it every day
Down in the House of Industry, Deer Island, down the
bay.

On the farm and in the coal pile the boys are hard at
work,

Making shoes and cutting wood, while the Molls they
wash our shirts ;

But we think we can all stand it until the final day, —

A few months wont last forever, — on Deer Island, down
the bay.

Every afternoon I paraded, with my hand-cart in my hand,
Down to the "Common Drunkard"; 't was there I had my stand.
The fish and beef I had to haul, all through the mud and clay,
Down to these common drunkards, on Deer Island, down the bay.

At six o'clock we all turn in, at five we all turn out,
Then take our buckets in our hands,—what is in them you can't doubt.
We empty them, wash ourselves, and then we march away,
To get our bread and coffee, on Deer Island, down the bay.

We go to church on Sunday, to hear the word of God,
Which is something we ain't used to, and it comes almighty hard.
They think they can convert us,—make us leave our rummy way;
But they'll find themselves mistaken, on Deer Island, down the bay.

There are deers on Boston Common, and dears on Portland Street.
They say that rum is so very dear that no one dares to treat.
I know the times are mighty hard; but few can pay their way;
But what is dearer than them all, is Deer Island, down the bay.

Now I've arrived in Boston, how sober I do feel;
'T is now three times a day I get a good, square, hearty meal.

SCENE AT MRS. O'LEARY'S LODGING-HOUSE. 87

And rum and whiskey I leave alone: I find it does not
pay;

For two months at home is better than on Deer Island,
down the bay.

And now my song is ended, you will with me agree,
That we, poor common drunkards, should at once be all
set free.

I've served my sentence nobly : I have nothing more to
say;

So I'll tell you all to go to Hull or Deer Island, down
the bay.

This song suited the company and the occasion. These men gloried in their own shame. They had plenty of piety, but no morality; they lived by "hand-outs" and "grab-ins." Those highest in church orders, wearing scapulars, beads, and crosses, could swear the most, drink the most, and steal the most, becoming the heaviest burdens, nuisances, and curses to society.

CHAPTER X.

A DRINKING SCENE IN MAG O'LEARY'S. — EXPLOITS OF BILLY THE KID. — RELIGIOUS ROW. — MIKE HALEY FALLS A MARTYR TO THE "OLD FAITH."

WHEN the song was ended Mike was greeted with cheers of applause, and every one wanted to shake hands with him. He bore his honors meekly, however, and said he would like to have his "whistle wet" once more. Pat O'Leary then suggested that as Mike had done so well, some one else ought to treat, and perhaps Mike would sing another song.

"Where 's the can, Pat?" asked Barney Lynch; "or better still, give me the bottle, an' we 'll give Mike a hot noggin o' punch."

"Gimme you yet, Barney," said Mike, as the vision of a hot whiskey punch arose in his mind: "I never saw yer behind the bush yet when a poor feller needed somethin' to warrum his heart."

"'Pon my conscience, yer right, Mike," interposed Mag's husband; "Barney 's not a bad feller himself in the matter of a drop o' drink."

As Barney departed, a young fellow bounded into the room with a good-sized canvas bag, which

he threw under the table, winking at Mag at the same time.

The new-comer was a pretty good-looking fellow, and wore a dark suit of clothes, brown overalls pulled over the pantaloons, an overcoat of a brown material, and a slouch hat. From his countenance one could see that he was of Irish descent.

Billy Moriarty, for such was his name, or "Billy the Kid," as familiarly called, was young in years but old in sin. He was now about seventeen, but had run away from home when quite young, and, having a propensity for stealing, he was fast initiated in the light-fingered art after a short sojourn in the dives of the North End. He made his living by sneak-thieving, and although he had done service at both the Reform School, from which he escaped, and the State Prison, he always went back to his old trade. He often boasted of having received his first lesson in picking pockets at the Reform School. At the State Prison he formed the acquaintance of older criminals, and after serving his last sentence of six months at the House of Correction, he became shrewder, and was sharper in escaping detection.

"Well, Billy the Kid, how does the world use you?" asked Pat, when the young fellow had seated himself after warming his hands at the fire, for it was a bitter cold night without.

"Oh, first class, Paddy," said the Kid: "I 'caught on' to a 'square' to-night. Come near being nabbed by a cop, though, near the Massachusetts House, but I dodged into Reilly's Alley, till I saw a chance to skip; but I want your ear for a minute."

Pat opened the door to a back room, and the Kid followed and closed the door.

"Hush!" said he to Pat, when they were inside. "I 'collared' a pair of pullets up near the Blackstone Market, an' if yer think the old codger — I mean that bloody Orangeman — would n't give things away, we might have a 'lay-out' to-night."

"But Mag 'll raise the divil: its Friday, yer know," said Pat. "If yer had brought fish or eggs, now, it would suit her."

"Oh, we 'll get over that easy enough. I 'll give her one for herself, and that 'll pay my lodging for to-night; and she won't kick on the Friday business, you bet."

The two men came back into the kitchen, and the Kid, pulling out the bag from under the table, produced a pair of nice fat chickens.

"O yer little vagabond! Where did yer get such a foine pair of birds?" asked Mag, as she cast a covetous glance at the fowl lying on the table.

"That's all right, old woman," said the Kid.

"Mr. Benson at the market gave them to me for going an errand for him."

Barney returned in a little while, and soon each one had a steaming glass of *potheen*, including Mag, who remarked, "Well, men, my respects ter ye. If some one did n't think of me, that big bluster there niver would. I might sit here till doomsday an' he would never ax to moisten a body's lips."

This fling aroused her husband, and he retorted, "Get out, yer ould fat cook, yer. T' other mornin' I was sick as a dog, an' yer knew it; and yer tight heart wouldn't let yer give a feller ninepence for an 'eye opener.'"

This little altercation between man and wife caused the others, who were chatting in groups of two and three, to stop and listen. Mag did not answer the husband back again, for she knew that with what liquor he had in he would, if she roused his ire, thrash her when the lodgers had gone to bed.

Fully ten minutes elapsed before any one ventured to speak, when Mike, seeing things had calmed a little, ventured:—

"What is this, b'ys? A Quaker meetin'? Why ain't yer sayin' somethin'? If Pat has no objection, I'll give ye a song, though I'm not feelin' well meself; still, God is good an' the divil ain't bad."

"No, no; I wont hinder, Mike. Go ahead."

"Well, I would like to ax the company what 'll yez have, b'ys? 'Father Tom O'Neil' or 'Donnybrook Fair,' or what?"

Then arose a shout, some hollering the name of this song and that song, until the noise was almost deafening.

Pat commanded silence, saying, —

"Give us anything yer feel like, Mike, — anything, so long as it's cheerful."

Mike cleared his throat, and, after saying "he wanted no noise," sang, with a voice somewhat unsteady from too much drink, the following: —

FINNIGAN'S WAKE.

Tim Finnigan lived in Walker Street, —

An Irish gentleman, mighty odd;

He 'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,

And to rise in the world he carried the hod.

But you see he 'd a sort of a tippling way, —

With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born, —

And to help him thro' his work each day

He 'd a drop of the creature every morn.

CHORUS: Whack, hurrah! dance to your partner,

Welt the flure; your trotters shake;

Is n't it the truth I 've told ye?

Lots of fun at Finnigan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full;

His head felt heavy, which made him shake;

He fell from the ladder and broke his skull;

So they carried him home, his corpse to wake.

They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles round his feet,
And a couple dozen around his head.

CHORUS: Whack, hurrah! etc.

His friends assembled at his wake;
Missus Finnigan called out for the lunch.
First they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and tobacky and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Neil began to cry, —
Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
Arrah, Tim, avourneen, an' why did you die?
Och, none of your gab, sez Judy Magee.

CHORUS: Whack, hurrah! etc.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job, —
Arrah, Biddy, says she, ye 're wrong, I 'm sure;
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob, —
It left her sprawling on the flure.
Each side in war did soon engage, —
'T was woman to woman, and man to man;
Shillelah law was all the rage,
And a bloody ruction soon began.

CHORUS: Whack, hurrah! etc.

Mickey Mulvany raised his head,
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
It missed him, and, hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim.
Bedad! he revives! see how he raises!
And Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathered around like blazes,
Bad luck to your souls: d' ye think I 'm dead?

CHORUS: Whack, hurrah! etc.

Then came a fight for the "Old Faith," the war of the scapulars. The more drunk the more pious. That hated Orangeman became a mark of special vengeance: he was a heretic. Heretics don't wear scapulars, say the rosary, hear mass, cross themselves with holy water, and confess their sins. They ought not to stop, to stay, to breathe, to live, in the pious house of Mag O'Leary.

Was she not a devout Catholic? There were the pictures on the walls; there was a crucifix at the head of the bed, her bottle of holy water on the bureau, and a pair of rosary beads she always carried with her.

Fired with whiskey, it needed but a spark to kindle a terrible conflagration. One word brought on another, and the fight commenced.

"I'm as good as the rest of ye; an' I'll git to hivin as soon as any of ye," said Jim Blevins.

That started the row. The idea of Jim Blevins, an Orangeman, getting to heaven without the help of the Holy Church. Monstrous!

"Yer lie, yer haythin. Without the mark of holy baptism on ye, yer'll go with the rest of yer tribe whin yer die, — to the divil an' his imps," replied Mike Haley, rising to the floor.

This fling at his people also brought the Orangeman to his feet. He made a lurch at Haley, as if to strike. This roused the whole house, every

man seizing a weapon, — one the poker, one a chair, another a stick of wood; and Mag made to save the lamp. All made a rush for Blevins, who retreated into a corner.

At this moment a loud knock was heard on the door. "Hush," said Mag: "it 's th' peelers," as she rose to open.

"Oh, God bless yer! an' is this you, Father Keenan?" was Mag's exclamation. "Come in, yer Riverence, an' shtop th' fight, or there 'll be murder alive."

Father Keenan, the fallen priest, himself intoxicated, entered, and was respectfully saluted by all present, with the exception of the Orangeman, who stood with glaring eyes face to face with Mike Haley.

"What 's the matter (hic), boys? (hic)," asked the priest, after seating himself, with Mag's assistance.

"This Friday dog has abused the church!" "He 's slandered the holy priesthood!" "He says a priest can't put a man into heaven!" "The haythin pup says he is as good as the rist of us." "He said, 'To the divil with the pope!'" were the cries from half a dozen voices at once, in answer to the priest.

"I didn't say that," said Jim Blevins, turning with a bow towards the clergyman.

"Yer did," shouted Mike Haley, "yer infidel pig!"

"I did n't!" retorted Jim.

"Yer lie, yer did!"

"Yer lie, I did n't!"

"Yes, he did!" "Yes, he did!" "Down with him!" "At him, Mike, we'll help yer." "Kill the heretic!" "Away with him!" And the fight commenced anew. Missiles began to fly at the Orangeman. Now a stick of wood he dodges; now a piece of coal, which struck him square in the face.

As Mike Haley approaches to strike him, crying, "Ye imp of hell, I'll fix yer," Jim parries the blow, and with his other brawny arm keeps those nearest him at bay.

"How dare ye attack the priest?" said Mike Haley, as he struck at him again, whiskey giving him courage. "An' there's another for the church, yer thief of the wurrold!"

The burley Orangeman, as an enraged bull before a red flag, the blood of two hundred years of strife boiling in his veins, from the battle of the Boyne, with eyes glaring fire, lips compressed, himself filled with liquor, waiting for the coming blow that carried with it "priest," "thief," and "church," drew back as Haley struck; then, with clinched fist, every nerve in his body quivering

with rage, muttering, "Priest or no priest, church or no church, HERE GOES!"

And with all the strength of his giant frame centred in that arm, he deals one sledge hammer blow, that fells Mike Haley to the floor, and there he lies prostrate, bleeding, senseless, nigh unto death.

CHAPTER XI.

DYING MOMENTS OF MIKE HALEY. — FATHER KEENAN ADMINISTERS EXTREME UNCTION. — WIFE'S WEDDING-RING. — HIS OLD CHUM BARNEY IN TEARS.

MIKE HALEY was carried to an adjoining room by the husband of Mag O'Leary and two of the lodgers. Jim Blevins had struck him a terrible blow on the left side of his head, near the temple, and one of his eyes was nearly driven from the socket. It was an awful sight! He was bleeding profusely and still remained unconscious.

The occurrence had a sobering effect on all present; even the priest, accustomed as he had been to meeting death in every form, was stunned for the moment; but, rising as best he could, he went to Mike's bedside, and sitting down, he offered up a silent prayer, and commenced to chafe the wounded man's hands. The others stood by motionless, some on their knees, waiting for any little sign of returning consciousness.

At length Mike opened his eyes and closed them again. All present could see that the man had but a few hours to live. The Orangeman's blow had been a fatal one. The priest called to Mag

O'Leary, who had remained terrified in the kitchen, and she came to the door, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Bring me the holy water, my dear child," said Father Keenan, "and a blessed candle."

Mag hastened to obey his instructions. The priest, now completely sobered off, turned towards the dying man and, bending down his head on the coverlet, murmured, "Oh, that our holy mother the church had not placed her ban upon me! Oh, that I could hear this unfortunate man's confession, and give him absolution for all his sins! Would that my hands were not bound by the church, that I might anoint with the chrism and the holy oils his eyes, his ears, his mouth, and hands, and all his senses, for they have grievously sinned! Oh, that I might kneel before him and administer to him the last rites of the church he has loved so well, and served, in form at least, so faithfully! that I might give him the holy sacrament of extreme unction!"

Pat O'Leary, in the mean time, sent a lodger for the parish priest, but he was out. Mike Haley takes a turn for the worse. Father Keenan, silenced as he was, and fearful for the dying man's salvation, determines, at all hazards, to hear his confession and anoint him with the chrism and the holy oils. He has with him an old, almost worn-

out, purple "stole," with little white crosses on the ends. The dying man is sinking rapidly. If the priest who has been sent for does not soon arrive, all will be over. There is a struggle going on in Father Keenan's breast. "Will I commit a sacrilege," he says to himself, "if I give this man the last rites of our holy church, or will I commit a greater one by letting him die without them?"

While he is thinking on these things Mike slowly opens his eyes and faintly motions for the priest to hearken to his feeble voice. The priest bends his ear close to the man's lips, and in accents faint comes, "I want to confess." Father Keenan hesitates no longer. "You folks will have to go into the other room," he says, "for I am going to hear this man's confession."

In an instant all have left the room, Mag O'Leary being the last to go; and she closes the door after her and locks it.

The priest then takes out his "stole," and kissing it places it around his shoulders, the two ends falling in front. He then bends close down to Mike's lips and listens to the sins of a lifetime, rapidly revealed, and hurried over. Then he tells him to make a hearty act of contrition, and raising his hands he pronounces the sacred words of absolution.

The confession being over, the priest is ready to

anoint him. He knocks at the door, as a signal for those without to enter. He then proceeds to anoint with the holy oils and chrism the different senses,—the eyes, the ears, mouth, hands,—saying at each one a short prayer in Latin. Then he recites in English the litany for the dying, and those present give the responses:—

“From eternal death,”

“O Lord, deliver him.”

“From the flames of hell,”

“O Lord, deliver him.”

“From the power of the devil,”

“O Lord, deliver him.”

And so on. When this prayer is finished, the dying man motions for a drink, and the priest tells Mag to give him a little whiskey and water. This seems to revive him a great deal, and he calls on Barney Lynch, his old chum, to come to his bedside.

“Barney, ould boy,” said Mike, speaking with effort, and reaching out his hand, “the end has come at last.”

“*Och*, nonsense, man! yer’ll be up an out th’morra. Cheer up, man dear! an’ don’t feel so down-hearted,” replied Barney, sitting near the bed, and taking his hand.

“No, I’ll niver rise ag’in. I know my time has come. God’s holy will be done! Barney,

we've been chums together for a long time. We've been on the road together. Together we've suffered, — aye, an' almost starved sometimes; but God was good. An' yer know that half of what was mine was yours, an' —"

"Oh, don't, Mike! it's killin' me to see yer there," broke in Barney, as he wiped the blood-stains from Mike's forehead; "it's you that did n't have the mean ways about yer. Many's the time I've seen yer give the bread out av yer own mouth to some one worse off nor yourself. *Och hone!* It's no one in this worruld will miss yer but me, yer good, true-hearted sowl, yer."

"Ah! it's a cowl'd worruld though I'm lavin', Barney; an' we've had our own share of all its troubles," bursting into sobs and groans.

"Yes, an' more too, Mike; but yer were always so light-hearted. Yer voice was enough to raise a man up that was cast down, an' make him forgit his trouble. Yer always had a pleasant word for every one, and a bit av a joke an' a song. Oh, but it was to be, I suppose, that this villain should cross yer path this night! Push over a little, darlin', till I fix the pillows so yer head will be aisy. There, now, lie back an' thry to feel at rist."

"Barney," said Mike faintly, as Mag entered the room, "get the scissors an' cut this bag from my scapulars."

Barney did so, and Mike, taking the bag from him, opened it and disclosed to view a plain gold ring, very much worn. It was his wife's wedding-ring.

Hannah Haley wore this ring constantly in reverence for the holy sacrament of matrimony. She was a firm believer in the old Irish superstition that, if she was to take it off after the priest blessed it and placed it on her finger, some bad luck would happen to her.

On the day which brought her death, while sitting in the rocking-chair, the child playing near, exhausted by the morning's work, she fell asleep. The child sportively took the ring from her finger. That night Mike came home drunk. The reader knows the rest. On her dying bed she bitterly regretted her carelessness, ascribing to the removal of the ring her terrible death at the hands of her husband.

Mike said, "Yer know, Mag, that Hannah wore this ring Sunday and every day."

"'Deed she did, Mike. Heaven grant her rest this night!"

"She wore it even at the wash-tub, doing outside work, scrubbing, and taking in washing, as well as her own, for she wished to save enough to buy, poor thing, a little home we could call ours. An' saints in heaven! how good she was!

Oh, how kind and forgivin'!" Here his voice choked, and he kissed the ring passionately.

He commenced again, feebly: "Many's the time, when hard up, I have been sorely tempted to pawn it to get a glass or a bite to eat; but yer know, Barney, I would starve to death before I would part with it." "Thru for yer, Mike, yer would rather lose yer life afore yer would part with it." "She sent it to me in the jail, with a lock of her hair, by Father Keenan. He carried her dying message to me also. She said that, dying, she forgave me." "Yes, she did, from her heart out," said Mag, as she stroked the hair back from his forehead. "O Mag, the agony of that moment! My wife dying with not a sowl near her but strangers! An' even in her last words, taken by the officers of the law, she took all the blame upon herself."

"Mag, you've been a good friend to me," said Mike, recovering a little; "many's the night you've given me a bite to eat an' a bed to lay on whin no one else would, an' I had n't a red in my pocket, Mag. You're from me own place too at home. Oh, if I could see my sweet native place of Bandon once more before I die! An' yer knew me father an' me mother; yer know how I was brought up. God be good to thim! They niver dhramed I'd come to this bad end."

Then Mag O'Leary, bursting into fits of despair, commenced to ring her hands and tear her hair, crying, "O Mike dear, an' darlin', don't yer lave us! No more yer swate voice we'll hear singin' the good ould songs of Ireland. O *alan-na* (darling), don't yer lave us! don't yer lave us! O sweet Virgin Mary, spare him! Spare him this blissid an' holy night, an' raise him up from this bed of suffering and death. Oh, wurrer! wurrer! What 'll we do at all at all?"

Mike sought to comfort her as she swayed back and forth in her agony of grief and sorrow.

"It's no use, Mag. Don't feel so bad *avourneen*. I'm gettin' weaker an' weaker ivery minute. Before th' morrow's sun is risen I'll see my Hannah an' my little Mamie. Mag, a better woman than Hannah niver drew breath." "Faith an' she was. But yer hurtin' yerself sp'akin'," said Mag. "Oh th' villain that I was! I see all plain now. This is her weddin'-ring." And in lower accents to Mag, "Many's the time," kissing it over and over again, "many's the time have I come near partin' with it, but, thanks be to God! I have kept it safe, I have, and I have it still," sighing and groaning.

"Yes, Mike, yer were throe to her, except when the drink got the better of yer; but try to be quiet, an' sleep a little."

"Ah, Mag! when I sleep I'll niver wake a'gin.

An' I must aise me mind while th' little time is left me. God be with th' day I placed this ring on her finger in ould St. Mary's Church! Father Fulmer, God rest his sowl! was the one who married us. An' whin we was l'avin', says he, 'Mike, be good to Hannah, for she is a true and noble woman.' O Mag! if I could live me life over again" (gasping and sobbing) "with — with — with — Hannah an' — an' — little Mamie, in our little home once more, an' — " But the thought of such happiness was too much for him, and he sank back exhausted upon the pillow.

Mag took the cup containing whiskey and water from a chair near the bedside, and taking the spoon, moistened Mike's lips three or four times. Again he revived, and after Mag had propped up his head with pillows, she wiped the blood-stains from his forehead and cheeks, for he was bleeding fast, and becoming fainter and fainter as the moments passed. All these little attentions were as angel mercies to the dying man, to this poor, forlorn world's outcast. He appreciated them with all the gratitude of his youth and better nature, before rum had made him a fiend.

Mooney and Billy the Kid were not wanting in their sympathies. They made every effort to save his life. They hurried to the apothecary's, and for the doctor; but dying confession and extreme

unction must take precedence to all earthly physicians. These tender, heart-feeling ministrations from his old chums, in that dark room, lighted only by the flickering ray of a single tallow candle, unused as he had been to such kindnesses, were to him as the revelations of a new heaven just opening to his view.

Revived by the liquor, the wounded man made signs to Father Keenan, who was standing at the foot of the bed. "Father, here is the ring you brought to me in the jail from my dyin' wife, Hannah, yer know."

"Yes, my dear child; but you must not be speaking too much: it will worry you," said the priest, touching the wound on Mike's forehead with his consecrated stole to relieve the pain.

"I must speak, Father: with this blood my life is flowin' fast."

"Yer too late, doctor," said Billy the Kid as the doctor entered; and sure enough the wound was declared mortal; and his assailant, Jim Blevins, had escaped.

"An' it's Jim Blevins what has done it," cried the dying man; "an' may the saints and the Blissid Vargin have marcy on his soul! I forgive him all." This seemed his dying gasp.

Father Keenan, seeing the turn things had taken, bade all in the room to kneel down, and

commenced again the prayers for the dying, while Mag O'Leary lighted the blessed candle, and placed it in the dying man's hands. She then went to the bureau drawer and took from it her husband's habit (shroud), which had been consecrated and blessed, and placed Mike Haley's right arm through the sleeve, in order that he might gain the plenary indulgence granted to those in their last agony, and placed a crucifix on his breast, after holding it to his lips to kiss.

In a short while the dying man began to breathe heavily, to writhe and shake violently, showing signs of dissolution. The blessed candle came near toppling over, but Barney Lynch, faithful to the last, caught it, and, placing it again in poor Mike's hand, went down on his knees, and held it there with his own ; and, although the violent shaking of the dying man caused the hot wax to run down upon Barney's arm and hand, still he bore the pain heroically, and while the tears streamed down his cheeks averted his head, that he might not witness the torture and anguish of the departing soul.

When Father Keenan saw that he was going, he seized a crucifix, and placing it before the dying man's eyes, bade him kiss it, and steadfastly look upon it as he breathed his last.

CHAPTER XII.

MIKE HALEY'S WAKE. — LAMENTATIONS OF MAG O'LEARY.
— ROSARY, LITANY, WHISKEY, AND TOBACCO. — THREE
NIGHTS IN A WAKE HOUSE.

MIKE HALEY was dead. As he had predicted, he died before the sun had risen. He was "murdered for the 'old faith.'" The next thing to be done was to give him a decent wake and Christian burial in consecrated ground.

It was decided that he should be buried by the side of his wife in Mount Calvary Cemetery. Mike had bought a grave there some twelve years before, at the time of his first child's death. He used often to jokingly refer to his owning real estate, of which he held the deed, and when questioned as to where it was he would say, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "Six feet of earth in Mount Calvary Cemetery."

Let us enter the little bedroom where poor Mike died. Everything is in contrast to last evening, when he was carried here bleeding and insensible, to die in an awful agony. The floor has been scrubbed nicely, and white; the paint has been washed clean, and newly washed curtains have

been put up, and a couple of sheets have been tacked in plaits around the walls; every article in the room—looking-glass, vases, pictures, clock—has been covered with a white cloth or towel. The crucifix and a picture of the Virgin at the head of the corpse are alone excepted. The bed has been taken down and a catafalque erected by placing some boards upon a table and then tacking sheets in plaits over this, the same as on the walls, allowing the cloth to extend to the floor on all sides. A little table, also covered with a clean towel, has been placed at the foot of the corpse. Upon this table are two or three saucers, some with snuff in them, one to receive snuffings of candles, and a large five-branch candelabra.

Mike is laid out in his own clothes, pants and vest, but no coat. Clean, blue woollen stockings have been pulled on his feet; and he is further made to look respectable by the addition of a clean white shirt, supplied by Mag O'Leary. A pair of rosary beads have been intertwined in his fingers. A large concourse will attend this wake, for a man from the County Cork is always sure to have a large wake and a large funeral.

Pat O'Leary has commenced to shave Mike, while Barney Lynch, Billy the Kid, and Pat Mooney have gone to make arrangements for the noted time-honored Irish festival. One will attend

to getting the whiskey ; this being no easy task, there being not much money in the crowd, so the work has been left to the Kid. Mooney will try and arrange with Glancy the undertaker to send some kind of a box, for, as Mag O'Leary said, "It would be a mortal shame for to let the city bury him, such a good Catholic ; an' perhaps the haythins would stick his poor ould bones in ground that never was consecrated, and was n't howly." Barney Lynch will notify a good many of Mike's old friends, also his wife's relations, who cut off all intimacy with Mike after he came out of prison the first time. Barney also knows where to get enough pipes, tobacco, and matches to last the three nights of the wake. Thus to Mag O'Leary the expenses will be comparatively nothing, while she will get the credit among the neighbors for everything. Loud will be the praises of Mag O'Leary on all sides for her disinterested work of Christian charity. "Oh, but she's the good woman to lay out that man clane an' daysint, an' go to all the trouble an' expense she has, an' him not av her own flesh and blood at all, at all !"

Mag has also had the kitchen scrubbed, and has placed a nice clean cloth on the table. She then tells her husband to fill two good-sized boxes with sand for the men who come in the evening that chew tobacco.

All this has been done long before the neighbors have heard of the sad affair. The tenants in the flat above Mag O'Leary, an old woman and her son, have heard the noise, but make no remark about it, as such fights are of common occurrence. The first time they are notified of it is when Pat O'Leary goes up to borrow chairs and relates what took place during the night.

During the morning the news of the murder and death of Mike Haley spread like wildfire, for he was well known in the neighborhood. Men, women, and children flocked in to learn particulars.

"I'm sorry for yer trouble, Mrs. O'Leary, but how did it happen?" "Och, my! who did this dastardly act?" "Was he shot, or what?" "Did he put an end to his own life?" "Oh, look at the cut in the side av his head! Was he struck with a club, or what?" "Did he die without the priest?" "Sure an' Mike would n't have touched the hair in a baby's head: he was so good an' mild," cried half a dozen voices.

"Jim Blevins, the murderin' thief, is the man that done it; an' it's lucky for him I can't lay my hands on him now, or they'd be another wake an' two funerals on the same day," answered Pat O'Leary.

"Oh the dirty! — God forgive me this blissid an'

howly day! — but it's an' awful deed," said Mrs. Connors.

"It's played out yer must be, Mag," said Mrs. Murphy: "up all night."

"Oh, don't talk, woman, don't! but it's a sore time I'm havin'. But, thanks be to God, he had the priest, even if it was poor Father Keenan!"

"Amen," was Mrs. Murphy's fervent response. "Ain't it too bad that such a foine man ud be throwin' himself away with the drink."

"An' a better man niver stood in shoe leather," chimed in Mrs. Connors: "he'd take the shoes av his own feet an' give them away in charity."

All through the day crowds of people went to look at the murdered man and find out how he came to his death.

During the afternoon the Kid returned, bringing with him a jug of whiskey in the bag mentioned before. He gave it to Pat O'Leary, who, knowing he had no money, asked him where he got it. The Kid replied by saying, "Take it, Paddy, and ask no questions now; I'll tell yer some other time. One thing at any rate is certain, the boys who come to-night can't say the same as they said of Nick Reilly's wake, that 'it was the dryest wake they ever attended.' Nick's sister Katie, yer know, is tony. She works in Jordan, Marsh's, an' she said she'd have no whiskey-drinkin' or pipe-

smokin'. The gang went to the wake just the same, though, on poor Nick's account, for he was a good feller, Nick was; but because there was none of the stuff or 'weed there, it was talked about afterwards."

Barney Lynch and Pat Mooney returned shortly after the Kid, Lynch bringing with him a good supply of pipes, tobacco, and matches. Whether he stole them, begged them, or had them given to him, no one could tell; but one thing is certain, he never bought them. Mooney said that Glancy the undertaker had agreed to send down a cheap coffin, as he had buried Mike's wife, and knew Mike well, too.

The Kid said if it had been necessary to do it he could have 'collared' a stiff-box (coffin).

Barney Lynch had also notified a goodly number at the West End and other parts of the city, and it was probable there would be a large number there in the evening.

Mag's husband and the trio, in anticipation of this, busied themselves by preparing for the reception of such a number, many of whom would come, not knowing the deceased, but for a glass of "Mountain Dew." One placed several plates on the table for snuff, tobacco, and matches, another washed a pitcher and several goblets, while a third cut the tobacco. Pat O'Reilly arranged boards

upon chairs, making temporary benches, occupying every bit of available space, with the exception of a narrow passage-way leading from the outside door to the door of the room in which the corpse was laid out.

"O Mike, Mike ! dear and darlin', will yer spake to me? O *alanna ! alanna !* What 'll we do at all, at all? O why did yer die, *acushla*, why did yer die? Oh ! oh ! oh ! yer gone to yer darlin' now, yer gone to yer darlin' now. Oh ! oh ! the cruel blow that laid yer low, that laid yer low !"

Mag O'Leary, at the head of the corpse, was crying and *keening* as though her heart would break. The bedroom was filled with women, — neighbors, — who had come in to offer their sympathy, and all were affected to tears by Mrs. O'Leary's anguish ; and many joined with her in her lamentations for the deceased. At last, Mrs. Murphy, her own eyes streaming with tears, went up to Mag and begged of her, for God's sake, to be calm, saying to her that she would make herself sick. This seemed only to make Mag worse, for she burst again into a fresh torrent of tears, and commenced anew the lamentations.

"Mike, will ever I see you, will ever I see you again? *Ma bouchal !* Will ever I see you again? Yer said yer'd die afore the sun ud rise, an' so yer did, an' so yer did. I know yer happy, yer good ould sowl, yer good ould sowl."

Mrs. Flannigan, a next-door neighbor, here entered, and after kneeling down and saying a silent prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead man, as every one else did who entered the room for the first time, went up to Mag and bade her to hold her peace.

"Mag! Mag! I say. Will yer stop? D'yer want to be taken down on yer bed sick? An' yer up all night. Tut, tut. There now, dry yer tears, an' sit down an' rest yerself while I make yer a hot cup o' tay."

Mag at length became more calm, and was finally induced to lay down and take a nap.

Towards evening the house began to fill up rapidly. Mag was in her accustomed place at the head of the corpse, decked out in a borrowed black dress, and wore a crape collar, also borrowed for the occasion. She was patiently waiting for a sufficient number to be in the room before she commenced *keenning* again; for Mag, while really feeling sorry at heart, wished to produce a good effect upon the minds of those present, particularly strangers.

In the kitchen things were more animated. Men were sitting together in groups of two or three, smoking, and chatting on politics, religion, and labor. Some were telling stories, relating reminiscences of the old country, and every now

and then a loud laugh would be heard from some corner. Pat O'Leary officiated as master of ceremonies, assisted by the Kid. One carried around a pitcher full of whiskey, and the other the goblets. Woe betide him, though, who happened to have signed the pledge and refused to take a drink; he was made the butt for jokes and hits from all parts of the room, and if weak-minded he was glad to escape by accepting a glass, even though thereby he broke his oath to God; for he must *be* strong indeed who could resist Pat O'Leary's urgent appeals. The toast almost invariably offered by those who drank was an invocation to the Almighty to grant rest to poor Mike Haley's soul. The whiskey was also passed around among the women, many of whom drank it just as freely as the men, although they refused the first offer and had to be pressed and coaxed, while at the same time their hearts were aching for it.

The Kid, with his smooth, oily tongue, was the best person fitted for this task; and he performed it nobly.

The whiskey was passed around several times during the evening. About ten o'clock Mrs. Conners arrived from church, where she had been attending a meeting of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

"Ah," said the Kid, "now ye'll catch it, here's

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the Sodality woman. Good evenin', Mrs. Conners. Were yer at church?"

"Yes, thanks be to God, an' that's where yer ought to be yerself, yer young blackguard," said Mrs. Conners, laughing, as the Kid handed her a glass of whiskey.

"No, thank yer, Kid; sure yer know I never touch a thing."

"Go along with yer. Do take, it'll warrum yer. Take it from his hands." All these invitations from one who had a "nip" a short while before, and not being as religiously inclined as Mrs. Conners, in the way of church-going, still were just as good Catholics. They wanted to have her in the same box with themselves, and if they could only get her to take a nip, why they would then be able to gossip about it afterwards.

Finally, after many appeals and a great deal of solicitation on the part of the Kid, the Sodality woman consented to take half of what was poured out, first offering a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace for the repose of Mike's soul.

She then took out a pair of beads, and inviting all in the room to join her, commenced to say the rosary, and all answered the responses. The men in the kitchen, drunk and sober, hearing the prayers, also knelt down at a sign from Barney Lynch.

The prayer, over the talk, noise, and bustle, was resumed again. Many got pretty full before the morning arrived, and were snugly stowed away under the benches to sleep it off. It is strange how many men will forego the whole of a night's sleep, and sometimes two and three nights, for the sake of a few glasses of whiskey. Taking away the whiskey from an Irish wake would be worse than playing "Hamlet" and leaving out the character who plays the title-role. Not one in ten would sit up all night for friendship and compassion for the bereaved ones if whiskey were omitted.

This night was mild in comparison to the second and third, which were like bed am let loose. Fights were continually prevented by the interposition of the police. It was difficult to keep order even in the midst of the lamentations. "O Mike! Mike! dear and darlin'; will yer not spake to us? Oh! oh! why did yer die, why did yer die?"

Mag, as head mourner, leads off in the wailing, "Och, poor Mike, yer — yer gone this night!"

Then comes the refrain, "Och, poor Mike (hie! hie!). Yes, gone (hie) this night."

"Oh! the blow that laid yer low!" Then the refrain, from all who were sober enough, "Oh! the blow (hie! hie!) that laid yer low," sounding like the chorus of a husking frolic on a negro plantation. Those huskings are sometimes inspired by liquor, but the camp-meetings are not.

The negroes at the South at religious revivals and camp-meetings often become excited. They sing and shout, and weep and howl, and dance and clap their hands; they are transported into ecstasies, sometimes with spasms, hysterics, and jerks, yet there is no whiskey at the bottom of it; their religious convictions are sincere.

The Shakers, also, will indulge in religious dances — mainly the ring dance — until they sweat, and puff, and the blood flies to the brain and they see visions of ecstatic delight. However, they are continent, temperate, and they are honest in their belief.

The Salvation Army may become offensive in their faith and actions to the cold mountaineers of Switzerland, so as to call out English diplomacy for their protection, yet they are pure and temperate in their lives.

But here in cultured Boston, right under the shadow of five colleges, — one the oldest seat of learning in America, — here enlightened respectability is invited to look on and permit this mixture of sentimentality and religious fervor with the lowest debauchery and immorality of thieves and robbers.

Such is the Irish wake. We have received many things from Ireland, — Irish whiskey, Irish potatoes, Irish linen, Irish Fenianism, — but nothing "at all, at all" compares with the Irish wake.

CHAPTER XIII.

MIRACLE WONDERS. — CATHOLIC TEACHINGS IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS. — SALVATION BY SCAPULARS, CHARMS, AND HOLY WATER. — ADDRESS BEFORE THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

THERE is a demand, both in the State House and at the City Hall, for exclusive Catholic teachings in our public institutions. Complaint, with bills and orders, is made that both the juvenile and adult criminals and paupers are compelled to attend public worship after hearing Catholic mass.

This is a grievous thing, perhaps; but as they have forfeited their citizenship for the time being, become wards of the State, perhaps the tax-payers may have some voice in the matter. All admit that Catholics pay but a small percentage of the taxes, while they have nearly twenty millions of church property and other property in the State untaxed. The State and city tax yearly on this would be nearly half a million, — half a million! to be paid mostly by non-Catholics in rates on taxable property.

If the Church pays the smallest proportion of

taxes, does it not furnish the largest proportion of the criminals?

Mr. Fraser, of Ward Six, who presented the order to the Common Council, acknowledges to a *Traveller* reporter that seventy out of ninety of the boys in one room at Deer Island — seven ninths — were Roman Catholics; and in rooms where there were from twenty-five to thirty boys, he thinks there were only four Protestants.

Now here is a problem. If Catholic teachings have sent these boys to the bad, — three times as many in the institutions as Protestants, and three times as many Protestants outside as there are Catholics, making a ratio of six to one criminals and paupers, according to the population, — shall the State support and foster such teachings, and nothing but Catholic teachings, at the public expense?

Mr. Fraser says, "It is somewhat humiliating for a Catholic to be obliged to go to a Protestant service, though the service be non-sectarian."

Do tell! The public, the honest, straightforward citizens, think that drinking, swearing, stealing, begging, lying, playing the pauper, spending half a lifetime in jail and prison are "*somewhat humiliating*," to say the least!

But the Church, by pandering to culprits, seems to think otherwise, — especially Mr. Fraser, of

City Hall; and Mr. Mellen, of Worcester, who introduced into the Legislature an order for Catholic protection from Protestant influence in public institutions.

I give a sample of Catholic teachings. I hold in my hands two books, one the Bible; it is stamped on the brow of the highest civilization in the world; it has developed the progress of all ruling nations; it has planted schools, colleges, philosophy, science, invention, statesmanship, and the highest style of Christian manhood. This book is not allowed by the Church.

The other book is a history of the Virgin's miracles, entitled "The Glories of Mary." It is canonical, authorized by the Church, approved by the Most Reverend Archbishop Hughes, of New York. I quote from page 699, example 37. A man was devoted to the Virgin: used to go barefooted to visit her every week. His wife became very jealous, and suspected him of going elsewhere. Once in particular she attacked him so violently that he took a rope and hung himself; but, just as his soul was departing, when he could no more help himself, he invoked the help of Mary, and behold, a most beautiful lady appeared, who approached him, cut the rope, and saved his life.

Now there's a big miracle for you! And — and — there is *a woman in the scrape!*

Another, page 701, example 40 : A wife went one day to visit a church of the Virgin without the knowledge of her husband. A storm prevented her return that night. She feared, lest her husband should be angry. She prayed to Mary for help. Next morning when she returned she found her husband very gracious. She questioned him, found that the evening before the Virgin had taken her form and attended to all the little affairs of the household like a servant, — washed the dishes, swept the floor, threw out the slops, I suppose. How very kind, for a woman of her age, — eighteen hundred years old ! The book don't say whether or not she *stopped all night* !

Another, on page 389 : How to make a bishop. There was a certain man named Udo, in Saxony, who, from his youth, had been so destitute of talent that he was the ridicule of all his school-fellows. Now, one day, being more than usually disheartened, he went to pray to the Virgin. She appeared to him and said, "Udo, I will obtain for you talents and position for your devotion to me ; I promise that you shall one day be elected bishop." It was done, and he became bishop, as the Virgin had promised.

Now, that Virgin's act beats the strong-minded women, the advocates of woman's rights, who want to vote ; perhaps to vote by post-office, according

to the Butler plan. They would not, however, select an *idiot for bishop*, weak or not weak, though they did make fools of themselves at the State House hissing and sissing at respectable legislators who opposed them. They lost their case, alas ! by their unladylike conduct, receiving the smallest vote for years.

Well, how about this idiotic bishop ? According to the book, " Whilst he was in bed one night with a wicked companion, he heard the voice of Mary, saying, ' Udo ! Udo ! cease this sinful pastime ; you have sinned enough.' "

Yes ; I should think he had. So the Virgin forsook him, as all virgins would under similar circumstances. But to call this crime a " pastime " was rather soft impeachment for the transgression of the Church's high dignitary, — exemplar and teacher, sworn by sacred vow and holy orders to perpetual celibacy. Yet that word " pastime " shows exactly the Church's estimate of the great sin of priestly adultery then, now, and forever.

What became of the bishop ? Ah, me ! When forsaken of the Virgin's protection, his enemies arose and seized him and cut off his head, — a terrible warning to bishops and priests nowadays, who indulge in similar unholy "*pastimes*" !

No. 56, page 709 : A priest had his tongue cut out by the wicked Albigenian heretics. On the

Feast of the Epiphany, while at mass in a church, before the altar of the Holy Virgin, he prayed her to restore the tongue which he had lost through love of her, that he might sing her praises as he did before.

Then, actually, by the authority of Cæsarius and the Vatican, the Holy Virgin did appear, tongue in hand, and with venerable fingers and reverent manipulations did place the tongue in his mouth and he did speak, and, raising his voice, he recited the "Hail, Mary"! Wonderful! Wonderful! *Mirabile dictu!* The mark of the scar was always seen on his tongue. So much for Virgin miracles! Now for other teachings.

I hold in my hand a cord. It is the *cord of St. Francis*, full of knots and mighty in power. It is worn by pope and cardinals. If you are buried with this cord around you, then you gain plenary indulgence and escape purgatory.

Wonderful! wonderful, again! Who would not buy a cord for sixpence to escape purgatory? Only sixpence for the tow string! Silk you must not have; it must be tow or hemp, such as hangmen use around the neck of the sinner!

"But it will not save you unless blessed by the priest." Yes; I own up. This is the pivot that hinges eternal destinies, — a priest's blessing! No matter whether drunk or sober, saint or sin

ner, he has the keys of heaven, and can seal your fate. How accommodating the Almighty must be to put keys in the hands of a drunken priest !

These articles which I present to you have never been blessed by monk, priest, or pope ; therefore I commit no sacrilege in handling them with levity. If they were only consecrated ! or if I could steal, surreptitiously, a blessing upon them, heaven only knows the potency of their miraculous charms !

These are the scapulars. Scapular means " shoulder dress." They consist of a string and pieces of cloth like a pincushion hung upon the neck. They were formerly made from the old habits of monks ; but they soon became so popular, by priestly advertising, that there was not cloth enough to go round. So the Sisters went begging from shop to store for remnants, and have made a good thing out of them, — twenty-five cents apiece for that which costs nothing.

The virtues of the scapulars are very extraordinary. The Virgin made this promise to all who wear it : " Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment shall not suffer in the eternal flames of hell. . . . And if there be any among the religious, or brethren of the Confraternity, who, having departed this life, shall be cast into purgatory, I, their glorious Mother, will descend on the Saturday after their death. I will deliver

those whom I shall find in purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life."

They have also the power, it is said, of guarding against the onslaughts of the Devil and all temporal evils, even to saving a man from drowning or falling off a staging or ladder. Now, a Yankee would be likely to secure himself by nailing the scaffold and the ladder; to save him from drowning, he would learn to swim; to avoid the toils of the Devil, he would lead a temperate and moral life; to escape the plagues of purgatory, he would study anatomy, geology, geometry, trigonometry, and conic sections. Study the *parabola*, *hyperbola*, and *ellipsis*! Now if that won't save from purgatory, what in conscience will save you?

There are many scapulars; I give only two. This scapular is named in honor of "*Our Lady of Mount Carmel*." Innumerable are the indulgences and advantages claimed by the priests for this scapular. It is made of two pieces of woollen cloth, of a dark-brown or coffee color, attached to a double string, so that it may hang over on the shoulders, one piece on the breast, and the other on the back. On one side of the scapular are the initials I. H. S., meaning "*Jesus Hominum Salvator*," or, "Jesus, the Saviour of Men." On the other piece I. M. I., signifying "*Jesus, Mary, and Joseph*."

I quote from the "Golden Book of the Confraternities" a few remarkable escapes from death and danger: At the siege of Montpelier a soldier was struck by a musket ball and did not sustain the slightest injury, the ball having been stopped by the scapular he wore. A cornet of horse, at the siege of Tefin in 1636, was wounded by a cannon ball, which, passing through his left side, tore his heart to pieces. His scapular, which was driven into the heart by the shot, miraculously preserved his life for three or four hours, and enabled him to repent. In 1656, a conflagration in France was immediately arrested by a faithful man who threw his scapular into the flames.

The other is the "*Redemptorists' Scapular*." It is of five colors, and resembles a needle-book. This brings you even more indulgences than the first. Some of the indulgences as quoted are:—

I. Every Friday, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for all wearers of this scapular who recite five times "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father."

II. An indulgence of three years and three quarantines for such persons as shall meditate for half an hour on the Passion.

III. An indulgence of two hundred days for all the faithful who kiss the scapular and recite a prayer.

But the greatest miraculous charm is this, the *St. Benedict's medal*. The following are some of its virtues: 1. It drives from the human body every diabolical work, and where it is placed the infernal enemy cannot approach. 2. It is a preservative and antidote against every poison. 3. Against plague. 4. Against thunder. 5. In storms at sea. 6. It is a remedy for disease of the throat, fever, headache, spitting of blood, by applying it to the parts affected. 7. It is an armor against temptation, especially against holy purity. 8. It is a remedy against falling sickness (epilepsy). 9. It brings consolation and strength and relief in life and death to the afflicted, tempted, and the desponding. 10. It frees cattle from sickness.

How it is to be used: "To be worn on the neck or person; to be placed on the doors of rooms; to be applied to the parts affected in case of sickness; to be dipped in the drink of animals."

Marvellous! marvellous! Only get the medal kissed and blessed and sprinkled with holy water, then it becomes the great miraculous cure-all we read of in all world-wide quack advertisements.

Why there's millions in it! It beats Col. Sellers' eye-water all hollow! Place it on your cheek where there is a boil or a blain, and both Job's tormenters and the Presidential aspirant will take to their heels!

It cures not only man, but animals. If your horse is sick, place this consecrated medal in the trough where he drinks, and he is healed at short notice. Well, if it can cure one horse, it can cure fifty, so bring on your fifty horses! It is the cheapest horse doctor on this planet! Only fifteen cents to cure the whole lot! You can find it at the archbishop's headquarters and at Noonan's bookstore, with printed descriptions and directions thrown in, — only fifteen cents, — cheap as dirt! I give the advertisement for nothing, *pro bono publico*. Call for *St. Benedict's medal*, only fifteen cents.

Such are Catholic teachings, intended for our public institutions. Shall a Massachusetts Legislature pass the order? I wait and wonder if common sense, common honesty, and common humanity have fled the Commonwealth at the beck of a few hungry politicians.

Next comes the "*rosary*." It consists of a string of sixty beads and a cross,—“fifteen Our Fathers, fifty Hail Marys, fifteen Glorias.” It was introduced by St. Dominic about the beginning of the thirteenth century. “It was composed in heaven, dictated by the Holy Ghost, and delivered to the faithful by the Angel Gabriel.” Of course it is canonical. Marvellous are the miracles it has performed, even in sceptical America. They fill vol-

umes ; it is of universal use, — found everywhere among juveniles, paupers, and criminals ; and the priest with the rosary sides for the criminal and against the State every time. Hence Catholic influence among law breakers.

But the question is, —

1. Does it make good citizens, build up the State, and promote good morals?

2. Does not the vain repetition of prayers, like the Hail Mary for instance, over and over again, as in the rosary, where that prayer is repeated fifty times alone, and by some over one hundred and fifty times, tend to weaken the intellect?

3. Which leads to the best success in life, for boys, bead counting, or the multiplication-table? An honest trade, healthful occupation, toil that brings present reward, or trusting to priest and scapulars to get you out of prison? Does the State invest in purgatory, or citizenship?

4. Is it not immodest and demoralizing to repeat, fifty times or more a day, "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb?" Repeating "*womb*" fifty times a day makes it altogether too familiar ! Too free ! Too much like the cat-and-dog mode of life ! Sacred treasures are hid.

5. Do not questions like the following, taken from the Boston Catechism, lead to licentiousness? *Questions:—*

What is forbidden by the Sixth Commandment? "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

What else? "All kinds of sins of uncleanness with another's wife or husband."

What else? "All other kinds of immodesties, by kisses, touches, looks, words, and actions."

What is the Ninth Commandment? "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

What is forbidden by this? "All lustful thoughts and desires, and all wilful pleasures in the irregular motions of concupiscence."

6. Do not questions like the foregoing, asked of children less than fourteen in the school, and multiplied a hundred-fold by the priest in the confessional, lead to lust and make the Church, what it always has been in every nation where it has complete control, the hotbed of licentiousness, enemy of legal divorce, yet the conniver of the most flagrant concubinage that ever cursed the civilized world?

7. In short, does not the Church, through such teaching as this, — now knocking at the State House for aid, — already furnish three fourths of the harlots in the *bagnios*, dance halls, temporary homes, and asylums? three fourths of the pugilists, shoulder-hitters, sporting men, blacklegs, drunkards, and dead beats in Boston?

Ah! gentlemen, if such are its undeniable fruits

now, while holding the balance of power in all the large cities, what will be its arrogance if you grant it State aid ?

No ! no ! gentlemen, that cannot be, though there is a call for \$15,000 for one institution alone. The Roman Catholic Church, as a political organization, has had its day. Native-born, intelligent, aspiring youths are forsaking its mummeries by the legion.

Political preferment will soon be out of its hands and gone forever. Politicians will then see it, and no more bend the suppliant knee. Then the great mother Church, renovated and redeemed from her vices and intrigues, watched by a vigilant public eye, trustees appointed for all her treasures, lotteries and church gambling forbidden, drunkenness, both of priests and people, disallowed, " Total abstinence and prohibition " her watchword, " REFORM ! REFORM ! " her battle-cry, — then, and then only, will she leap to the front and become champion, leader, and pioneer among the spiritual forces of this great American Republic ! God speed the day ! Amen, and Amen !

CHAPTER XIV.

SCAPULARS DON'T SAVE. — MARY MULLIGAN'S CRIME. —
PLOT OF SAM SKILLINS. — FATHER KEENAN TO THE
RESCUE.

"OH save me ! save me, father ! I have sinned ! I have sinned terribly, awfully ! Oh ! oh ! oh ! may the Blessed Virgin help me !" said Mary Mulligan, falling at the feet of Father Keenan at Mag O'Leary's house.

Mary Mulligan was the handsomest girl I ever sat eyes upon. I speak from personal acquaintance, for I married her at last to the villain who had ruined her ; after that I heard her pitiful story, her crimes and desertion, — heard it from her own trembling lips.

Her parents were the strictest of Catholics, living on the Merrimac, owning a farm, furnishing truck and vegetables for a large city. They drove in every Sabbath to church, brought up Mary in the strictest manner under the crosses, scapulars, beads, charms, prayer-book, holy water, and offers of indulgences for every extra devotion.

But Mary was like the squab in the nest, fat and hearty so long as it remained ; but force it from

its warm nest, with no wings developed for flying, it drops right straight to the ground, and the cat catches it at the first pounce.

So with these Catholic purists : at home, under the paternal roof, they are models of purity ; but let them out into the world to battle with temptations, they speedily jump the track, and tumble like a locomotive down an embankment. They are not educated to practical life ; their devotions are often sentimental illusions, having no practical bearing or stable character whatever.

Mary Mulligan is a sample, an actual case exactly in point. Leaving home to visit a married sister in Roxbury, she stopped at a restaurant on Eliot Street. Billy the Kid recognized her at once, for in his tramps he had scoured all the Irish villages on the Merrimac. He knew her, but did not make himself known. He knew there were several men in that saloon who would pay heavily for a fresh and handsome bird to their pigeonry.

He winked to the bar-keeper, then to the men ; they winked back, and a plot was formed at once. "An' it's a fine day, Miss," said Pat Mooney.

"Yes, sir" (tremblingly). "A very fine day."

Now the ice was broken. "This is Mr. Samuel Skillins, a broker, a gentleman of great wealth and cultur'," said Pat. "Let me introduce him to

yer. Mr. Skillins, this is Miss — Miss — what may I call yer name, Miss?"

"Mary Mulligan," was the bashful reply.

"Oh yes! beg yer pardon! This is Miss Mulligan, Mr. Skillins," bowing politely as best the thief could.

And forthwith a large, full-breasted man, much older than herself, for she was a mere child, be-decked with heavy gold watch-chain and jewelry, dark sparkling eyes, black hair and whiskers, sat by her side, and courting commenced at once.

"So you are going to Roxbury, then?"

"Yes, sir" (abashed and trembling). "Mother said I must not stop in the city till I found my sister; but the cars were so late, and I was so hungry, I came in here for refreshments, and must go right along, I must," starting to go.

"Don't be in too great haste; take a little sherry before you go. Do you live near the city, Miss Mulligan?" asked Samuel Skillins, as he pulled his chair over to the side of the table on which Mary had eaten her cheap lunch.

"No, sir," said Mary, rising to her feet. She had been so unaccustomed to the society of men that she felt a vague uncertain kind of fear that something terrible was going to happen to her.

"What! and are you going out of town at this hour, and unprotected? Do you not know the

dangers that beset a young girl's path in a great city like this?"

"I am going to my sister's, who is married, and lives in Roxbury. A gentleman whom I asked before coming in told me that it was not a great distance from here," replied Mary, glancing nervously at the clock, on which the hands pointed to five o'clock, and past.

"Well, it is only a matter of five or six miles," said Skillins, indifferently, as he lit a fresh cigarette; "and then it is a country-like place; the houses are scattered apart, and you could not help losing your way. Why not stay in the city to-night? I can recommend you to a place where you can get a nice room, and then you can go and look for your sister in the morning. But where did you say you came from?" he continued, casting a side-glance at Mary, and drinking in with his ravishing eyes all the charms of this pink of youth and beauty as she stood hesitating under the glare of the brilliant lights just ignited, and trying hard to decide what she should do.

"Here's the sherry, Miss Mulligan; it will warm your heart for the journey, if you must go. How would you like to tend table here and earn a little something? The work is light, only an hour or two, three times a day. You have all the rest of the time to yourself. Wait until morning, you can then decide."

"O, what would my mother think, if I did not see my sister to-night?"

"Pshaw! you might stay here for weeks, and your mother would be none the wiser," — with a fresh puff.

"An' it's Sam Skillins what is the old hawk that catches the young chickens," said Pat Mooney, in whispers to his companions, as he saw the poor girl hesitating.

"Another glass of sherry, Miss Mulligan," said Skilins, with a sly twinkle to his chums; "it will revive you for your journey."

"No! No, sir! I — I thank you," complaining already of the fumes flying to her head.

"Nonsense! Miss. It is not the wine that affects you, but you are tired, needing rest. I will show you a comfortable room, which you can lock, all to yourself, and will pay for your lodging myself, if you desire. Now, take my arm, please, and look at the room."

And Mary Mulligan, the beautiful, the happy, the innocent, after many protests, denials, and refusals, at last compromises with her conscience, and goes to witness the room. She goes as a fly to the web, a lamb to the slaughter. Something more than crosses, scapulars, and prayer-books will now be needed to repel her from the grasp of that fiend.

I have this from her own lips: "When I went to the room, I found it handsomely furnished with carpets, tapestry, books, and paintings. Indeed, I said to myself, Mr. Skillins must be rich; how kind he is to give me his room! Then how noble to allow me the key, so that I shall be all alone!"

Both parties to this transaction were perfectly satisfied. There was a key on the inside of Mary's room, and she felt secure from all intruders, as she could lock the door, leaving the key in it, before retiring. To her this large, richly furnished room seemed as the compartment of a palace. She turned on the gas, and gazed in wonder and astonishment upon the costly adornments.

Sam Skillins, also, was happy. He had a secret bolt on the outside of the door, which he quietly fastened. The game was now secure in his hands. Never was unwary bird more easily caged. He is free to do as he pleases, — to sport with his dog, take to his horse, or go to his favorite haunt, the gambling den.

Bright and early did Mary Mulligan rise next morning to meet Mr. Skillins at the door. Her life she thought was to be one continual round of pleasures. After waiting on table an hour or two, she was to ride out with Mr. Skillins, smile upon the by-standers show her pretty face to the crowd,

go to the theatre, opera, dance-hall, and mix in the gayest society.

Besides, Mr. Skillins had promised to marry her. What fortunes awaited her? She forgot her prayers, thought not of home, father, mother, and already despised her poor relations.

"Good morning, Miss Mulligan," said Mr. Skillins, as the door opened, and he printed a warm kiss upon her cheek. "Hope you rested well after your fatigue; you will relish a good breakfast."

"Yes, sir; thank you," was the modest reply.

Mary got through with her duties the first day pretty well for a new hand, and was ready to go riding with Mr. Skillins in the evening. He drove to Hyde Park, and at Brookline ordered a private lunch and wine for two in the hotel. She repelled all undue familiarity on his part, and neither could the many promises he held out of marriage and wealth avail to make her give consent. Then in sheer desperation Samuel Skillins determined to have her submit to his wishes. He knew a friend of his who would consent to impersonate a justice of the peace, and go through in form a mock marriage.

Marriage being over, festivities commenced. Skillins, proud of her beauty, presented his charming Aspasia to the admiration of the public

gaze on all festive occasions. She, completely giddy, dazed, and delighted with flattering attentions, seemed to walk a queen.

But the honeymoon was of short duration. Novelties, nonsense, and nuptial felicities gave way to stern realities. Less than six weeks proved him a villain, and her a coquette.

Mary's palatial home was soon to be no longer hers. Sam Skillins, grown tired of his new-made love, picks a quarrel as an excuse to get rid of her. The bride of a month finds that "not all is gold that glitters."

"Who was that you bowed to in the saloon to-day, Mary?" said Mr. Skillins to his adopted wife, one night in their room, after she had returned home from work.

"Why, Sammy, dear, that is one of the regular boarders. I got acquainted with him the second day after I went there."

"But you know I don't allow any gentleman to pay you attentions," replied Mr. Skillins, in a stern tone of voice.

Mary, seeing his rising anger, pouted, while the tears stood in her eyes. "Well, I hope you don't intend to make a slave of me altogether," biting her lips as she unfastens her cloak.

"A slave of you!" cried Mr. Skillins, jumping up from the sofa, and glaring at her as a tiger

does on its prey before the fatal spring,—"a slave of you! Haven't I given you everything you wished for? Haven't I showered upon you every comfort and enjoyment wealth could purchase? Haven't I shown you every attention, and introduced you to high society? Yet this is your gratitude! You repay all by flirting with this young snob!"

Samuel Skillins had at last exhibited himself in his true colors. He threw off the mask, threw off the sheep's clothing, and showed the wolf.

As for Mary, she was simply astounded. When she tried to make answer her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Could this be the kind, the amiable, the fatherly Mr. Skillins, who had conducted her to this room a few weeks ago? Could this be the man who had sworn to love, cherish, and protect her? But she would not weep, she would not yield to her feelings or show that he had frightened her. So mustering all her courage she retorted, "But if you were so very kind and attentive you would not let me work as hard as I have done, and you so rich."

If Sam Skillins was angry before, he was ten times more so now. It always takes the last straw to break the camel's back. He did not like this display of spirit and pluck on the part of his pseudo wife.

"What of it? Was n't it better for you to be at work than sitting idle in these rooms with nothing to do?" And he stamped upon the floor in his rage. "I will not have this flirting; I will not allow it. I suppose, too, you have had secret meetings with this *chaperon*. He probably visits the restaurant often during the day; and a married woman must needs entertain this libertine with charming conversation. Oh, yes, you're a pretty woman, a faithful wife!"

Then, with all the hatred and jealousy of his passionate nature aroused to its highest pitch, he pointed towards the door and ordered her to "Go!" saying, "I want no more of you!"

"But where will I go?" asked Mary, as she tremblingly cowers before him.

"To the street, where I found you!" he thundered, wild with rage.

"What! Do you call your wife a common street-walker?"

"Wife! wife!" he said, scornfully, "you're not my wife!"

"Were we not lawfully married?" she asks, aghast.

"No," he hissed, with all the venom of his bad heart. "I was *never* legally married to you. The ceremony was a mock marriage. Frank Melville is no justice of the peace, and you are free!"

A sickening pain enters Mary's heart, as she groans and shudders : " Ah ! yes ; free, but ruined. Free in the sight of man, but guilty before God and the angels."

Then she bethought herself of her wedding ring, and, looking up at him, she pointed to it, and said, with a flush of exultation, " But I have proof that we were married ! "

Samuel Skillins, raising himself to his full height, scowled, and said, " That will avail you little in our courts. Where is your certificate ? "

" Alas ! I do not know, I'm at your mercy ! " cringing like a whipped child.

" Yes, you are ! And that mercy is, that you leave this house immediately. Begone ! " stamping his foot.

The villain stands before her unmoved. He is inflexible and as hard as steel. He is used to such scenes as this. And with wealth and power on his side he knows no fear. He has broken other hearts, and now grown tired of Mary Mulligan the beautiful country girl, he is determined that she shall be a burden no longer.

" And must I go ? " completely broken down and throwing herself on her knees before him. " Oh, no, you cannot mean it, Sam ; you are angry now ! Oh, forgive me, forgive me for God's sake. ' Oh ! oh ! oh ! ' " wringing her hands and tearing her

hair in utter despair. "Oh! oh! has it come to this? Then give me my things, will you, if I must go?"

"No! No! Not a rag, except such as you wore on your back when you came here," pointing to the door.

With temples throbbing and sick at heart, she takes off the beautiful clothes and puts on her own plain ones.

"Well, madam, are you going?"

"Yes," answers Mary, with her hand on the door-knob. Suddenly she turns around and says, her voice quivering with emotion, "Samuel Skilins, you have wronged me, and now turn me into the street. You are not dead yet, and I am not. Remember there is a just God above who will wreak vengeance on you for all that you have done to me."

Sam with an oath makes towards her and pushes her from the door.

And Mary Mulligan found herself suddenly thrust into the streets this cold and stormy night, penniless, a stranger in a strange city, guilty, condemned, betrayed, ashamed to see sister or mother, and wishing to die. She wandered out of Eliot Street to Washington Street, wringing her hands and crying, yet striving to conceal her tears and sighs; then to Dover Street, then to South

Boston, then back to Harrison Avenue, where her heart could no longer restrain itself, and she sighed and cried aloud.

Many a man that met her that dark and misty night of melting snow would gladly have sheltered her, but only perhaps to have plunged her soul into deeper degradation. Fortunately she met on Harrison Avenue a shop girl from the country, name Jane Meeker.

Jane was a Presbyterian, a girl of stern integrity and piety. Her prayers were short, but she had great faith in God, and in his word of promise. She read that word daily. She was rooted and grounded in its teachings. When she met Mary Mulligan, weeping in the streets of a great and wicked city, her tears mingling with the falling mists, and her cries rending the heavens, she pitied her, but asked not her creed. as she was a child of our common suffering humanity.

"Daughter of sorrow ! child of misfortune ! what is your distress ?" said Jane Meeker in tender tones, as she pressed the brow of the weeping stranger.

Oh what a thrill of feeling stirred the soul of that betrayed child of hope at the voice of a single stranger friend !

"I am lost ! lost ! dear stranger ! I am ruined for life. I have been cruelly deceived, betrayed.

Oh! I am lost! lost! No home, no friend, no hope of heaven!" And her cries and agonies began to draw the crowd around her, as Jane Meeker rescued her, and led her to her own private room.

Jane Meeker had just returned from prayer meeting. "I was a stranger and ye took me in," had been the theme of the evening. This poor unfortunate girl was that stranger sent of heaven! A beautiful pearl washed ashore from the turbulent sea of temptation!

Never had Jane better opportunity for a Christ-like deed.

Mary, wet with snow and slush, was completely exhausted, and wild with delirium. Tossing and turning upon the couch and wringing her hands she cried, "Oh my God! my God! I am lost! I am lost! Oh, what will my poor mother and my dear sister say? Oh how angry my father will be! He will disown me! Oh! he will disown me!" With her hands upon her head, her hair dishevelled, her eyes red from weeping, she looked the very picture of despair.

Jane bathed her forehead, speaking words of sympathy and condolence. "Oh, my dear friend! don't take on so, your sorrows pain me. I will be a friend to you. God will be a friend to you! He will forgive you; and the angels are your

friends," and lovingly she kissed her tear-stained cheek.

Mary, after recovering a little — "Oh dear stranger, how can I ever repay you for all your kindness?"

"Oh, don't mention it! Oh, do try and be calm yourself. Try and forget your terrible misfortunes!" So saying she made for her a plate of toast and a cup of tea, and after committing her to God in earnest prayer, shares with her a warm and comfortable bed.

Jane Meeker's character rested upon three things — the Bible, common-sense, and moral rectitude. She was a graduate from our common schools, — a girl of sterling worth. One of a large class of pure and noble working-girls that do honor to a great city. Mary Mulligan was just the opposite, — ignorant, vain, and visionary. She was the fruit of Catholic teachings in the much-mooted parish schools. These girls are no myths of the novelist's fancy, but actual living beings.

Next morning Jane advised her to tend the tables in the restaurant as if nothing had happened. She did so for several days, lodging with Jane. One morning she feigned sickness, and did not rise when Jane went to work. Jane suspected something wrong, and returned at noon. She found that her silk dress and rings, and jewels to the

amount of \$45, were stolen. She at once informed the police.

Now, Mary did not intend to steal them, but, giddy and foolish, she thought to borrow them for a day and catch at the saloon with gaudy trinkets another lover, then return them before Jane arrived home in the evening.

Poor, vain, silly girl! We leave her where this chapter commenced, confessing at the feet of Father Keenan in Mag O'Leary's house. "Father, forgive me, for I have sinned."

CHAPTER XV.

MARY MULLIGAN ARRESTED. — LARCENY OF SILK DRESS AND JEWELRY.

"Good morning, Mr. Flannigan. How do I look to day?" asked Mary Mulligan, addressing the proprietor of the restaurant where she worked, as she sauntered down near the counter, wearing the silk dress and jewelry taken from the room of Jane Meeker.

"Why, Mary, you look charming and bewitching enough to be a bride," said the proprietor, laughing.

"Ha! ha!" said Billy the Kid. "She comes out like a butterfly in June."

"Yes, be jabers! Indeed she can dress fine. She earns her money aisy," responded Pat Mooney, showing his two arms, one with a cross tattooed upon it, and the other a handsome woman. But she's not half as handsome as that woman was when I knew her in my younger days."

"Well, Pat, have yer had a 'boose' yet this morning?" the Kid asks of Mooney.

"No, Kid," says Mooney, "an' it's dry I am after the night."

"Hush!" the Kid says, drawing Mooney into a corner, and taking a stolen gold ring from his pocket. "I'll 'shout' for the crowd, and give him this in payment."

So the Kid goes over to the bar, and after arranging with the bar-tender, he calls up all hands in the house.

"Well, boys, what are you going to have?"

Some call for beer, others for gin, and some for whiskey. Various toasts are offered.

"Here's to yer health." "Good luck to yer an' all yer friends." "May yer get a good wife, Billy; a good one, a rich one, and a fat one; an' if she has no silk dress or jewelry to be married in, I'll steal her some."

Mary, hearing the words "silk dress," "jewelry," and "steal," changes color; a guilty conscience accuses her. She becomes very fidgety, and imagines all in the place are casting side-glances at her. With a burning blush upon her cheek, she goes into the kitchen, and, putting on her things, she goes out the back way quietly and unobserved, and does not look behind her until she gets into Tremont Street, when she pauses for breath, and looking down Eliot Street and seeing a policeman standing in front of her employer's, she hurries rapidly down Tremont Street towards the North End. Little does she know that one of the smart-

est detectives in Boston — a regular sleuthhound — is now almost walking side by side with her. He was in the saloon, saw her leave, and is now upon her track. He thinks she is making for one of the northern depots, as Jane Meeker has told him a little of her history. He keeps close behind until they arrive in Haymarket Square. Here Mary stops and looks around. Feeling suspicious that some one has followed her, she starts into Cross Street, and up the rickety steps into Mag O'Leary's lodging-house. While going up the stairs she also saw a policeman coming down the street. This added to her fright, as she flew to the room of Father Keenan. "O Father! Father!" falling breathless upon the floor.

"O Father, I have sinned, I have sinned grievously," Mary Mulligan continued crying, as she crouched at the feet of the silenced priest, her face upon her hands, and the tears streaming from her eyes.

Understanding human nature pretty well, for, as a priest, Father Keenan had been brought in contact with all kinds of sufferings, he waited patiently until the storm of sorrow and anguish had spent itself before he ventured to speak.

"What is it that troubles you, my dear child?" he asked, after the sorrowing girl had become more calm; and as he spoke he stroked back the long

golden tresses from her brow, and his tone of voice was gentle; for, with all his faults, Father Keenan had a tender heart, and when serving on the mission was always spoken of as being kind, patient, and loving in the confessional.

"O Father, why did I leave my good home, and come to this sinful, wicked city? Oh, if I had only minded mother I wouldn't be here to-day! Oh! oh! my heart is breaking!" And Mary burst again into tears.

"My dear child," said the priest, "how long have you been in Boston, and what has happened to you?"

"O Father, I am ruined for life! I am lost, I am lost!" Mary answered.

"Try and calm yourself, my child. Do you want to confess?"

"Yes, yes, Father, hear my confession, for I have been so sinful that should I die to-night I would be damned for all eternity."

Father Keenan took from his inner coat-pocket the blessed purple stole, now soiled so much. The sight of it, now that he was sober, brought back memories of better days,—brought back the recollection of that day when he came, ordained to the priesthood, from the grand seminary, and celebrated with a beating heart his first mass. Oh, what a change since that happy day! And all

because he had "looked upon the wine when it was red." Kissing the little white cross on the stole, he placed it around his neck, and, turning to his fair penitent, he raised his hand and blessed her in Latin.

Then he said, "Mary, God forgive me, but I know not whether I do wrong or not in hearing your confession. You, poor child, will not go to a regular priest, and, perhaps if this opportunity is let slip by, you will never seek confession again, and an immortal soul will be lost to God: no, I will not refuse."

"O Father, you have just as much power as any of them! My mother always taught me, and in school I was also told, a priest once a priest forever,—a priest in heaven or a priest in hell."

Mary then blessed herself, and said the usual act of contrition.

The priest noticed that she had neither her rosary beads or prayer-book with her.

After she had finished her devotions, the priest said, "Mary, you did not use your beads or prayer-book: I suppose you left them where you were stopping."

The girl blushed, and answered timidly, "No, Father."

"What! You don't mean to say you came away from home without them?"

"No, Father, I had them with me when I came to Boston."

"But where are they, my dear child? You know you should always keep them with you, because if Protestants get hold of them they are apt to commit a sacrilege, and then the sin of that would be on your soul."

"O Father, forgive me!" cried the poor heart-broken creature; "but I know I cannot tell a lie in confession. I threw them away."

The priest stood aghast. "Threw them away, — the holy emblems of your faith! And they blessed too. Ah, no wonder misfortune came upon you, my child! God has visited you with affliction as a punishment for your profanation of these holy things. Oh, how much penance you will have to do for this! It will take indulgence after indulgence to blot out the sin. Your scapulars, though, you always wear, and say the prayers prescribed."

"No, Father," answered Mary, trembling all over like an aspen leaf. "I threw them away with the rest. O God, forgive me, for all I have done!" And she averted her head that the priest, silenced and all as he was, might not see how shamed and crestfallen she looked.

"O child of sin and sorrow! I know not whether I am defying heaven or not by hearing

your confession. You know, yourself, as well as I do, that it is only the bishop who can absolve a sinner in such cases as this. God, give me light and strength and grace," continued the priest, holding up his small brass crucifix and kissing it, "to do what is right and just. O God, I would rather die than offend thee: let me know what is best for all!"

He then asked Mary what she had done since her last confession.

Mary proceeded to enumerate how she had broken the different commandments, until she came to the seventh (Catholic version), "Thou shalt not steal." Here she hesitated, and the priest seeing her anguish, said, "Tell me all, daughter, tell me all: you know what a crime you commit by concealing a single sin in confession; and the Church teaches us that they who are guilty of this great crime will, if they do not repent, go straight to hell."

"O Father," said Mary, falling upon the floor, on her face and hands, "this is killing me. Oh! oh!"

The priest thought she had fallen in a swoon, and was going to call assistance, when she raised herself upon her knees again.

"Father, I have sinned against God and Heaven by breaking the Seventh Commandment. Oh, can

I tell it? Oh, must I tell it? This dress upon my back! These jewels on my hands! They are coming,—the police! The police!”

In came two policemen and seized her while upon her knees.

“Oh, kind sirs, don’t take me, don’t take me! I did n’t mean to steal them. On my honor, before God, I did n’t. I only intended to borrow them.”

As the policemen drew near to arrest her, she clung to the priest’s knees, and cried out, “Oh, spare me! For God’s sake, spare me!” Turning to Father Keenan, “O Father, save me! Save me!”

The cries of Mary Mulligan on her knees before the officers of the law were heartrending.

“Come, come,” said the detective, showing his badge: “we cannot stay here all day.”

“Oh, my God! Oh, hear me, kind sirs! Oh, you, sir,” turning towards the big, burly policeman, “you have daughters of your own: you can sympathize with me, you can pity me. Oh, kind sir, intercede for me that I may not go to prison! My mother, oh, my mother! This will break her heart!”

The policemen approached and caught her by the arms. She struggled and shrieked and screamed. “Oh, do not touch me! Do not lay hands on me! Take me to Jane Meeker’s! Then I will explain all! Oh, my foolish pride! Oh,

what induced me to put on those things? May God forgive you your sins, Sam Skillins! See what you have brought me to!"

At the mention of Skillins's name the detective started, and said, mentally, "What, can this be another victim of that noted villain?"

The policemen had to drag her to the stairs, and her pleadings were most pitiful to hear. "Oh, do not take me to the cold, cold prison! I never was in prison! Oh, believe me, kind sirs, I never stole anything in my life! O Father Keenan, will you not save me? Will you not save me? You have the power. You have the power. Exercise it, then, O holy Father, in my behalf. Command these men to desist, and they will have to go."

When on the head of the stairs, Mary tore herself from the grasp of the officers, and throwing herself on her knees, poured out a mournful prayer of supplication to the Virgin. "O good and holy mother, Mary, deliver me. O 'refuge of sinners,' come to my aid. O my mother in heaven, I have always been faithful to you. I have worn your scapulars. I have said the prayers regularly. You will not see me taken. No! no!"

And Mary Mulligan, full of the faith inspired by her early teachings, longed to have the scapulars she threw away, that she might hold them before her as a shield and bid defiance to the law or anything else to touch her.

But neither the power of the priest nor faith in the scapulars could avail her, and Mary was taken to the station-house close by. When on the street, she ceased her cries, fearing to attract attention to herself, but once inside the door of the lock-up she commenced anew : —

“ Oh, I cannot go in there ! I never stole them ! I never stole them ! My poor, poor mother ! Would that I had never left your side ! ”

“ Captain,” said the detective to an elderly and, as Mary thought, kindly looking gentleman, “ she refuses to tell where she came from, so that I will have to see this Meeker girl and find out where her home is and telegraph to her parents.”

“ O Captain, do not let him go ! ” said Mary, as she knelt before the officer and caught his hand, upon which she printed many kisses, — “ do not let him go. Is it not enough to break my heart without breaking my mother’s also ? I am as innocent of the crime of stealing as the babe unborn. But I have been unfortunate. My future life and hopes have been almost blasted forever. But, good, kind sir, if you will let me go I will return home ; I will never come to this city again ; and, O mother, will I not do everything for you, and never disobey you or cause you to get in any more trouble ? O mother ! mother, dear ! never did I know the value of a mother’s love till now.”

The captain then made a record of her name, age, crime, and other minor details, but gained his knowledge from the detective, as he could get nothing from the girl but sighs and sobs.

A station officer was ordered to place her in as clean and decent a cell as the place afforded. All this was in consideration of her beautiful face,—for even a policeman knows a good thing when he sees it,—and the captain was not insensible to the fact that the fair one before him was possessed of extraordinary beauty for one of lowly birth.

Mary, seeing that the captain had cast a pitying glance upon her, thought that, by pleading with him, he might possibly release her, or at least intercede for her, so that she might regain her freedom.

Now, much as some people may doubt it, policemen have hearts as well as any one else, but they become hardened by too close contact with sin, misery, crime, and degradation.

Mary knelt as before, watching with the most intense anxiety for some sign of compassion, some movement in the features of those before her,—men who see so much of the dark side of life,—to show that her pleadings, almost as if for her life, had not been in vain.

“O Captain, you, I am sure, will pity my distress and misfortune! I see a look of compassion

in your eyes for my sufferings." Here the captain turned away to conceal his emotion. "You have children of your own, and you look as if you had a tender heart. You have a daughter, perhaps, about my age. Your heart, and that of her mother, are set upon that girl. What would you say, — how would her mother feel, — if she was to be cast into a cold, damp cell, to languish for a whole night?"

The station officer and another policeman then took the sorrowing girl, while still on her knees, and dragged her step by step to the cell. The captain, with her pleadings still ringing in his ears, went into another room that he might not witness the struggle. He would have gladly released her then and there had he dared to, but he knew full well that the law must take its course. In his own heart he believed her innocent of the crime she was charged with, and said so afterwards.

"Oh God! Oh God! Are you going to put me in that dungeon?" cried poor Mary. "Hear me. I will do anything you say if you do not cast me in there. Beat, if you will. Nay, rather kill me than have this disgrace come upon me and my name. O men, you have wives, you have daughters, and yet you hearken not to a poor, friendless girl alone in a strange city!" And her shrieks and moans rent the air.

They forced her gently into the cell, and, after shutting the heavy grating door, turned the bolts and locks. Mary, turning round and looking out between the bars, said, "I cannot live and suffer like this. My blood be upon you!" and fell in a swoon upon the little narrow couch that was to be her bed that night.

The detective then informed the captain of what had transpired, and he ordered a watch to be set, as he feared by the poor unfortunate girl's declaration that she meditated suicide.

That night a telegram was sent to Lawrence, and from thence to James Mulligan's house.

Boston, ———.

Your daughter Mary is in the Tombs for larceny. Trial to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. Come.

CHAPTER XVI.

EFFECT OF THE TELEGRAM. — A MOTHER'S GRIEF AND
FATHER'S ANGER. — NIGHT OF SAD LAMENTATIONS.

THIS startling intelligence fell like a thunder-bolt on the Mulligan household.

Their petted, idolized child a thief! Their bright-eyed, beautiful Mary arrested and disgraced! Oh! it could not be!

James Mulligan, though American born, was of Irish descent. He was a sincere Catholic, and Mary had been brought up under the strictest tenets of that faith. The family had been prosperous, and held their heads above their neighbors. But this cruel blow crushed their pride and humbled them to the dust.

"Oh, my poor, poor, sinful child!" cried Mrs. Mulligan, wringing her hands frantically. "Oh, there must be some mistake; it cannot, cannot be *our* Mary! We have brought her up to be honest and virtuous: she could not steal or do wrong! Speak to me, James — husband! Comfort me, for heaven's sake! Tell me that you do not believe it's *our* little Mary! Oh, I should die if our daughter has fallen so low!"

And in her agony of doubt and dread the poor mother clasped her hands, and fell on her knees before her husband.

James Mulligan had sat motionless, with the telegram crushed and crumpled in his hand. No word had he uttered since reading those fatal lines. He had fondly loved this youngest daughter; her beauty had been his pride and boast; her disgrace shocked and grieved him to the core. But being a stern and unrelenting man, he felt he could never forgive her, never see her again. She was no longer a daughter of his, and he cast her out forever from his heart. His wife's lamentations had no effect upon him in his present mood.

"O James, my husband, why don't you speak to me?" she continued to plead, seeking in vain to move him. "Has your heart turned to stone? Why don't you deny this horrid tale? Tell me you do not believe it can be our darling Mary!"

"Ay, but I *do* believe it's her!" he exclaimed at last, springing from his chair and striding up and down the room in great agitation.

"No! no! Jamie, for the love of the Holy Virgin, do not say that!" cried the distracted mother, catching him by the arm.

He flung her off savagely, turning upon her with lowering brow and clinched fists, while she shrank

back, fearing that grief had driven him crazy, and that he was about to strike her.

"I tell you, woman," he said, harshly, "that it's all *your* fault if the girl has gone wrong. You have petted and pampered her, and sent her to boarding-school and dancing school, while the rest of the children have had to dig and delve. You've turned her silly head with your high-toned notions, made her vain, and fond of finery and frippery, and now you see the result!"

"O James Mulligan, can this be you? It's out of your senses you are, sure! How can you talk like this of poor Mary, she who was your pet? Has your heart turned to gall? Have you no love left for our poor child because she has yielded to some terrible temptation? Perhaps she has lost the money we gave her. Perhaps, — O my God! — perhaps our lamb has fallen into the power of some villain, and has been led into crime to save herself from starvation or worse!"

This terrible suggestion seemed to have some effect on the man, for he trembled violently and gave her a startled look. But he mastered the emotion and again looked stern and unforgiving, as he said, —

"That is no excuse. Mary should have written and explained why she failed to go to her sister Kate's. She is a deceiver and an ingrate. God

knows how I have loved her, — loved her as the apple of my eye. But I never indulged her in her idle fancies. That was your work, woman, and bitterly you will rue it, now when it's too late."

"Oh, you cruel, heartless father! How can you talk so, and your daughter in prison! Oh, then I will fly to her, — would fly this very night, if there were any way to get to Boston! Mary may have sinned, but she is still our child."

"Go, if you choose, wife," said James Mulligan, "but do not bring Mary back to *my* house; she shall never darken my doors as long as she lives: she has deceived us, pretending all these weeks to be at her sister Kate's in Roxbury. No! no! She has made her bed and now she may lie in it. I cast her off forever!"

"O James, you cannot mean it! Take back those harsh words!" cried Mrs. Mulligan; but he shook his head resolutely.

"Then may God forgive you, James Mulligan! I, at least, will not desert our child. I will seek her, even in prison, and comfort and forgive her, if you will not. Oh, how can I wait till morning? Oh, how can I leave little Jamie, sick unto death as he is? But God points the way. Jamie is at home and in good hands, but my darling Mary is among strangers, and in a prison cell, forsaken by all."

Throughout that dreary night the poor woman did not once close her eyes. She could only moan and cry over the name of her daughter.

"O Mary, Mary! My poor little lamb. God help you, my darling, alone in jail! O Holy Virgin, mother of God, friend and comforter of the afflicted, give peace to my child's sinful soul! Oh, would that the morning would come! Oh, how can I wait? How stay away so long from my daughter's side?

"Come, come, children, kneel down here with me, and we will say the rosary to her who was never known to forsake any one who implored her help in time of trouble.

"Ah, James, will you not come and join us, too, in our prayer of supplication to the Mother of Sorrows? Who knows but perhaps God has sent us this affliction as a chastisement for our sins?"

At this appeal the husband was touched, and relented. He cried out, "O Annie, forgive me for being angry; but to think that this is Mary's gratitude after all we have done!"

And that little family, all so happy before this sorrow, knelt and prayed to the Virgin to protect their child. Mrs. Mulligan recited the prayers, and the responses were answered by the others. Outside this little cottage all nature seemed in sympathy with their agony. The moon and stars

looked kindly down in compassion, and the winds moaned dismally, and the river, flowing silently on, seemed to murmur a fervent Amen to the pleadings of that grief-stricken assemblage.

Every whistle of the night freight trains sounded as a call to that distracted mother to hasten to the prison cell of her darling child. The cries and groans of the little sick one in the crib sent a dagger through her heart. She asked herself, "O God, have I raised a child for such ignominy as this?" and, bending down, she kissed the child, and tried to soothe and comfort it with tender caresses, as only a heart-stricken mother can do.

With tears and vain sorrowings the night slowly wore away to that broken-hearted mother. Now at the bedside of her sick boy, ministering to his wants and comforting him; anon, casting herself upon her knees before a crucifix or a picture of the Virgin, and praying for her absent daughter, the inmate of a felon's cell. Oh, the agony of that night! May that poor mother never know another such a night as this!

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY'S FEARFUL NIGHT IN THE TOMBS. — ARRAIGNED IN COURT. — GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

FOR the first time in her life, Mary Mulligan found herself an inmate of the Tombs, whither she had been transferred in the prison van from the police station. Alone, shut out from all intercourse with her kind, no wonder her soul sickened with horror. A tenderly nurtured girl, not yet out of her teens, the object of deep parental solicitude, — petted, humored, spoiled, indeed, — beautiful and accomplished enough to adorn a high station in society, and yet she had come to this, — a prison cell and a felon's fate ! Regret, remorse, repentance, — all were working in her soul. She was awakening now to a realizing sense of her folly, deceit, and ingratitude, — ingratitude toward her parents and to her benefactor, Jane Meeker.

"Oh, why did I ever leave my dear home !" she moaned, pacing the narrow cell, while tears of bitter anguish suffused her face. "Why did I forsake the teachings of my dear mother ? O mother ! mother ! what *will* you say when they tell you of

my dishonor and disgrace? Oh, oh, I cannot bear the thought! I shall go mad!"

And for a moment the poor misguided girl gave way to a violent outburst of hysterical grief. The place rang with her cries and shrieks, which at last died away in low, pitiful sobbings, as she continued, —

"And my dear father, who loves me so fondly, what, oh what will he say? How his proud heart will be rung by my conduct! *He* will never, never forgive me. I shall never see his loving smile again. He will never fondle and caress his little Mary, as he used to call me; never take me in his arms and call me his pet and darling. Oh, what have I not lost by my sin and folly! Would to heaven I could die right here! Oh, if I could only kill myself, and never look a human being in the face again. O God, pity and forgive me! Oh, do not let me live to see another day!"

And in her despair she flung herself upon the cold stones of the floor, and grovelled there like a demented creature, careless of the cold and damp, and tearing savagely at her long, beautiful hair in the fearful paroxysm of her distress.

How many such cruel scenes of misery and suffering have those senseless stones witnessed! If the walls of the Tombs could speak, what fearful agonies might they reveal, what tales of sin and

shame, of heart-rending woes and grief! What awful crimes, what direful tragedies, and what woful social mysteries that never find their way into the court records nor are blazoned forth in the police reports of the newspapers!

As night drew on, the horrors of Mary Mulligan's situation increased tenfold. The daylight bustle ceased. The rattle of carts and teams and the murmur of human voices, which penetrated even to that dark and dismal place, gradually died away. The only sounds to be heard were the slow footsteps of an officer in the corridors without, ringing with startling distinctness on the pavements amid the deep silence, varied now and then by oaths and yells and savage howls proceeding from some drunken or maddened wretch in the adjoining cells.

Poor girl! Hard is the heart that cannot sympathize with your distress; callous the soul that can contemplate your terrible situation without pity and compassion! You have sinned, have fallen from woman's high estate, have bartered woman's most priceless jewel, sacrificed home, friends, parents, reputation, to indulge a capricious vanity and love of admiration, but bitter and terrible is the atonement before you!

And now superstition assumed its sway over the girl's soul. She shivered with fear and dread as

the stillness became more profound, and the midnight hour came and passed. Oh, for one hour's sleep! Oh, for the power to shut out the horrid visions that beset her imagination! But conscience was too terribly alive to permit of slumber.

"Oh, if I could only die!" she moaned, passionately beating her brow. "How can I survive this awful night? Oh, if I could only live the past five weeks of my life over again! Oh, why did I not go to my sister's house at once, as mother bade me, and not stop a moment in Boston? What a silly, wicked girl I was to listen to that artful Sam Skillins. I ought to have known that he was a base deceiver, a wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking only my ruin. Oh, oh, oh! what will become of me? I am lost, lost, forever lost!"

Another paroxysm succeeded as she shrieked the last words aloud in her agony of soul; and flying to the barred door of the cell, she beat upon it until her delicate hands were bruised and bleeding, as she piteously begged for some one to release her from confinement.

But all in vain. Her cries were unheeded, and at last she crawled to her mattress and fell upon it, exhausted wellnigh unto death.

Slowly, slowly the hours passed, mid sighs, and groans, and tears. Suddenly, the light of

dawn streamed into the cell, and aroused her scattered senses to the thought of what she must soon undergo, — a public trial.

"Oh!" she cried, springing wildly to her feet, "how can I face all those people in court; how meet the stern eye of the judge, or the gaze of the curious and unpitying crowd? O Holy Virgin, help me!" — flinging herself on her knees and crossing herself, — "pity and forgive me. Forgive me for forgetting my mother's precepts, and discarding my rosary and scapular! Oh, be merciful to me, Holy Mother of God; be merciful and help me!"

Pallid and haggard from want of sleep, faint and weak from lack of food (for the poor girl could not eat a morsel of breakfast when it was brought to her), Mary Mulligan at length was led to the dock and heard her case called by the clerk of the court.

"Mary Mulligan, you are charged with the larceny of clothing and jewelry, valued in all at forty-five dollars. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mary, standing in the dock, was the cynosure of every eye. Her beauty rendered more interesting by the pallor of her features, and the look of pain and fright upon them, struck every beholder. The spectators, the officers of the court, the judge himself, even the hardened occupants of

the dock awaiting their turn for trial, all felt that she was no ordinary criminal, and kindly looks were bent upon her, and even words of encouragement whispered into her ear.

"You must plead to this charge, my child," said the judge, gently, as Mary hesitated and almost burst into tears.

But a sudden courage came to her aid — the courage of desperation — and clasping her hands vehemently together, she cried : —

"Oh, sir, I am guilty! A guilty, wicked, and very wretched girl! Yes, I took the clothes and jewelry, but as Heaven hears me, sir, I meant to return them at night. I only intended to wear them for a day, and then restore them to their owner. Oh, sir, where is my accuser? Where is Jane Meeker? Do with me as you will, but let me first ask pardon of my benefactor, she who took me in on that night of storm; who gave me food, warmth, and shelter, and saved me from despair and death when I had not a friend in the world. Let me first obtain Jane Meeker's forgiveness for my ingratitude and my crime."

As she paused, with her hands stretched out appealingly, and the tears now streaming down her youthful countenance, many of those present were visibly moved. The judge, accustomed though he was to such scenes, felt his heart thrill

with pity, and beckoned to the clerk, with whom he held a moment's consultation.

"Jane Meeker!" cried the clerk, as he stepped back to his place. "Is Jane Meeker in court?" he added to the officer who had arrested Mary.

"I notified her to appear," said the policeman. "Ah, here she is!"

Jane came forward and addressed the judge in a low tone, telling him that if it could be avoided she had no desire to have the prisoner prosecuted, and indeed had not authorized her arrest.

"I pity the poor girl, your Honor," she continued; "pity her too much to wish her any harm. I am now convinced, too, that she did not intend to steal my property, but took it merely in a freak of vanity. She has suffered very much already, sir, and Heaven forbid that I should add to her cup of misery, which is already full to overflowing."

Surprised and interested at these words on the part of the principal witness for the prosecution, the magistrate questioned Jane further as to her knowledge of Mary's antecedents, and drew from her the story how Mary had come to Boston to visit her sister, of the trap that had been laid for her in the Eliot Street restaurant, of the mock marriage, and Sam Skillins's final desertion of his victim.

"This matter shall be looked into," said the judge, deeply affected at the tale; and, calling a detective, who was in court, he gave him some instructions, saying, in conclusion, —

"You will endeavor to bring this man Skillins into court within an hour if possible."

The detective bowed and withdrew. As he passed through the room he cast a significant glance at Mary, who, at the mention of "Skillins," trembled and almost fell to the floor while holding on to the bar. The name of Skillins conjured up a world of horrors to her soul, — her first night in Boston, — her first false step, — her gilded prison room, — the wine, — the agony of her first offence, — the mock marriage, — her desertion, — her despair and longings for death, — that terrible night of suffering and torture in the snowy street, — all these and more yet, now must she meet this fiend and monster face to face in open court?

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOTHER TO THE RESCUE. — BRIDE OF AN HOUR. — PRISON
OR ALTAR, WHICH?

AT this moment a shriek was heard outside the court-room door. A woman's voice, in piercing accents, cried to the officer on guard, —

"Oh! tell me, sir; where is my child? Is this the court? Is my daughter here?"

The officer looked, and saw a plainly dressed country woman, haggard, pale, with hair dishevelled, her features convulsed and agitated, standing before him.

"Oh, sir!" she continued, frantically, "my Mary was the best of girls. She never stole anything in her life. It can't be her. Yet the telegram said she had been arrested for stealing, and the trial was set for nine o'clock to-day. Oh, I want to see my daughter, sir! Tell me if she is here. Oh, my Mary can't be guilty! No, no, I will not believe it till I hear it from her own lips!"

"But what is your daughter's name?" asked the officer, moved by the woman's distress.

"Mary Mulligan; and a good, honest girl she is, sir; true to her faith, true to her God! Oh,

she would never steal ! Tell me, tell me that I am not too late ! Oh, do not tell me that my dear child has been found guilty and already sentenced to jail ! Oh, let me see her ! I *must* see my child ! ”

As that startling cry rang through the court-room, it electrified every heart, and every eye was turned toward the vestibule.

The door opened. Another shriek, as the eyes of mother and daughter met in lightning flash across that wide court-room.

“ Oh, my daughter ! have I found you ? ”

“ Oh, my mother ! There she is at the door ! Oh, let me speak to her ! Mother ! mother ! ” throwing up her arms from the dock, leaning over the prisoner’s stand.

A silence like the hush of death fell on that court-room. As by a spell of enchantment, all were struck speechless, motionless.

Not an officer interposed as that aged mother struggled through the agitated throng, and tottered, weak and almost fainting, up the long aisle toward the dock.

“ My child ! oh, my dearest Mary ! ” she cried, the tears flowing over her wrinkled face.

“ Mother ; dear, dear mother, have you come ; have you come to save me ? ”

And Mary, leaning over the railing, wound her

fair arms around her mother's neck until her golden locks swept the gray head of her parent, and their tears flowed and mingled together.

"Oh, my darling! Oh, my blessed daughter! I feared I should not find you. They told me you had been arrested and would be sent to jail. Oh, I cannot part with you, darling; I cannot let you go to jail! Mary! Mary, my pet, tell them you are innocent; tell them you are not a thief!"

"Oh, mother, forgive me; I did not mean to steal those things," pointing to Jane Meeker's dress and jewelry lying on the clerk's table; "I only meant to wear them once, then put them back again. I would not steal for the world! Oh! oh! do not cry so, mother dear," as Mrs. Mulligan's tears broke out afresh, and heart-rending sobs agitated her frame. "Oh, say you forgive me, mother! Tell me that you do not believe your Mary is a thief!"

"No, no; I know you are not guilty!" cried the aged woman, pressing her daughter's cheek against her withered face, and smoothing her silken tresses, while torrents of tears streamed from her eyes. "I forgive you, my darling! May God have mercy and save you from all harm!"

It was a rare spectacle.

Many affecting and soul-harrowing scenes has that court-house witnessed. Hearts have been

wrung, and souls plunged in misery and despair at the iron mandates of the law ; wives have been sundered from husbands, never to meet on this side of eternity ; mothers have been torn from their offspring ; sons taken their last farewell before going to meet their doom ; men with hands crimsoned with the blood of their fellow-men have felt the meshes of the law draw about them, and broken down with cries and awful lamentations, as they heard their fate pronounced. These stones have echoed to heartbreaking sobs, wails, and cries ; cheeks have paled, and hearts throbbed with grief and anguish unutterable, time without number, within those granite walls ; but never, perhaps, have they listened to more piteous expressions of human sorrow and misery ; never witnessed such a pathetic scene as this, — a mother and daughter tightly locked in each other's arms ! Niobe weeping over her dearest and best beloved, in dread that she may be torn from her desolate heart.

Who could behold that affecting scene and not feel thrilled to the very depths of his soul ? Forgotten was the grave decorum and chilling etiquette which surround a court of justice, as all gazed with a rapt and absorbed attention upon that mother and daughter. Tears streamed from eyes that had not wept since childhood. Hearts were

stirred which had grown hard and callous from long contact with vice and crime.

Oh, the power of a mother's love! Oh, the magic of that "touch of nature which makes the whole world akin"!

But the spell was suddenly broken as the door opened and in walked the detective with Sam Skillins in custody. They approached the judge, and held a brief colloquy with him.

"Now, Mr. Skillins," said the judge in conclusion, "will you marry this girl whom you have so shamefully deceived and deserted?"

Sam Skillins found himself in a corner. He saw he must make a virtue of necessity, and yield, and accordingly signified his willingness to comply. But he did so with a mental reservation; he would get even with the girl who had driven him to this.

"I know a clergyman that will marry them, and who will be found at home," said the detective; "and if your Honor desires, this matter can be settled within an hour."

And it was so settled. The case was laid over for an hour, and within that hour Sam Skillins and Mary Mulligan, accompanied by the detective, came to my house, and I, Henry Morgan, duly married them.

Poor Mary, however, was but the bride of an

hour. No sooner had the wedding party left my house than Sam Skillins departed for parts unknown. It was afterwards ascertained that he had another wife living, and Mary Mulligan found herself doubly betrayed, — she was neither maid, wife, nor widow.

Alas ! that I should have to record it. The unfortunate girl fell beneath the blow, yielded to despair, and soon gravitated to that social level from which few of her sex ever rise.

A word concerning marriage. Few Protestant ministers have married as many Catholics as I have done. The question is, were these marriages legal? The above marriage of course was not. The man had committed bigamy, yet I knew not his character until months afterwards, when I learned it from Mary's own lips. But, on the other hand, suppose both parties were eligible, both were Catholics ; then, according to the teaching of the Church, if married by a Protestant minister, the man and wife are living in adultery and their issue are called bastards.

Persons so married are denied the sacraments, and, unless remarried by a priest, are refused the last rites of the Church when dying, and after death are deprived of Christian burial in consecrated ground.

Not only this, but while living they are ostra-

cized from friends and relatives, and themselves and their children are subjected, oftentimes, to the most terrible persecutions, and in some cases family ties are severed.

Oh, how much of a great city's misery and crime lie at the door of the Church! The Church stands as a Colossus before the hymeneal altar and declares, "*No divorce for any cause! No marriage except by the priest!*" Yet it opens the flood gates of sexual promiscuity as no other Christian sect does, except the Mormons. As multitudes of old were allowed to pass beneath and between the feet of the Colossus of Rhodes, so this colossus bugbear, the Church, looks down upon the teeming multitudes passing in and out of broken marital bonds with the indifference of a heathen God.

Presume not too much, O Holy Mother Church, too often called "Mother of Harlots," on the tolerance of a free and intelligent people! Hark! Already is heard the first thunder-clap of a religious revolution!

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE ROAD TO RUIN. — FATHER LEONARD'S DISCOVERY.
— GOING TO THE DANCE.

It was early evening, a dark December evening. Two young girls, whose dress and persons were concealed under water-proof cloaks, the hoods of which were also drawn close over their heads and faces, were hurrying across West Boston Bridge.

"We shall be late in spite of everything, Kate," said one to the other.

"I know it. Oh, dear! If it had n't been for that stupid Sodality meeting to-night, we should have had plenty of time."

"And if it was n't for that same meeting I, for one, could n't have come at all," said Nellie Murray; "for you know father and mother won't let me out of an evening since that ride I took with Frank Barry."

"When you did n't get home till near midnight? I don't blame them. You 'd ought to have played your points better, — got back early, — and then they'd never known anything about it, and you could have gone again and again and nobody been any the wiser."

"I shall know better next time, at any rate," said the young girl, with a short laugh.

"Yes, I think you are learning fast enough," said Kate. "How skilfully you played it to-night, for instance, just as soon as the exercises commenced! What a sudden sickness that was which took hold of you! How the good Sister 'tumbled' to it. And when you told her that you could n't get home alone, and asked if I, Kate Ransom, might not go with you, as we lived near each other, how accommodating the old thing was to consent! Oh, dear, how you *did* 'take her in'!" And the two girls laughed merrily at the success of their stratagem.

"What *would* she say if she knew the truth?" exclaimed Nell, as they walked on. "Oh, would n't I catch it, though? I declare, I believe father would shut me up in a convent, as he's threatened to do time and again. Ugh! I guess if he did, though, I'd make the Sisters wish I was in Jericho before I'd been there a month, and be glad to get rid of me at any cost."

And the speaker shook her head defiantly, while Kate laughed immoderately, knowing full well what an adept in mischief her lively friend was, and what unlimited resources she had for making people uncomfortable when she had an object to attain.

"I promised Father Leonard that I would surely

be at the Sodality to-night," said Kate, after a moment. "He seemed very urgent to have me. I do hope he won't take it into his head to go there."

"That would be awkward enough, certainly; but you could explain it all right, of course."

"Yes, if he did n't go to my house and inquire about my illness. That would be letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance, and no mistake."

"From all I hear and observe, it seems to me that Father Leonard feels a great deal of solicitude about you, Katie," said Nell, roguishly, and giving her friend a playful nudge.

"Oh, that's all right," retorted Kate, affecting an indifferent tone. "It's only a *fatherly* interest he feels, you know. He is my confessor, and father and mother think there's nobody like him. Don't you think he's good looking, Nell?"

"Oh, so-so," answered Nell. "I've seen handsomer men than Father Leonard, though."

"Oh, of course! There's Frank Barry, for example, who is to take us to the dance to-night, and whom Fr. Leonard considers one of the most pious and promising young men in his famous school, said Kate," with a significance which made Nell blush underneath the hood of her waterproof.

But the subject of good-looking priests and

handsome beaux generally — absorbing topics with young girls, as we all know — was not further pursued just then, for Nell suddenly exclaimed, —

“Oh, dear! if it is n’t right down too bad! The draw is up, and now we shall never get there in time!”

Sure enough, as they approached the draw of the bridge was seen to be moving, and a string of vehicles and pedestrians were soon huddled together awaiting the slow movements of a heavy-laden schooner, which was passing through.

“And we promised to be so punctual,” said Kate Ransom, petulantly. “They won’t wait for us, and we shall have our walk for nothing!”

Nell Murray was about to make some response, when her companion uttered a terrified expression, and caught her arm, at the same time dragging her closer against the railing of the bridge, and behind a group of belated laborers who were returning from work.

“Why, what’s the matter, Kate?” demanded Nell, looking ag wonderingly at her friend.

“Hush. matter enough. Did n’t you see him?”

“Him!” repeated Nell, looking round and scanning the faces of the people clustered near by. “I have n’t seen anybody I know. Whom do you mean?”

“Sh! Father Leonard! There he is, crossing

the bridge, just in front of that team. Mercy on us! He is coming directly toward us!"

A man of middle age, tall, stately, and whose shaven face, garb, and general appearance indicated his clerical calling, was in fact approaching the spot where the two girls, now thoroughly frightened at the danger of their escapade being discovered, stood shrinking and trembling.

Their evident trepidation and efforts to escape recognition attracted the priest's attention. He stopped abruptly, regarding them keenly and suspiciously for a moment.

But it was impossible, in the semi-obscurity, to penetrate the disguise of the water-proofs, and the priest turned slowly away, determined, however, to keep the two females in sight, for their suspicious conduct had aroused his curiosity. He felt certain that they were afraid to be seen by him for some cause. What if they should prove to be members of his flock? It was clearly his duty to ascertain if such were the fact. As the draw at last slid into place, Father Leonard passed on with the delayed crowd, but cast quick glances right and left, until he once more discovered the young women.

Kate and Nell were unaware, however, that the keen eye of the priest was upon them. They had lost sight of him in the crowd, and their momen-

tary apprehensions vanished and were forgotten as they arrived at Bowdoin Square, where they found Frank Barry awaiting them at a place agreed upon.

"I was afraid you couldn't manage it, girls," said he, as taking an arm of each, he escorted them across the square.

"You must thank Nell for carrying out the scheme, Frank," said Kate, laughingly. "If she can't manage to pull the wool over people's eyes, nobody can."

And thereupon she proceeded to relate how her friend had feigned a sudden attack of sickness, as an excuse for leaving the Sodality meeting, where their unsuspecting parents imagined they were at this moment, imbibing wholesome moral and religious instruction.

Frank Barry had excited Nellie Murray's imagination by describing a dance which he had attended at a celebrated "free-and-easy" West End dance hall, which was run by a prominent Catholic. He had painted the place and the attractions of the dance in such glowing colors that the young girl was eager to have him take her and her "chum," Kate Ransom, some night to participate in the festivity.

The two girls were unmistakably a little wild and wayward, but as yet they were pure and

innocent. Little did they know that this night of harmless frolic, as they considered it, would mark a turning-point in their lives! A turning-point, not for good, but for evil. The downward path lay before them, in all its alluring attractiveness. Oh, that some friendly hand would interpose to save them! Oh, that thoughts of parents, home, relatives, friends, would bid them pause and reflect ere they crossed the threshold of that dance house, or embarked in that which was to prove to them a fatal dance of death! But it was not to be!

Arriving at their destination, Concert Hall, so called, they found a large crowd entering; and amid much pushing and struggling Frank and his pretty companions at length reached the hall where dancing had already commenced.

Little did they think, however, that their escapade had been betrayed. Father Leonard had not for a moment lost sight of the two girls. He had followed them to the very entrance of the dance hall. But not till they were passing up the stairs could he obtain a glimpse of the features of the two girls, who, feeling secure that they were no longer in danger of being recognized, threw back the hoods which concealed their faces. The priest recognized them while standing on the sidewalk. His first impulse was to rush through the crowd

and forcibly compel the girls to return to their homes ; but other thoughts deterred him from doing this. He disliked to be seen in such a place, and, moreover, feared his motives might be misconstrued and his profession and church be scandalized.

No ; he would wait until the morrow and privately admonish the wayward girls, or perhaps reveal their conduct to their parents. Which course to pursue he could not decide that night. Shocked and disturbed, the priest therefore turned away, and thoughtfully pursued his homeward way.

The result of his reflections and what happened at the dance that night will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DANCE. — "GENTLEMAN MIKE." — MARY MULLIGAN AGAIN APPEARS

ALL unconscious that they had been watched and followed by the strict and severe Father Leonard, Kate Ransom and Nell Murray soon found themselves in the midst of the gay and festive throng of dancers.

Unaccustomed to such a scene, widely different effects were produced upon the mind of each of the young girls.

To Nell, who was thoughtless and fond of exciting amusements by nature, the clash of the orchestra, the whirling figures of men and women, the rush and stir as fifty couples circled around the ball, keeping time to the rapid measure, and enjoyment seemed pictured on every countenance, set her own blood dancing wildly through her veins.

Kate Ransom, however, was more sedate and reflective than her friend. She possessed an intuitive delicacy and native modesty, which, now that she perceived the true character of the place and the free manners of its patrons, made her uneasy and anxious to depart at once.

"Oh, I am so sorry we came, Nell!" she whispered. "I wish we were safe at home. Even the sodality would be better than this."

Nell turned upon her in surprise and indignation.

"Why you silly goose!" she exclaimed impatiently. "What in the world has come over you all of a sudden? You were wild to come when I first proposed the subject."

"But I had no idea that the hall was such a place as this, Nell, or that we should meet such people. Some of these women are positively disgusting, and the way the men act with them is perfectly scandalous."

"What a little Puritan she is, is n't she, Frank?" said Nell, with a derisive laugh, to her companion. "Who would have thought of such a criticism from you, Kate Ransom? Dear me! Any one can see it's a case of sudden conversion. I was not so far out of the way after all when I hinted at Father Leonard's solicitude about you, Kate. The good priest must have been laboring quite earnestly with you of late. I suppose the next thing we hear, you will be a candidate for holy orders."

Nell's raillery produced its intended effect: Kate bridled at the imputation. *She* a candidate for holy orders, forsooth! No, indeed! The

world and its pleasures were too alluring as yet for her to embrace the sacred calling. The time *might* come when she would be only too happy to seek the peace and retirement of the cloister; to shut out every vestige of the exterior world, — its vapid joys, its deceptive hopes, its miseries, its sorrows, and vain heartburnings for the uninterrupted calm and sweet holy beatitude — as it had been pictured to her in the eloquent language of Father Leonard — of a conventual life. Yes, in the dim future the time when she would long for this *might* come, but it surely had not *yet* arrived.

Somehow a quick reaction from her previous feelings set in; her first reluctance to remain vanished; her pulses began to beat to the swift music; her heart throbbed. Like Nell, she commenced to feel the inspiriting influence of the scene before her, and, from longing to mingle in it, was soon induced to accept a partner whom Frank Barry introduced to her as a friend of his, and in another moment had entirely forgotten her misgivings in the intoxicating delight of the dance.

Kate was a superb waltzer. Her figure was graceful and lithe as a sylph's. Every sway and turn revealed an exquisite taste and a refined elegance. Her face, youthful and charming at all times, was now rendered positively lovely by the rich flush mantling her fair cheek and the flashing

radiance which excitement lent to her usually soft and gentle eye. Kate's partner was a reckless, dashing spendthrift, the only son of a wealthy liquor dealer and leading Catholic politician. The father's name generally heads the list of every well-advertised charity, fair, and money-raising scheme devised for the glory and good of his church, of which he is a principal pillar. The son's ambitions lie in another direction, however. Wherever a boat-race, horse-trot, cocking-main, or prize-fight is in progress, Mike Lawler is sure to be found in its midst, spending and gambling his money away like a prince of the royal blood, but always maintaining such a quiet and undemonstrative bearing that he has come to be known about town by the *soubriquet* of "Gentleman Mike."

Despite this lamb-like designation, however, Michael Lawler possessed attributes that should properly place him on the black-list of society, among the human wolves and tigers who seek their prey by stealth and cunning, and gorge and fatten on the tenderlings of the flock. Beneath his gentlemanly and handsome exterior lurk raging passions that have defiled many a home altar, led many a ewe lamb astray, and plunged happy households in a grief and despair darker and deadlier than was ever cast by the shadow of a new-made grave.

Utterly ignorant of the character of her partner, Kate Ransom yielded herself entirely to the voluptuous enchantment of the dance. She forgot where she was, — forgot time and circumstance. She seemed to be flying on angel wings, wandering in heavenly space, like one of Milton's seraphs, to the accompaniment of divine harmony. The man beside her took on the form of some radiant being, — an archangel he appeared to her unchained imagination. Never had she felt the sway and fascination of the waltz like this; never had she danced with one who seemed so perfect a master of the art; but never, though she knew it not, was her soul's salvation in such deadly peril as now. The spring had been set, the snare laid, and already the fowler was preparing to seize upon his prey.

Meanwhile the two had become the cynosure of all eyes. Such a handsome pair, such perfect dancing, had never been seen in that hall before. "Gentleman Mike" was known to most of the *habitués* of the place; but inquiry was rife regarding his lovely companion, and comments passed from lip to lip that would have brought the blush of shame and indignation to Kate's pure cheek, if she could have heard them.

"Who the deuce is she?" queried a rakish-looking young fellow, who was standing apart among

the spectators, addressing his remark to the master of ceremonies, who chanced to be at his elbow.

"Give it up," said that worthy, shrugging his shoulders. "Never saw her here before. A mighty fine-looking girl; and my eyes! Can't she waltz though?"

"It would be a bonanza in your pocket, Dan, to get her to dance here regularly," returned the other. "Better try it on, old man! Wouldn't the boys turn out *en masse*, though, just to see her, letting alone the chance of 'having a fling' with such a partner? There's millions in it!"

"I'll have a talk with Gentleman Mike about it, you bet!" said Dan.

"You could afford to stand a pretty solid figure on it, too," observed the first speaker. "I suppose she's some new conquest of Lawler's. She looks like an innocent, don't you think? By the way, where's the Mulligan to-night? She does n't seem to have put in an appearance as yet."

"No. 'Off her base' again, that's all," was the sententious answer.

"Drunk, eh?"

"Worse than that. She's got one of her pious fits on again. Came to me to-day and said she'd been to confession, consequently had sworn off dancing, drinking, and everything else, and was

going to reform this time for good. It's only the third time within a month she's played us the same trick."

"Why don't you give her the sack, and done with it, then?"

"Oh, you know how it is yourself, Charley," said the master of ceremonies, signalling to the leader of the orchestra to stop the music on observing that Kate and her partner had ceased dancing at last, and were retiring from the floor. "You see Moll is still a mighty handsome woman, and she's the best dancer, barring this young un, we ever had here. There's no danger of her cutting us altogether, for we pay her good wages for 'leading off,'—better than she can get at any other dance-house in town, at any rate. We find it pays to wink at her flighty turns, for she's always sure to come round all right after she's been to the priest, got absolution, and feels free, I s'pose, to go at it again with a clear conscience, so to speak."

"Well, it would n't be a healthy thing for Mike Lawler if Moll should take a notion to pop in to-night and see him 'spooning' with this new flame, eh, Dan?" remarked the other, with a wink.

"I'm afeard there *would* be some hair-pulling, for Moll is badly 'mashed' on Gentleman Mike for a fact, and it makes her downright mad if he

so much as looks at another woman. But, Lord be good to us!" the man broke off excitedly, as a sudden commotion arose in a distant part of the room toward which most of the people began at once to flock, "there's Moll Mulligan at this very moment, and she's going at them hammer and tongs! Make way there, gents and ladies! Leader, strike up for a quadrille instantly!"

And with these hurried adjurations, the master of ceremonies tore across the room to prevent by his presence and authority a scene that he evidently had good reason to fear would result disastrously for the good name — Heaven save the mark! — of his establishment.

Kate Ransom had suddenly become conscious of the attention of which she was the subject. Gradually the various couples on the floor had yielded to fatigue or curiosity, ceased dancing, and had ranged themselves in groups about the room, leaving the centre entirely to Kate and her partner.

On perceiving this, the young girl with a deep blush abruptly paused. "Gentleman Mike" at once comprehended the cause of her confusion and dismay, and quickly escorted her to a seat as far removed from the general crowd as possible.

"I must express my deep gratitude for the pleasure you have afforded me, Miss Ransom," he said, gallantly, as he seated himself beside her. "I hope

you will not think it idle flattery when I say that your waltzing is perfection itself."

"I fear you are fishing for a compliment, sir," said Kate, smiling and blushing, but at the same time inwardly pleased. "At all events, I think your dancing merits an equal amount of praise. It really seems as if I had never danced until to-night."

He bowed low at the flattering insinuation, and, gently taking her hand, —

"I may then hope for a repetition of the favor when you have rested sufficiently?" he said, inquiringly, fixing an admiring look upon her lovely countenance.

"Oh, not to-night! Never again in *this* place!" she returned, quickly, all her former feeling of aversion reviving.

He looked at her keenly and saw that she was very earnest and sincere in what she had said. It revealed that she was what he had at first doubted, — an innocent and virtuous girl, who had been merely beguiled, by ignorance or false misrepresentations, into visiting the dance-hall.

"My young friend Barry should not have brought you here, Miss Ransom," he said, seriously. "I shall take him to task for doing so. And here he comes now with Miss Murray, to take you away, apparently, for I perceive they have

donned their outer garments, and Frank has your cloak. I wish you might not consider it rude if I begged the privilege of seeing you home," he added, in an appealing tone.

But at this moment, and before Kate could make any reply, a woman suddenly sprang before them, — a woman frantic and furious. It was plain that she was in a state bordering almost on madness, and with a cry Kate shrank before the hand that she saw was uplifted as if to strike her down.

But the blow did not fall. Something in the terrified face of the shrinking girl seemed to awaken better thoughts in the woman's mind. Her arm slowly dropped to her side, and she gazed long and earnestly into Kate's fair young face, and gradually, as she gazed, her eyes seemed to grow dim and misty, her bosom moved with convulsive throes, sobs shook her frame, and a tear fell upon the young girl's hand.

Kate's sympathies were quick and easily aroused. She saw before her a woman little older in years than herself, but with a world of sorrow, misery, sin, and wretchedness pictured in her countenance. That countenance bore traces of more than common beauty ; but it was haggard and pale to ghastliness. The features were correctly formed ; but dissipation had made ravages upon them that neither abstinence nor penitence could ever re-

store. It was the wreck of one of nature's loveliest masterpieces that the young girl looked upon; and thus looking, she felt her heart sink within her at the thought that a woman so young, and evidently once pure and fair, could already have touched the lower depths of profligacy and sin.

Two years only of city life had wrought this awful change. Two years before, this wretched creature, standing in that West End dance-hall, bedecked and bedizened in the flaunting finery and mock jewelry of the lowest type of fallen womanhood, was the beautiful and modest Mary Mulligan.

"Yes," she said, as though answering some mental question; "*I* was once as fair, as pure and innocent as this girl. What!" she cried, with startling emphasis, suddenly coming close up to Kate, — "what are *you* here for? What do you seek in this vile den, where none but men and women who have no characters to lose resort? Have you a father and mother? Do they know whither your feet have strayed this night? Girl! girl! Have you deceived and cajoled them by some flimsy excuse, some lying pretext to elude their vigilance? Has some scoundrel lured you here, to pave the way for your eternal stain and his deeper infamy? Say! Answer me! you must

and shall! Tell me if *this* man, with whom you danced but now, and who dares not look me like an honest man in the face,—is this man your tempter?

“Ha!” she continued, as Kate involuntarily shook her head, “he has one less sin to answer for than I thought. But he has perhaps already poured the poison of his honeyed words into your ear! Beware of his smooth tongue! Turn from his handsome face and winning smile as you would from the hideous face of leprosy or death! *I* know his power, but you know it not as yet. Heaven grant you may never know it to your hurt! Have I not said enough to make you spring from his side as though contact with him were contagion and death? What!” she exclaimed in shrill and piercing tones, as Kate in her fright instinctively clung to Lawler’s arm, “do you seek protection from the wolf, silly fool? Will you not be convinced? Shall I tell you what manner of man this is,—what relation he bears to me, and I to him? But no! no! Heaven forbid that I should sully your pure ears or bring the blush of maiden shame to your innocent cheek! Be warned of him, I say!” she went on, pointing a shaking finger at Lawler, who, like all in the room, seemed under some strange spell, and was powerless to move or interrupt the speaker.

"Such as **he** can want nothing good of an honest girl, — nothing except to drag her down to his own foul level, and to mine."

She paused to take breath, but quickly continued with even more impressive utterance.

"Be warned, I say, young girl! It was just such a fair and sweet-tongued villain as this, — no worse, no better, — whose lying lips and foul deception made me the thing I am. Look at me, girl! I had beauty fairer than yours. I had a happy home, kindred, a mother whose love was as priceless to me as my hope of heaven, a father whom I worshipped. In an evil hour I came to this accursed city, ignorant as a babe of its wiles, its hidden traps and pitfalls for unheeding feet. But I had one besetting weakness. I was vain and proud of my good looks. My head had been turned by flattery, my brain addled by reading trashy novels. I can see it now; I knew it not then. I was told that my beauty was a heritage more precious than gold; that it would make men my willing slaves; that it would win power, wealth, every earthly desire. Oh, fool, fool that I was! I had not been twenty-four hours in this wicked city before my vaunted beauty proved my bane and destruction. I fancied myself in love with a handsome face. I was flattered by the admiration of a man whose wealth was said to be

incalculable. I listened to his tale of love, was honestly married to him as I believed, when suddenly he threw off the mask, proved to me that my marriage was a mockery and a sham, and cast me off penniless, friendless, giving me at parting only a curse and a threat ! ”

She paused, overcome by emotion. A deep breath, a struggling sigh from the throng gathered about, bespoke the earnest feeling which Mary Mulligan's harrowing story had awakened even in those hardened hearts. The tears which now flowed silently down her sunken cheeks were met with answering tears of sympathy. There were low, murmured words of kindness and oaths, “not loud but deep,” in the hoarser tones of men moved out of their grosser natures by the eloquent tale of suffering and villany they had heard. Even “Gentleman Mike” Lawler was uncomfortably affected, but, assuming an indifference he did not feel, he arose suddenly, whispered some low spoken words in Kate Ransom's ear, and was sauntering away, when a loud cry arose ; then came an agonized shriek from Mary Mulligan's lips, followed by a low groan, as the unhappy woman suddenly pitched forward, caught wildly at the empty air, and sank struggling in strong convulsions upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXI.

ELECTION ROW IN THE SALOON. — FATHER KEENAN AND
THE ROSARY. — ARRESTED FOR DRUNKENNESS.

MICHAEL LAWLER & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS.

SUCH was the imposing sign that, in all the glory of ornamental gilt lettering, stretched across the *façade* of a handsome brick building at the North End.

Less than twenty years ago a dilapidated, tumble-down "ten footer" occupied the same site, and in this humble structure Michael Lawler, Sr., had laid the foundation of his present flourishing and lucrative business. He had then kept one of those low and vile grogeries, patronized by the most disreputable characters, which for so long disgraced the North End and made it a dangerous and crime-infected portion of the city, — a quarter that respectability sedulously shunned, and even the police avoided; a kind of Alsatia, where criminals sought refuge and sanctuary from the law.

Wealth flowed steadily into Michael Lawler's coffers from the first. He soon found himself rich and influential, an autocrat in city politics, a "favorite son" of the church, and looked up to by his countrymen as one of the conspicuously shining lights of their race. Where he leads they are sure to follow and give him a solid backing in any scheme or measure that requires their suffrages. Eventually he may realize his darling ambition and become a member of Congress through the Catholic vote. Stranger things than this are happening nowadays in Boston politics.

An important State election had just taken place, and the so-called "sample-room" which occupied the front basement of Lawler & Co.'s establishment was thronged with an excited and hilarious crowd.

It had been a busy day at Lawler's; but now, as night set in, and it became known that a great and sweeping Democratic victory had been won, the weary and jaded bar-tenders had all they could do to supply their jubilant and thirsty customers, who besieged the bar amid shouts and cries and drunken clamor, sufficient almost to have raised the dead in the neighboring cemetery of Copp's Hill.

And yet with all this din and turmoil surrounding him, -- with the wild cheers and ear-splitting yells, the stamping of feet, and the crash, now and

then, of breaking glasses, — one man in that room seemed deaf to every sound.

He had crept into a distant corner, and, with his head bowed upon a table, unnoticed or unheeded, had been suffered to sleep off the effects of a protracted debauch.

At length a party of young hoodlums, headed by Billy the Kid, all of whom had shouted themselves hoarse, and were more or less under the influence of liquor, espied the slumberer, and, with a view to making sport, set upon him by joggling the table and trying to tip up the chair from under him.

"Wake up, old man, an' pay for yer lodgin'," shouted the Kid in the sleeper's ear, and hitting him a sounding thwack on the shoulder.

At the same time one of the others caught hold of a leg of the table, and, giving it a violent pull, overturned it completely, and man, chair, and table came to the floor together.

In the midst of the jeers that greeted this display of rough humor, the fallen man slowly struggled to his feet and confronted his tormentors.

His first bewildered look gradually gave place to one of extreme anger, as a sense of the indignity he had received dawned upon his mind. The insult seemed to have sobered him in a moment.

He made a step toward the grinning youths, his eyes flashing, his hands clinched, his brows drawing together black and threatening as a thunder-cloud. His stalwart figure was drawn up to its full height, his broad chest expanded, the muscles of his neck and arms stood out like knotted cords.

There was something grand and impressive in the bearing and aspect of the man, as he now stood as if about to spring forward and inflict summary vengeance on his assailants. He looked as a lion might look when roused from his lair or disturbed while lapping the blood of his prey, — dangerous, menacing, terrible.

Those valiant young men all at once lost courage, and were slinking ignominiously away, when the Kid suddenly exclaimed, —

"Howld on, b'ys! It's Father Keenan, sure's the world!"

They all paused at this, and the Kid, continuing, said, —

"I hope yer won't bear malice, Father Keenan. Troth, an' we didn't know 't was yer riverence."

"Indeed an' we didn't, Father," chimed in the others.

The silenced priest, seeing their penitence, and now recognizing Billy and some of the others, unbent from his stern demeanor, and at once

became the affable and genial companion they all knew him to be at heart.

"Oh, if 't was a mistake, all right, my lads, and so done with it!" he said, a nervous tremor in his voice.

"Faith, we know you too well to play thricks on yer riverence intentionally," rejoined the Kid. "We'd as soon think o' thryin' to bounce the Boston pet, Johnny Sullivan, himself."

"It's meself that saw yer lay out the big nagur that was thryin' ter kick up a shindy in Mag O'Leary's *boozing-ken* last spring," said one of the others. "Be the powers, but one blow from yer fist doubled Big Ben up as though he was sthruck by lightnin'! An' saving yer presence, Father Keenan, yer was drunk as a fiddler at the toime, too."

The priest felt a twinge of shame at this frank allusion to his besetting sin. His face flushed and for once words failed him; he could make no reply.

His embarrassment, however, was covered at this moment by a sudden and general movement of the crowd around the bar, who began to make noisily toward the door. Some one had proposed to pay a visit to one of the successful candidates living hard by, and whose liberality in furnishing copious refreshments, both solid and liquid, to his

constituents on occasions like the present was well known.

"Come an' take a drink with us, Father Keenan," said the Kid, "and so clean off the score an' forgit the joke we played yer. The bar is clear at last."

The priest, however, declined, but with a hesitation so perceptible that they united in repeating the invitation, at a wink from their leader, the Kid, who knew the priest's weakness and inability to long withstand the proffered temptation. He yielded, as he always yielded at last, cursing himself in his heart for his feebleness of will at the same time.

How many times had this man thus anathematized his folly and weakness, struggled with his appetite for drink, vowed not to let the fiery fiend touch his lips, and the self-same moment poured a brimming glassful with fierce eagerness down his throat, following it with others, till sense and reason fled, — lost in drunken satiety or darkened by the horrible pangs of *delirium-tremens*.

So it would go on to the end of the chapter, he well knew, this man of brilliant intellect, of wide acquirements! This man whose genius and eloquence had held vast audiences spellbound, brought sceptics to their knees, and by his matchless casuistry and thrilling fervor won over even bitter enemies of his church to seek sanctuary in its

bosom. Powerful in mastering the minds of others, yet powerless to govern his own vicious heart and degraded desires. Such was Father Keenan; such the height from which he had fallen. Pastor of one of the largest parishes near Boston but a few years ago; now, the sot, libertine, companion of thieves and outcasts.

"Yer goin' back on yer liquor, Father Keenan," said Billy, as the priest held his glass of whiskey still untasted in his hand. Some strange spell seemed to have come over him. He was gazing dreamily into the glass, a far-away look in his deep-set eyes.

Suddenly he started, seized the tumbler with feverish haste, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp.

"More!" he cried, frenziedly, reaching across the bar and clutching the bottle with a shaking hand.

But the bar-tender wrenched it from his grasp, saying, —

"If this is your treat, Father Keenan, we can't chalk down any more for you. Sorry, but can't do it. Orders is orders, yer know, and your score is already long enough for one day."

The priest mechanically felt in his pockets for money, but his last dime had long since been spent. His hand, however, encountered an object

that neither hunger nor thirst, no stress of circumstances, had ever tempted him to part with.

But the maddest rage for drink he had ever known possessed him at this moment. The glass just emptied had roused that horrible craving of the confirmed inebriate, — that hell-born drought which must be quenched, though death be the penalty! With a spasmodic gesture he drew forth his prized rosary, each bead of which was linked with solid gold, and held it out with a trembling hand, while his face worked with hideous contortions and every nerve and sinew quivered like an aspen.

"Take it!" he cried; "but give me drink; for God's sake, give me drink!"

But the bar-tender, himself a good Catholic, thrust back the proffered bribe, shuddering with superstitious horror at the sacrilege.

"Ah! ye Judas! Ye murtherin' thafe of a praste!" he cried indignantly. "Git out o' this place! Lave here at onct, or we'll pitch yer out neck an' crop! Lay howld of him, b'ys!" he shouted to the startled by-standers, who began to close round Father Keenan, uncertain how to act, yet feeling deeply the profanation of a sacred symbol which they had witnessed.

Even Billy the Kid and his *confrères* were appalled, and drew away from the priest, as if fearing

to be involved in his disgrace and the punishment which seemed likely to follow his impious act.

"Will ye give me the drink?" again cried Father Keenan, regardless of threats and menaces.

His manner was no longer piteous or beseeching. He was no longer a rational and responsible being. His throat was burning with a consuming fire, his heart torn by raging fiends. His brain was a seething caldron; madness glared from his wildly rolling eyes.

"Not a drop shall ye have, so help me God!" said the bar-tender.

The words were not out of his mouth when the frenzied priest raised his hand, and, uttering a savage yell, flung the beads directly at the bar-tender's face.

There was a howl of pain, a cry of mingled horror and indignation, and then with a common impulse the crowd flung themselves upon the priest and bore him toward the door.

There ensued a terrible struggle. The madman struck right and left, hurling some of his assailants bodily upon the floor, knocking others against the bar, and once with a powerful blow sweeping a whole pyramid of costly glasses to the ground, the crash increasing the horrid din and tumult; while the oaths and yells of men already half drunken and whose Celtic blood was growing hot-

ter and hotter at the signs of a general row ensuing, together with shouts for the police, were borne out upon the night air, soon drew a squad of officers to the scene.

In a trice the tumult was quelled, as the policemen, with drawn clubs, sprang into the bar-room. A few hurried words explained the cause of the conflict; Father Keenan was quickly secured just as he was sinking to the floor from exhaustion, flecks of foam, dabbled with blood, hanging upon his lips. He was taken, weak and unresisting as a child, to the police station, where he was put in a comfortable cell and medical aid summoned.

Despite all that he endured that night, however, the blows received, strength expended, and the shock to his nervous system of this, his first incipient attack of *mania a potu*, his iron frame and constitution set any serious illness at defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

FATHER LEONARD VISITS FATHER KEENAN IN HIS CELL.

— A GLADIATORIAL CONFLICT.

"CLANK!" went the bolt. "Clash!" sounded the iron door as an officer entered Father Keenan's cell and aroused him from slumber.

"A visitor to see you, prisoner," said the officer, ushering the tall figure of Father Leonard, and retiring immediately, leaving the two men alone.

The prisoner turned his bloodshot eyes upon the new-comer, giving him a piercing glance. Father Leonard returned the look with interest. He noted the powerful frame and splendid *physique* of the man before him; but the broad, intellectual brow, the flashing, intelligent eyes, and the mysterious light of genius which blazed in their depths struck him with curiosity and wonderment.

"Who is this man?" he asked himself. Though totally unknown the one to the other, each instinctively felt that he was in the presence of a man of superior powers and attainments.

Leonard was the first to speak.

"My son, I am told that you are suffering and in grievous trouble."

He paused there, for at the words "my son," the prisoner raised his head with a quick, haughty gesture.

Leonard little imagined how that accustomed formality of address galled his hearer. He knew not that the prisoner was, like himself, an ordained priest though a "silenced" one. He had not even been told his name, but simply that he belonged to his own faith and was in need of spiritual counsel.

"You do not answer me, my son?" pursued Leonard, with some show of impatience.

Keenan gave his head a careless shake.

"Why should I answer you?" he said, in his deepest tones,—tones that were harsh and almost insolent. "I know you not; nor do I want to know you. Neither did I send for you."

Leonard's brows knitted slightly. He had never yet encountered such obduracy in a Catholic.

"Do you not perceive that I am a priest of Holy Mother Church?" he asked. "Are you not a Catholic, or can I have been misinformed?"

"I see that you are a priest, and I was born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith," returned Keenan, deliberately, and in a tone which plainly said, "Now I have answered your question, please get out of this and leave me to myself."

But Father Leonard was not one to retreat at a first rebuff.

"Well, my son, or brother, whichever term you prefer, will you impart to me your troubles? Do you wish to make confession and receive absolution?"

Father Leonard's manner, as he said this, was very gentle, almost caressing. A pleasant smile lit up his usually stern face like the sun shining softly out over a storm-darkened landscape.

But upon the prisoner this effect was entirely thrown away. It served but to increase his bitterness of spirit. Under his breath he muttered, "Hypocrite!" and spat savagely on the floor.

Patience was one of Father Leonard's virtues; but he inwardly chafed at the insulting demeanor of the man whom he had come to help. He drew nearer to Keenan, and sought to take his hand, which, however, was harshly withheld.

"Brother," he said, without noticing this rudeness, "I see you are a proud and sensitive man. You resent my visit here as an intrusion: very well; I will leave you now, if you wish, and come again, when I shall hope to find you in a better frame of mind."

He turned as if to go, when Father Keenan made a gesture for him to pause, at the same time rising to his feet.

"Whatever you have to say to me you had better say now," he began: "it will probably be your only opportunity."

There was such an air of defiance in the way he spoke, a "girding of the loins," as it were, for conflict, that it touched a kindred feeling in Father Leonard's nature. A challenge to such a combat as he saw this promised to be was one that Leonard never shrank from. His soul flew to arms at once. Something told him that it would be a fight *a l'outrance*, — a fight to the death. He little dreamed, however, what deadly weapons his adversary was about to employ.

"Very well," he said, in answer to Keenan's remark. "I repeat, that, on being informed you were a Catholic, and in much distress, I hastened to see you, expecting to meet a sinful man indeed, but not an impenitent one. In your ravings last night the officer told me you called incessantly on the name of the Holy Virgin, and cried piteously to see a priest."

Keenan gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Which is only a proof that I was very drunk," he said, shamelessly. "If I had *not* been drunk, or out of my senses, I am the last man to place any trust in either the one person you have named, or the other."

Leonard started back with a gesture of horror and indignation.

"Wretched man!" he exclaimed. "Do you, a Catholic, dare utter such blasphemy in the presence

of an anointed priest of God? Beware, or you may call down upon your head the *anathema maranatha* of the church."

Father Keenan laughed derisively.

"You cannot frighten me with such a bugbear as that," he said: "I am no longer a child; and the thunders of the church have long since lost their terrors for me."

Father Leonard, at these words, felt almost tempted to depart without another word. His chief weapon—the great weapon of the church, a superstitious dread of its spiritual power—was clearly useless in this case. Still he could not yield the victory without a further struggle.

"If, then," he said, after a moment's thought, "an appeal to your religious convictions would be unavailing, I will talk to you on another subject."

He paused to see how the prisoner would accept this change of base. Father Keenan, however, made no offer to interrupt him; but it was plain that he was bracing every nerve, like a gladiator who is about to test his strength with a formidable rival.

"You say you were drunk," Leonard resumed. "Well, I want to talk to you about drink; not," he hastened to add, as the other made an impatient motion, "to read you a temperance lecture. I can see that you are a different being from the

ordinary slave of rum, — such as fill the poor-houses, jails, and make the chief business for the police courts.

"It is pitiful," continued the priest, fixing his calm, clear gaze on the prisoner's face, and reading therein that his words had made a certain impression, at least, — "pitiful enough to see the poor, the ignorant, the castaways, from their very birth, yielding to this demon of drink, plunging lower and lower, growing more hopeless and desperate with the setting of each day's sun, until they are at last swept away like the offal and dirt of the streets, — insignificant atoms, leaving no mark, no sign that they have cumbered the earth, save the heaped-up turf in potter's field.

"But," he went on, impressively, yet with a pathetic cadence in the tones of his voice which, if assumed for effect, was wonderfully touching, "when the man more happily born becomes a drunkard, — the man of education, of high culture, the man gifted, perhaps with brilliant powers, the child of genius, — when such a one weakly turns to drink, becomes its slave, and, while seeing himself sinking to the level of the brutes, boasts of his pollution and glories in his shame, as you profess to, oh, it is more than pitiful; it is cruel, woful, terrible, — enough to make the angels weep!

"O my friend, my brother," he continued,

fervidly, "my heart bleeds for you! I weep for your misfortunes as though they were my own. Nay, you need not curl your lip so incredulously: you know me not; know not the stern discipline which I have passed through; the sorrows, griefs, and wretchedness that have been mine; the sin and shame which make old wounds open and bleed afresh whenever I witness degradation such as yours. My own misfortunes give me the right to speak. Yes, misfortunes that would arouse your tenderest pity and flood your eyes with sympathetic tears. You, too, have suffered severe, bitter disappointment. Some cherished bud of promise, prized above life itself, you have seen wither and die. A frail, sweet blossom, to which, as mortal man will do, you clung as to your only blessing and hope. Perhaps envy has made you its mark; struck at you with its poisoned shaft; persecuted you; driven you from home and kindred. Or, you may have been the subject of unmerited reproach, the dupe of treachery, the victim of a grievous wrong."

Thus far Father Keenan had listened without exhibiting any emotion. Whatever he may have felt at heart, his countenance at least was perfectly composed. Father Leonard, indeed, close student of human nature that he was, had observed now and then a nervous twitching of the eyelid, a

sterner compression of the lips, a brighter scintillation of the intelligent eye; and such faint signs told him that his words had struck home.

But when he spoke the last word, the mask suddenly fell. Keenan's face became convulsed with passion.

"Wrong!" he broke in, with concentrated energy, striking his hands fiercely together. "Ay, I have suffered such wrong that no tears, no prayers, no repentance can ever right it. No court of justice can give redress for such wrong as mine. No tribunal listen to my plea save one, and to that I shall appeal for judgment. Yes, until this moment, I had thought to bury my grievance deep down in my own heart. But from this moment I live for another purpose. All the powers I possess, my strength of body, my energy of soul, my gifts of intellect,—all shall be devoted to expose the monstrous wrong and lay it in all its glaring hideousness before the tribunal of public opinion."

Father Leonard was too much puzzled and surprised to speak for a moment, as the prisoner paused. At last he said, —

"You speak in enigmas. I do not understand."

"I will speak plainly," answered Keenan, "if you desire; but I warn you that what I shall say will be very disagreeable to your ears."

"I have tendered you my sympathy as one who has himself suffered," said Father Leonard gently. "As a priest, many unpleasant and disagreeable confessions are daily made to me."

"But this will be the most unpleasant and unpalatable one that priest ever heard, and will try your patience beyond all bearing, I fear," rejoined Keenan; and there was a malicious glitter in his eye that gave Father Leonard a vague sense of uneasiness. Nevertheless he said quietly, —

"Proceed, my son, and you will find me a patient listener, and I trust a worthy counsellor, — certainly a friendly one."

Again that malicious sparkle came into Father Keenan's eyes as he observed dryly, —

"I shall remind your reverence of that promise by and by."

Father Leonard bowed, but his uneasiness was increased, and a suspicion that some deep design underlay this remark was born in his mind.

"What you have to tell me is to be under the seal of confession, I presume?" he asked.

"Under seal of confession!" exclaimed Keenan. "No! On the contrary, I told you that I intended to blazen the story of my wrongs to the whole world!"

"In heaven's name, who then has done you this terrible wrong, the relation of which requires

so wide an auditory?" asked Leonard, thinking now that he was certainly dealing with a madman.

"Who?" repeated Keenan. "That most monstrous of tyrants, that harshest of despots, that cruellest of oppressors, your master, but no longer mine, — the Roman Catholic Church!"

"The Church!" cried Father Leonard. "Wretch! Blasphemer! Apostate! What mean you? Who are you — a Catholic — that dare employ such epithets in connection with the name of the Holy Church of God?"

"Who am I?" said Father Keenan, bitterly. "As you see, a poor, drunken vagabond; a miserable outcast, friendless, hopeless, and desperate. All this I am; but once, like yourself, I *was* in holy orders. Once I *was* an ordained priest!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

FATHER KEENAN'S CONFESSION. — THE CHURCH BLAMED FOR HIS DOWNFALL.

As soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by this declaration, Father Leonard sternly said, —

"I see now how it is; you have fallen under the ban of the Church. If a priest, you have been 'silenced' for some cause."

"Yes, I am a 'silenced' priest," said Keenan, moodily.

Father Leonard did not speak for a moment: he was thinking what course to pursue in this difficult case; whether to depart without wasting more effort on this embittered man, or to try and work upon him one of those miracles of conversion which are promised to reward zealous and faithful service in the cause of Christ. Again the question recurred to his mind, "Who is this man?" and he put it into words by asking aloud, —

"What is your proper name, sir? for I presume the name you gave to the officer is a fictitious one."

The prisoner raised his head proudly.

"My name is Jerome Keenan," said he.

"What!" exclaimed Father Leonard, utterly confounded, "you that brilliant, eloquent 'Father Jerome,' whose fame as a preacher, whose zeal and fidelity to the cause of the Church and humanity, was once spread over two hemispheres?"

Father Keenan's head had drooped forward upon his breast. A wave of emotion seemed to sweep over him. It was long since he had heard that name,—“Father Jerome,”—spoken by human lips. Once he had been familiarly known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Few men had been so revered and loved in their day and generation as “Father Jerome” had been. His triumphs, his high place in the Church, the influence he had wielded, all rose up before his mind in terrible contrast with his present ignominious surroundings and debased mode of life. With an effort he controlled his emotion, and in hoarse tones, slowly answered, —

“Yes, I am that man.”

Father Leonard could not at once frame into words the thoughts which rushed upon his mind at this. A long pause ensued. At last Leonard broke the silence, speaking in a strangely subdued tone of voice.

“I see you to-day for the first time, Father Jerome. But oh, this unexpected meeting fills

me with surprise, sorrow — yes, and shame! Shame, that one who has occupied the high position in the Church that you have held should have fallen to such a depth of baseness and wickedness as this. Oh, my dear brother in Christ!" he cried, clasping his hands, his voice tremulous with emotion, and sudden tears clouding his eyes, "oh, my friend, — for friend I shall call you, stranger though we may be, — is there nothing I can do, — nothing to help you, — to save you? Oh, there must be means to rescue you from dishonor and disgrace! The Church needs you. She cannot spare such a gifted son. She is merciful: whatever your errors, she will forgive them. I will intercede with the bishop, will implore him to reinstate you, give you one more chance to redeem the past. Cheer up, my brother. There is hope for you yet, fallen as you are."

"Hope!" said the prisoner, bitterly. "Alas! Hope and I have been strangers for years. Hope fled from me forever when I was dragged, as it were, from the altar, and flung out of the arms of the Church."

"Oh, not forever, my brother!" said Father Leonard, earnestly. "There is hope for the most wretched; hope for the guiltiest; hope even for the criminal, though he stands in the shadow of the gallows; ay, though the rope encircled his neck."

"Yes, there may be hope for all of these, but for me there is no hope this side the grave," rejoined Father Keenan, in suffocating tones.

"Oh, say not so, brother! you are too despondent. Let me help you. I have some influence at the courts; your case is not so desperate; the charge against you is not a very serious one. I will stand sponsor for your future good conduct, will pay your fine, if you will promise to be guided by me; give me the opportunity to see you daily, to strengthen you in good resolutions, to fight with you and for you against the demon of drink when it tempts you in your weaker moments."

Father Keenan was deeply affected by the earnest, Christian kindness and charity of the priest. It was the first word of encouragement from one of his own order that he had received since he had been "silenced" by the bishop's decree.

For an instant his frame shook, and unbidden tears rushed to his eyes; but he knew his own weakness too well. He remembered also how he had been led, in the first place, to indulge it, and all the bitterness and savage acrimony of his nature was again aroused at the thought. He shook his head decisively in answer to Leonard's appeal, and said, —

"You are a good man, — a very good man; and, what is rarer still, I believe you are a good priest"; and as Father Leonard raised his hand in protest against this exceptional compliment, Keenan continued, —

"Remember, Father, I have been a priest and know whereof I speak. I know, alas! what temptations assail the priest, — temptations that the laity are not exposed to, and which none but a priest can justly appreciate. Priests are but men, subject to the common faults and frailties of humanity; and that priest is more or less than man who can pass unscathed through the ordeal to which the mistaken policy of the Church exposes her clergy."

A flush swept across Father Leonard's face, — whether of shame or indignation could not be told. He started to speak as though he would deny this assertion; but perhaps the natural truth and candor of the man forbade him to defend a point that he knew in his heart of hearts was defenceless. He adopted another course, and, after a moment's reflection, pointedly said, —

"Yet I have heard that you once defended the Church against that very charge made by one of its greatest enemies; yes, I even have read that remarkable discourse, in which you completely routed the adversary and stilled for the time the

public clamor raised by charges of corruption and immorality against the Catholic clergy. Oh, it was a noble defence, my brother !”

“No !” interrupted Father Jerome fiercely. “It was but a cunning parry of word-fence, — an attempt to make the worse appear the better reason ; a lie in fact and intent ; a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end : for I did not believe a word that I uttered. God forgive me for prostituting such talents as I possessed to defending a cause which I now declare deserves the execration and detestation of mankind !”

Father Leonard made an imploring gesture.

“You are beside yourself !” he cried, indignantly. “Remember your vows ! Remember the awful curse that shall fall on the head of the apostate priest who, for *any* cause, dares breathe such blasphemy against our holy religion !”

“I have no word to utter against what you call ‘our holy religion,’” answered Father Jerome. “It is against the corruptions and abominations which have been suffered to tarnish its former glory that I lift up my voice. I shall die as I have lived, a devout believer in the Catholic creed, — the creed, *pure and simple*, mind you, as it was first established, as it was administered and taught by the early fathers of the Church. With their pure and holy faith, I have no quarrel. I would to God *I*

could emulate their glorious example! That I could go forth and preach that noble creed, — that sublime faith, — preach it unto the uttermost parts of the earth! But no!” he groaned, his spirits suddenly sinking into deep dejection, “my day of usefulness has departed; my early enthusiasm has been dissipated. The youthful zeal which would have welcomed martyrdom in such a cause was long ago squandered, — squandered on the veriest shadow. With courage lost, with hope forever dead, with the seeds of a deadly disease implanted in my system, and, worse than all, the hopeless victim and slave of an undying thirst for strong drink, which no medicine can allay, no power of will control, — what is there left for me but to accept my fate, stifle conscience, honor, duty, and drift on to my final bourn, — a drunkard’s grave!”

He paused, overcome by emotion. At that moment Father Leonard might have made a changed man of Keenan. Now was the golden opportunity to pour the balm of gentle words and hopeful promise on his lacerated spirit; now, when the iron nature of the man was softened and melted, as it were, would he have been susceptible to sympathetic influences.

But it was not to be. Leonard’s soul was in arms for his church. Such heresy as had passed

Father Jerome's lips must be met and put down forthwith. Every other issue, save this, was thrust into the background.

"I will hear no more!" he sternly said. "I may feel pity for your misfortunes, but I execrate your apostasy! You have dared arraign the most holy Catholic Church, have uttered foul and rank heresy in my hearing,—I, who am a priest of that church, sworn to reprove if I cannot punish any attempt to dishonor and traduce its sacred name and traditions. Why are you, once its stoutest defender, found ranged with the deadliest enemies of our faith? What, I ask, has the Church done to you that, with paracidal hand, you seek to strike her a mortal blow?"

The words and the severely harsh tone in which they were spoken produced a corresponding effect upon Father Keenan. His manner grew hard, savage, furious.

"What has the Church done to me?" he repeated in a voice vibrating with passion. "I will tell you what it has done. It has ruined and destroyed me. It has made me a cheat, hypocrite, thief, liar, libertine, — sot."

"False traitor!" exclaimed Father Leonard. "Lay the blame where it belongs,—not to the Church, whose motto is piety, chastity, and temperance, but to your own evil and corrupt nature."

"There spoke the Catholic priest," said Keenan mockingly. "Forever distorting the truth, forever gilding error with the shining semblance of truth. Piety, chastity, temperance, — ah! such may be its motto, but how does it live up to that creed? Listen and I will tell you."

"Beware!" cried Father Leonard, with a warning gesture. "I will not tolerate a word further of such blasphemy as you have uttered! Vary but a hair's breadth from the truth and I leave you to your fate!"

Father Jerome's lip curled scornfully.

"Remember," he said, "I warned you that if you remained you would hear that which would be disagreeable to your ears. Remember, too, that you, not I, sought this interview. But so be it! It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I shall speak. First, as to the Church's claim to upholding temperance. I never tasted a drop of spirituous liquor until I entered holy orders. My first sup was taken at the altar, when celebrating my first mass. Then I saw priests on every side, — strong advocates of temperance, — drinking in each other's company, — never when laymen were around, of course. The example had its due effect. I saw that drinking was no sin *unless you were found out*, and so brought scandal on the Church. I was but a curate then. The

pastor of my parish kept wine, whiskey, and brandy continually in the house. It was as free as water to all the inmates. Many a symposium has the walls of that house witnessed. He continually drank himself, was generally more than half full. One Sunday morning the sexton and myself carried him half-robed from the sanctuary. He was unable to celebrate mass, and we were obliged to announce that the pastor was suddenly taken ill. Ill! He was too drunk to stand! It came to the bi hop's ears; but he was a particular friend of the priest's, and so the matter was passed over in silence. That same priest was the head of a temperance union.

"With such surroundings, — drinking and revels, wine and women secretly introduced into priests' houses, — I soon ceased to resist, and became as the rest. At length I was given a parish, — a small one. In a few years it was one of the largest parishes in the diocese. My influence increased steadily. I built a fine church. Money flowed into me, — money from subscriptions, money from fairs, money from poor parishioners, who had more faith in their priest than in breaking savings-banks. No books were kept; disbursements were made at my own option; nobody called me to account. So money was my second temptation, and I spent it freely for my personal

wants. My horses were blood horses ; my wines, liquors, and cigars all imported. None but my God will ever know how I fought against the temptations that beset me on every side. My brother priests laughed my scruples to scorn. They were opposed to my becoming a saint, — in the flesh, at any rate, as they laughingly expressed it. I was too liberal, too good a fellow, to turn monk. I was never cut out for an ascetic life, they urged. Alas ! it was too true. My history is the history of nine tenths of the clergy of the Catholic Church. It is the Church that encourages this immorality, the Church that winks at the sins of the priesthood, the Church that punishes only when fearing that scandal cannot be suppressed.

“ Yes,” he continued, with rising voice, “ I charge the Church with my wrecked hopes and wasted life : it placed temptation before me, schooled me in its deceptions, taught me hypocrisy, — to seem what I was not. Preaching total abstinence, and practising it not ; preaching honesty, while embezzling the funds intrusted to my care ; preaching the efficacy of charms, beads, and scapulars, knowing it to be false and pernicious ; teaching the deluded people that they can go to heaven only through the priest’s prayers and mummeries

“ Oh ! ” he cried, with a burst of strong emotion,

"the fatal hour that made me a Catholic priest! In any other position of life my talents would have given me peace and happiness, made me a worthy citizen. I should have been, at least, an honest, God-fearing man, able to look my fellows in the face without a blush of shame. But for the Church, I should be in the midst of a happy household, instead of an inmate of this dreary cell; with dear children to call me father, a fond wife to love and make life sweet and blessed by her ministrations! Oh for that home-altar, so often pictured in my thoughts! Oh for the joys and calm, peaceful happiness of that ideal family life, which is forever forbidden to a priest! Oh! that unnatural, accursed law of the Church, which condemns its ministers to perpetual celibacy, — a law against heaven and earth, false to human hopes, false to nature's teachings; most heartless, senseless, and pernicious of all the ordinances of the Church. I, a priest, know whereof I speak; and you, Father Leonard, know it also, though you are bound to deny it, — when I say that priestly celibacy is the great crying evil of the Church. Fruitful cause of scandal and immorality, of homes destroyed, families estranged, of broken hearts and ruined lives!"

He paused, and looked at Father Leonard, who, during this speech, had frequently broken in upon

him with various ejaculations of disapproval, and had vainly sought to stem the torrent of his words.

"Wretched man!" exclaimed Leonard, in answer to that look, "you will live to repent this blasphemy and treason against the holy Church that fed and clothed you, that showered her bounties upon you without stint, that would have exalted you, and which only cast you off, as I can now believe, when to retain you would have been to nurse a deadly viper in her bosom! Yes, you will repent, I say, and in your dying hour will call—Heaven grant not in vain!—upon her now despised power to give you that consolation, that heavenly peace, that security of eternal salvation which only she can give! Remember these parting words, unhappy man; and should your hour come before I myself am summoned hence, send for me, however distant I may be, and I promise you to leave the dearest duty to hasten to your aid. Until that hour, then, farewell!"

And with the final word Father Leonard passed out of the cell. Once more the door clanged, the bolts rattled, and the prisoner was left to his solitary meditations.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER LEONARD'S STRUGGLE. — HIS VISION OF FUTURE GREATNESS. — KATE RANSOM'S UNEXPECTED VISIT.

LATE on the day after that on which the interview occurred with Jerome Keenan in the police station, Father Leonard was sitting alone in his study. There was a cloud upon his brow. Many cares and anxieties pressed heavily upon him. He sat thoughtfully gazing into the fireplace, in which burned a glowing coal fire. Upon his knee was lying an open pamphlet, the covers of which were time-worn and faded. This book he had been reading, refreshing his memory upon a subject which some years ago had excited deep public interest. At the time of its publication this brief but powerful work had wrought an extraordinary influence upon Father Leonard's mind. He was then a young man, just entering the priesthood. His temperament, ardent and enthusiastic, was precisely such a one as this masterly production, written by a once celebrated Catholic divine, was calculated to profoundly impress.

But the deep erudition, the glowing eloquence,

the flashing satire, and crushing logic, which had once stirred his very soul, now fell cold and dead upon it, awakening no responsive echo. It was a copy of the discourse to which he had referred in the cell, — that remarkable defence of Catholicism which had been written by Father Jerome when at the height of his power and in the zenith of his fame.

Evening was setting in, the short, winter twilight had faded, and the room was filling with shadows; for, absorbed in his meditations, Father Leonard had not thought to ring for lights.

At length, with a weary sigh, the priest arose, laid the pamphlet on his writing-table, and commenced slowly pacing the room, while now and then giving utterance aloud to his thoughts and ruminations.

"Something *must* be done, and at once," he muttered, with an emphatic gesture. "This infatuated man must be saved, — must be induced to return to the communion of the Church; or, at least, some means found to effectually seal his lips. Heavens! What if he should proclaim from the housetops the half of what he disclosed to me! What if he repudiates his own printed eulogy of the Church, regardless of the infamy of such an act, and repeats those terrible words, 'It was all a lie, for I did not believe one word I uttered!'"

Oh! I must go to the bishop to-morrow without fail! He will see the necessity of taking immediate action; otherwise, Father Jerome, in his embittered state of mind, may prove as dangerous a foe to the Church as he was once one of its most formidable champions.

"But how can he be influenced? What means be employed to silence him?" he continued, after a moment's pause. "If he is so desperate, so utterly hopeless, as he seemed to be, he will carry out his threat of exposures in spite of every effort to restrain him. Oh, that the Holy Office of the Inquisition were established here in America! Oh, for some power to smite or extirpate the enemies of the Church! Oh, for some strong hand to crush out this heretical spirit of free inquiry that is slowly but surely undermining her glorious power and influence!"

His reflections presently took another direction, and he continued:—

"Can this traitor's charges be true? Can the priesthood be so vile? No, no! Impossible! I will not believe it! They were but the ravings of a disordered mind! A mind overthrown by constant brooding upon fancied wrongs! A brain diseased and unhinged by a long course of dissipation. No, no!" he repeated almost wildly, "I will not, dare not believe there was truth in that

sweeping arraignment of the Church and the priesthood ! ”

Suddenly his mood changed, and it was in a voice of the utmost despondency that he added : —

“ And yet, why should I seek to delude myself ? It is only the physically and the morally blind who see not the evils surrounding them. ‘ None so blind as those who will not see,’ says the maxim. Why should I deny to myself that which my own eyes have too often witnessed ? Have I not seen priests false to their vows, yet permitted to retain their pastorates ? Seen the sacred vessels debased, and the very altar defiled ? Have not my own ears received confessions that if known to the world would bring down an avalanche of execration on the Church ? Have I not, in my capacity of spiritual adviser, counselled forbearance and mercy in cases where exposure would scandalize our holy faith, believing, — God forgive me if I did wrong, — as I have been taught to believe, that the interests of the Church were paramount to individual rights and to individual wrongs ? Oh ! the Church ! the Church ! I weep to see thee so cruelly betrayed, so foully wronged by thy trusted servants ! My soul sickens at the crimes committed in thy sacred name ! O most Holy Redeemer ! ” he cried, flinging himself in an agony of passion before a crucifix upon the wall, “ come to the aid

of thy stricken Church! Inspire thy ministers with holy zeal and ardor! Inflammé thy servants' hearts with glorious enthusiasm! Let them efface the spots from their garments! Purify the altar, and purge thy tabernacle of every stain!"

A long interval passed before Leonard arose from his knees, and, when he once more stood erect, the light of a new-born purpose gleamed in his eyes.

From that moment another existence began for Father Leonard. That night, while prostrate before the image of the crucified Saviour, he had consecrated himself heart and soul to the work of reform. Reform in the Church, reform in the clergy, reform in the laity, reform in himself.

His field of usefulness might be a limited one as yet. His own parish must suffice for the present. But in the dim future a splendid vision rose up before him. A vision of a wider sphere of action, in which he saw himself no longer the humble parish priest, but a prince of the Church, presiding over a vast constituency, powerful, respected, and beloved.

As the saints of old, in their midnight vigils, amid penance of fasting and prayer, beheld those glorious visions of immortal spirits and angels, and even the Divine Semblance itself, so in that

shadowy, darkened room, in his exalted state of enthusiasm, Father Leonard witnessed each step of his future progress toward the goal of his new ambition.

Gigantic indeed was the task he had assumed ; daring the ambition which he aimed to grasp. But faith such as his has often conquered seemingly invincible obstacles. Whether Father Leonard is to realize that splendid dream, or whether he will sink, fainting and exhausted, by the wayside, future pages of this book may show.

"What I have seen," he said once more, as seated again in his chair he brushed the damp sweat from his heated brow, "the vision I have seen may be an idle dream. But from such dreams spring glorious realities. Hard and thorny is the path as it lay stretched out before my gaze. But I could pursue it with unfaltering steps. Yes, with heaven's approval, to a bitter or a glorious end, as heaven shall decide ! Self-sacrifice, self-discipline have accomplished all the lasting wonders of the world. Yes, it will cost me infinite toil, unwearied effort. Misrepresentation, distrust of my motives, calumny with its envenomed shaft,—all may assail me. Even life itself may be attacked ! But, whatever the result, whatever my fate, the sacrifice shall be made !"

He sank back in his chair, his head fell forward

on his breast, his face growing deadly pale. He felt weak and exhausted. For twenty-four hours Leonard had not closed his eyes in slumber. Not since he had parted from Father Keenan had sleep visited his eyelids. All the previous night he had walked the floor of his study, his mind torn and agitated by agonies of doubt and despondency. The duties of the day had found him, as ever, at his post, unflagging and unwearied in their varied performance. Not until he had quieted every doubt and fear, not till his future had been clearly mapped out by his resolute will, could he yield to nature's promptings.

But even then he was not suffered to rest. The duties of the day were far from being ended for Father Leonard. A knock came at the door. It was thrice repeated before the priest could rouse himself from the lethargy that was stealing over him, sufficient to answer.

"Come in," he said, at length, in feeble tones, and Bridget, his housekeeper, entered. She was a stout, wholesome-looking Irishwoman, old enough to be Father Leonard's own mother, and had, indeed, supplied a mother's place to him since his early boyhood, both of his parents having died when he was but a mere child.

"Sure, an' yer riverence is not sittin' in the dark," exclaimed Bridget. "Faith, an' ye can

hardly see yer hand afore ye! It's yer tay has been awaitin' ye this hour gone," she continued, as she lit a student's lamp on the table. "Twict afore have I been up to call ye, but I heered ye a preachin' ter yerself, an' a walkin' up an' down. But it's not sick that ye are, Father?" she added, noticing for the first time his pallid countenance.

"No, Bridget. 'Tis but a passing faintness. Give me a glass of water, please."

"Wather! A glass of wine." And the startled woman was hastening out of the room when Father Leonard stopped her by an imperious gesture.

"Never offer wine to me as long as you live, woman!" he exclaimed, sternly. "Henceforth, see to it that not one drop of wine or spirituous liquor shall be brought into this house by any one!"

Father Leonard's word was law to Bridget Monahan, and, though she may have wondered, she made no comment regarding the command. She gave him a tumbler of water and then hastened to bring his tea and toast.

"It's better you are now, Father dear?" Bridget asked, as he finished his frugal meal.

"Yes, thank you, Bridget," said the priest.

"Will thin, there's a young gal below that's in a great taking ter see yer riverence," said

Bridget. "Sure an' I would n't let yer be disturbed till yer 'd had yer supper."

"What's her name?"

"Faith an' I dunno, for I forgot ter ask. But sure an' she seems ter be in great dishtress."

"In that case bring her here at once," said Leonard.

Bridget departed and soon returned, ushering in the visitor, who to his great surprise Leonard saw was **Kate Ransom**.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATHER LEONARD'S TEMPTATION. — KATE RANSOM'S
CONFESSION. — A TRUST BETRAYED.

WHEN Father Leonard perceived who his visitor was, he could scarcely repress an exclamation of astonishment.

It was the first time the young girl had ever paid his house a visit. In fact, Father Leonard rarely encouraged domiciliary visits from his feminine parishioners. Possibly he was suspicious of the sisterhood!

But he had known Kate Ransom for many years. She, as well as Nell Murray, was a graduate of the parochial school which Leonard had established, and which had been prosperous from its beginning. But while Kate had ever been a favorite and a favored pupil, Nell had been quite the reverse.

At a sign from her master, Bridget withdrew. As the door closed, Leonard placed a chair for his visitor, and motioned for her to be seated. It was some seconds before the priest could command his voice to speak, so agitated was he by contending feelings. At last he said, —

"You are in distress, my child. What has happened? Pray tell me how I can serve you."

"I must first ask your pardon, Father, for this intrusion," said Kate, speaking with much difficulty.

"You have it, my child. I know it must be upon some urgent matter that you have come," said Leonard, looking kindly at her agitated face, which to him never seemed so lovely before.

"Yes, Father, the matter is very urgent," returned Kate; "so urgent that I have acted on my first impulse, and flown to you for advice and help, when, perhaps, I should have sought them elsewhere."

"Who would better advise you than your pastor, your father-confessor, and, I need not add, your *friend*?" said Leonard, with gentle reproach in look and tone.

"Oh, I know you are my friend, dear Father," said the young girl. "You have always been so kind to me and mine. We all, my parents and myself, respect and esteem you very much. And that is what makes it so hard for me to tell you what I have come to confess. I fear to lose your good opinion. Oh! you will not be harsh with me? You will pity and forgive me, will you not, Father?"

Looking upon the young girl's beautiful coun-

tenance, so beseeching, so agitated and distressed, and yearning to comfort and cheer her, perhaps the strongest temptation of his life assailed Father Leonard at that moment.

For years he had been a frequent visitor at the Ransoms' home, and was ever a welcome guest. He had seen Kate grow up from a child to womanhood. Her character had unfolded under his very eye, as it were, and he had marked with ever-increasing interest the expansion of qualities which promised to develop into a noble and beautiful maturity.

But never till now, with that appealing look in her dark eyes, and with the confession just from her lips that she had hastened to him the first of all for help and counsel in her trouble, — never till now did he become aware of the true nature and strength of his feelings toward her. It was a startling revelation to Leonard. He was a priest, but he was also a man, and with all a man's strong passions bounding and rioting in his veins. But these passions had always been under control of a powerful will. Would that will sustain him now? Would the priest or the man triumph?

He made a strong effort for the mastery now, and it gave to his tone an unconsciously stern emphasis, as he replied evasively : —

"Pity should ever be accorded to the erring; forgiveness to the penitent only."

The tone and words both surprised and wounded Kate. It was the first time that Father Leonard had ever spoken so coldly to her. She looked at him for an instant in mute wonder, and then suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, you condemn me unheard, Father!" she sobbed, wringing her hands piteously. "I shall never have the courage to tell you my story now!"

Leonard was inexpressibly shocked at this unexpected effect of his words, and, with a quick revulsion of feeling, impulsively sprang to her side and caught both her hands in his.

"Nay, my dear child," he said, with great tenderness, "you entirely misjudge me. There, there! Be calm, I beg of you! Do not give way to this excess of grief. Whatever you may have to reveal, you will find me, as ever, your true friend. I could not be unjust to you, my child; I could not be a harsh judge to *you*, — you of all others in the world!"

The last words were spoken involuntarily, under stress of an irresistible impulse. The next instant Leonard would have bitten his tongue off to have been able to recall them.

Kate looked at him in surprise through her

tears, as in his vexation he hastily dropped her hands and moved back a step or two from her. She was far from suspecting the cause of the priest's strange demeanor, however. But she felt encouraged by what he had said, and after much hesitation, proceeded to acquaint him with the object of her visit.

"You know, Father," she began, "that Nellie Murray and I have been friends and companions from childhood?"

"Yes, I am aware of it, my child," said Leonard gravely, as she paused, "and I have always regretted the fact."

"We have loved each other very dearly, Father," continued Kate, earnestly, "and it is because I love her as a friend, as a sister, indeed, that I have come to you to beg and implore you to aid me in saving her from committing a great folly; rather, a terrible sin!"

"Then it is not on your own account that you are here?" Leonard interposed, quickly, with a searching look. "You have not been a party to Miss Murray's wrong-doing?"

"Alas, Father, I have thoughtlessly aided and abetted her in a grievous wrong, a very wicked deception," said the young girl, with a burst of emotion.

"Proceed, my child," said Leonard, suppressing

his delight at this candid confession. "And please come to the point at once."

Thus urged, Kate told him that Nell had for some time past received the attentions of a young gentleman to whom her parents were averse. They had forbidden him to come to their house, and ordered their daughter not to hold any further communication with him. Notwithstanding this injunction, the lovers had continued to meet clandestinely, until at last suspicion was aroused, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray had determined to place Nell in a distant convent forthwith.

"And you have lent yourself to this deceit?" said Leonard, in a tone of severity.

"I did not think of the harm, Father," cried Kate, again bursting into tears. "Oh, I knew they loved each other so fondly! And then, how could I betray my friend? Oh, believe me, Father, I have been terribly tried, between the promptings of conscience and my friendship for poor Nell."

"How were Mr. and Mrs. Murray's suspicions aroused?" asked Father Leonard, abruptly.

This question seemed to confuse Kate for a moment. She hesitated, then said, —

"Nell was out very late a few nights ago. She — she went to a dance in company with her lover, and it seems some one informed her parents of it the next day."

That some one was Father Leonard himself, but he did not choose to acknowledge the fact just yet. His instincts and training as a priest prompted him to glean what intelligence he could without betraying his knowledge until it should serve his purpose.

"They were very much grieved and indignant," continued Kate. "You know what a harsh, resolute man Mr. Murray is, Father. He had threatened once before to send Nell to the Convent of the Sacred Heart if she disobeyed him and ever met her lover again; and now he vows to carry out his threat."

Father Leonard mused a minute or two before he said, inquiringly, —

"And to prevent this just punishment these foolish lovers propose to elope. Is that the drift of your tale, my child?"

"Alas, yes, Father! Oh, believe me, I plead and besought Nell not to take that fatal step! I urged every argument I could think of, but without avail. She is infatuated, and would listen to no advice."

"When do they propose to run away?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"There is time enough then to prevent it," muttered Leonard to himself. And aloud he said, "You perceive, my child, how one sin necessitates

another. This foolish couple cannot hope to be married, at least by a Catholic priest. No priest would unite a pair of runaways. Only a Protestant minister or a magistrate could wed them, and such a marriage is banned by the Church."

"It was that consideration which led me to determine at the very last to save Nell, in spite of herself, from committing a deadly sin, Father. I overheard them deciding to fly to New York, and once there to be married by a Protestant clergyman."

"Holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Leonard, horrified at the thought. "And this girl, this wicked, wretched, intriguing girl, was a pupil in *my* school, a member of *my* congregation!" he added, mournfully. "Her lover, then, is doubtless a heretic, and has persuaded her to secretly renounce her faith, and so incur the penalty of eternal damnation?"

"Alas, Father, he also is a Catholic," responded Kate, looking uneasily at Father Leonard, for she dreaded to give him the blow which she foresaw must follow upon his next question.

"Ha!" cried Leonard, greatly startled. "Who is this man? Do I know him? His name, tell me quickly his name!"

In his excitement he forcibly grasped the girl's wrist, and wrung it so hard that she gave a cry of pain; but of this he was evidently unconscious.

"Why don't you answer?" cried the priest, a vague suspicion haunting him as he noticed Kate's hesitation and evident reluctance to impart the desired information.

At last the answer came in low, tremulous tones:—

"You know him only too well, Father, — Frank Barry!"

Father Leonard's eyes seemed suddenly to become set and staring, like a dying man's; his jaw fell; one hand mechanically sought his forehead in a vague, helpless way. It had so chanced that when Leonard followed the two girls to the dance-hall and recognized them, he had not seen their escort, Frank Barry.

"I could not surely have heard you aright," he said, slowly, at last, in a dazed tone. "Repeat the name!"

Kate did so.

"Not *my* Frank!" he said, in the same helpless, vacant manner, and groping aimlessly with his hands through the air. "Not the little boy I found, friendless, homeless, as *I* was at his age! The tender, innocent child, whose lovely face and appealing blue eyes, as I saw them, irradiating, as it were, the very slime and ooze of the gutter, warmed and brightened my chilled and desolate heart! Not the little lad I drew out of a very

sink-hole of contamination and made him *mine!* Clothed him, fed him, educated him, and loved him," — his voice growing huskier and more husky, and breaking completely on the last word, — "loved him, oh! my God! as Abraham loved Isaac, as David loved Absalom! *Not* my boy, I say! 'Tis false! A shameful, hideous lie! I'll not believe it! No, though an angel from heaven told it me! Why don't you speak, girl?" he cried, in frantic tones, and glaring like a maniac upon the shrinking and weeping maiden. "Do you not see my agony? Have compassion on me! Pity me, and in the name of the Mother of Mercies, tell me this traitor, this perjurer and deceiver, is not *my* boy!"

"Father! dear Father!" cried the weeping Kate, extending her clasped hands toward him, "if I only knew how to comfort you!"

The despairing words told the stricken man that he was indulging in the very mockery of hope. It was hard indeed for him to believe the terrible truth all at once.

"I had planned it all so differently," he said, presently, and in a calmer tone. "I had hoped, nay prayed that you — yes, you two, my favorite pupils, nearest and dearest to my heart — might be drawn toward each other. To see him, in the fulness of time, your husband, Kate, would have

given me peace, if not joy. To *him*, my child, I could have given you with scarcely a pang; certainly with less pain than to see you the wife of any other man on the face of the— Ha! what drivell am I uttering?”

He checked himself, suddenly, as he saw how nearly he had betrayed his heart's secret. But Kate, in her innocence, had not the dimmest suspicion of the truth. She gave him a compassionate look, and said, —

“I am so sorry to be the bearer of this bad news, Father. I dreaded so to tell you of it, but I felt too guilty for my share in the deception to keep it to myself any longer. O Father, tell me that you forgive me for concealing my knowledge so long!”

“With all my heart, daughter,” said the priest. “A late repentance is better than none. But ah, my child, see how heaven chastens our vain ambitions! How wofully our cherished plans turn out! There is nothing sure but death for all mankind, and a glorious immortality for the righteous. Death!” he repeated, mournfully, “oh, why does it not come for me? I am *alone* in this world! Alone! No ties, no kindred; neither child nor—”

He struck his hand upon his mouth as if to force back the word that had almost escaped, — the word

wife, that would have been sacrilege upon his lips. And at the same time it flashed on his mind where and by whom he had heard the identical thought expressed in a similar agony of soul,—wrung from a heart bursting with bitter disappointment and vain regrets; from the prisoner of the police station, the gifted, but dissolute Father Jerome.

Father Leonard was human, though a priest. But a turning point in his life had now come. Henceforth he was to be all priest; all for the Church; all for reform.

He had always looked upon Kate Ransom as one highly adapted to lead a devotional life. If he could wean her from worldly hopes and ties, induce her to look with favor upon a religious career, persuade her to enter a convent, and in the end assume the veil, it would be a signal triumph for the Church, and redound to his own credit. Already he had broached the subject to Kate's parents. They, being devoted Catholics, and having several other children, were strongly inclined to encourage the idea. It remained then only to work upon the pliant and enthusiastic mind of Kate. Of the result Leonard had no doubt. It was with this ultimate purpose in view that the priest proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KATE RANSOM'S AGONY. — SHE CONSENTS TO ENTER A CONVENT. — WHAT BECAME OF NELL MURRAY.

"BUT you have not told me all, my child?" Father Leonard suddenly said, after an interval of silence.

"All?" repeated Kate, looking at him uneasily.

"Nay, I will question you, my child, and so relieve you of some embarrassment. You appear to have been fully in the confidence of these lovers. At what time did your *friends*" — he emphasized the word slightly — "leave this dance of which you have spoken?"

"About ten o'clock, Father."

"But that was not so very late. At what time did they get home?"

"It — it was almost midnight," Kate answered, hesitatingly.

"Ah! And where was the interval spent?"

"At a restaurant, Father; or rather, I should say, at the Parker House."

"Ha!" exclaimed the priest. "An expensive place for a supper; so, at least, Boston's city government, or, rather, her tax-payers, have found it!

I suppose it was for a supper or lunch that our young friends adjourned thither?"

"Yes, Father."

"And this collation was a simple, frugal meal?" inquired the priest, with veiled sarcasm.

"It was what they called a wine-supper, Father."

Leonard gave a violent start. All this catechising was for a specific purpose. Now that he had learned of Frank Barry's deceit toward him, his friend and benefactor, dark suspicions of his integrity had been awakened in his mind, which several heretofore singular and unaccountable circumstances, now remembered, tended to strengthen. First he recollected Frank's haggard and worn looks of late, which had been attributed to late hours of severe study, but which were more likely the effects of secret dissipations. Again, the young man had been intrusted with funds arising from receipts for church, school, and various parish purposes, and, having every confidence in him, Leonard had left to him the duty of disbursing much of the money for general expenditures. Once a month, indeed, Frank had submitted his accounts for inspection, but Leonard now reflected that he had audited these accounts in an extremely careless and perfunctory manner. What if the accounts should not be all right? Leonard, after a moment's thought, pursued his interrogatories.

"And Frank Barry, of course, paid for this costly entertainment?" he asked.

"No; that is, not entirely, I believe, Father," answered Kate, who began to feel uncomfortable under this searching inquisition.

"Ah! How was that?"

"A gentleman friend of Frank's was with the party and settled half the bill," said Kate, looking away from the keen scrutiny that was fixed upon her countenance.

"A friend of Frank's?"

"Yes, Father, a — a Mr. Lawler," with a rosy blush.

At the mention of this name, Father Leonard uttered an exclamation.

"I am acquainted with a gentleman of that name, Mr. Michael Lawler, one of Boston's leading citizens, very wealthy, and a stanch Catholic," said he.

"Frank's friend is the son of that gentleman," replied Kate, whose face was now burning red.

Again Father Leonard uttered a low cry.

"But this son is not like his father," he said; "he is a very bad man, I have heard, — a sporting character, with all that the term implies."

"Oh, he has been traduced and maligned, believe me, Father," cried Kate, warmly; and then averting her head in confusion at having betrayed

so much interest in the man under discussion, an utter stranger to her but a short week ago.

This show of interest was not lost on Leonard. His brow grew dark. He placed one hand upon his heart, as if to stifle some sharp, sudden pain, and then rose slowly from his chair. Sadly he looked down upon the fair, young girl, whose face was now a study in the quick flashes of color which came and went upon it under that reproachful gaze.

"And you, too, Kate!" said Leonard, in accents such as dying Cæsar may have used when the dagger of his dearest friend smote him to the heart.

The young girl suddenly flung herself at Leonard's feet.

"Forgive me, Father!" she cried, piteously. "Oh! if you knew what I have suffered this week past, you would pity and forgive me. Yes, I see you do know all,—all my deceit, my folly, and my wickedness. Indeed, I came here to confess all to you, but, somehow, I lost courage at last.

Her face was streaming with tears of contrition; she wrung her hands in wild appeal. Leonard was deeply moved.

"Yes, I know all," said he. And then he told her how he had followed Nell Murray and herself across the bridge, through the streets, and saw them enter the dance-hall.

"And it was you, then, you, Father Leonard, who informed Mr. Murray?" asked Kate.

"It was my duty so to do, daughter."

"And you spared *me*, Father?"

"Yes, my child. I resolved not to speak to your parents until you had made confession to me, as I was sure you would do, sooner or later."

"I thank you, Father, for sparing them so much misery," said Kate, gratefully.

"But, my child," continued Father Leonard, "there is another matter which still lies on your mind." He gave her a penetrating look, and her eyes fell beneath it. "Nay, my child, I have read your secret. You, poor bird, have felt the basilisk gaze of that arch-serpent among women, that destroyer of family peace, the notorious 'Gentleman Mike Lawler!'"

"Oh, Father! you wrong him!" cried the girl. "He is the victim of the most outrageous and unfounded calumnies! He is—"

"Hold, girl!" exclaimed the priest. "It is you, silly child, who have been deceived by a tongue as convincing but as false as that of the arch-fiend himself. The man you love, — yes, *love!* — mad girl, is one of the vilest and most abandoned wretches that walk the streets of Boston, or that haunt its saloons, bagnios, and gambling-hells!"

"No, no, no!" almost screamed the poor girl.
"I cannot believe it!"

Leonard started back.

"God forbid that you, — *you* have already become numbered among that scoundrel's victims."

Kate sprang to her feet in amazement and indignation. She looked grand in her look of insulted virtue.

"How dare you, Father Leonard!" she cried, with flashing eyes.

Leonard could have taken her to his heart in a transport of joy and pride. Virtue, truth, unsullied innocence were depicted in that glowing countenance and that most proudly erected form.

"It is my turn to ask forgiveness, my dear, dear child, my loved pupil!" said the priest, in an humble tone. "But you have met Michael Lawler since that dance and supper?"

"Yes, Father. He has called at my house three or four times. I have never met him elsewhere since our first meeting."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Leonard, fervently.
"But before you leave me this night, my daughter, you must promise me to see him no more! Shun him as you would a leper! Tear his image from your heart, ay! even if you tear your very heart-strings in doing it! He diffuses a moral contagion wherever he goes, — a pestilential atmosphere fatal

to almost every woman's reputation that comes in contact with him! Swear to me, by the Holy Sacrament, that you will never see him more!"

It was some minutes before Kate Ransom could reply. A fearful struggle was going on in her bosom, — a struggle between duty and human love and frailty. At last, in a low, tremulous, heart-broken tone, she answered: —

"I — I will obey you, Father. Though it break my heart, I — I swear *never* to look on Michael Lawler's face again."

After uttering those resolute words, the poor girl stood still and pale as a statue, her arms crossed upon her breast, her head bowed in anguish, — the very picture of grief and despair. When Mary Mulligan denounced Michael Lawler in the dance-hall, — charged him with being a bad and evil man, — Kate had not believed her. "Gentleman Mike" had whispered in her ear that Mary was a poor, insane girl, and knew not what she was saying. Kate fully believed him: she was innocent, unsuspecting, and young in worldly experience. Thus Kate was all the more susceptible to the arts and schemings of a persuasive scoundrel like Michael Lawler.

But when Father Leonard revealed "Gentleman Mike's" true character, his words struck home to the poor girl's very heart. To her the word of

the priest was as the word of God,—thus she had ever been taught. She no more doubted him than she doubted her religion, her Saviour, her God. Her heart sank within her at the dire conviction. Her first maiden dream vanished. Michael Lawler's handsome looks and winning manner had deeply impressed her youthful imagination. It was terrible to hear the fiat pronounced,—terrible to find her idol shattered before her eyes.

"Oh," she cried to herself in her agony of soul, "oh, how have I been deceived in this man! I thought him all that was good and noble. How kindly he spoke! How sweet the tones of his voice! How tender his manner! Can men be such arch-hypocrites? Can evil assume such a saintly guise? And he told me that he always attended church,—never missed a service; went regularly to confession, and observed all the fasts and saints' days. Oh, what a wicked, evil man! Oh, how could I love him so! It seems as if I must die rather than give him up; and yet I have sworn never to see him again. No, no; I must, I *will* keep my oath, though it break my heart!"

These agonized thoughts flew rapidly through the young girl's mind. The entire world—its hopes and its pleasures—seemed slipping away from her grasp. Oh, for some place of refuge, some safe sanctuary, where she could bury her

sorrow and grief from every eye, — some solitary spot where she could find peace and balm for her bruised and wounded spirit!

“O Father Leonard!” she cried aloud, bursting into a torrent of tears as she again flung herself upon her knees at his feet, and raised her clasped hands entreatingly to him, “help me, I beseech you; you are the only one I can turn to in my anguish: my parents I cannot tell. My sisters would jeer at me, my brothers laugh at and torment me, if I confessed my grief to them. There is no sympathy for me at home; you, you alone can help and counsel me.”

Leonard placed his hands gently upon her head and breathed a short prayer to the Virgin, invoking divine intercession in behalf of his loved pupil; then, as the young girl's tears gradually ceased, and she became calmer, he spoke words of comfort and hope. Drawing her thoughts by degrees away from all mere worldly troubles, he pointed out a pathway which seemed smiling with peace, beaming with a happiness beyond that of earth and its fairest gifts.

“Oh, my dear child,” he said, fervently, “embrace this pure life I speak of! Think of the serene joys, the unfading happiness, of a life devoted to the holy cause of religion. Offer yourself up on this precious altar. Think not of

the sacrifice. To the true daughter of the Church no earthly sacrifice is to be compared with the heavenly joys which shall be yours. Oh, reflect, my dear, dear child! Think what sweet delights, what holy raptures, constantly await the bride of Christ. You, you, my loved pupil, shall be with him day and night. Oh, ecstatic, ravishing joy to dwell with him forever! To look up to the divine One, the Holy Son of Mary, and know that he is yours and you are his forever and forever!"

In this strain Father Leonard continued to plead with the young girl, exciting all the enthusiasm of her nature until it flamed up with an ardor that consumed all grosser feelings and sentiments, and he felt the victory was won.

Ah, how poor and contemptible seemed the world and its vanities now to Kate Ransom! Its hopes, its sorrows, its vain shows, and hollow happiness were but unsubstantial shadows when compared to the glorious promises of this new and divine existence which rose up before her mental view.

Yes, so far Father Leonard had triumphed. Kate Ransom voluntarily consented, before she left him that night, to enter immediately upon her novitiate in the Convent of the Bleeding Heart. She was even impatient to abridge the period of

time fixed upon before she could properly take the first step in this new career. As Father Leonard anticipated, Kate's parents readily yielded their consent, and in less than a month Kate Ransom, bidding farewell — an eternal farewell she fully believed — to parents, relatives, and home, is on her way to the gates of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart.

Heartrending were the partings of mother, father, brother, and sister, at that eventful moment. Kisses, tears, prayers, embraces, "good-bye," "farewell," "God bless you," filled the air. Many mementos, little tokens of tenderness, many a farewell look to every room, toilet-table, and looking-glass, watered the eye. Alas! she will need no mirror now to reflect her beauty; floors are bare, and walls are naked, except for images of worship; no need of beauty, grace, and love's charms to bless that predestined connubial soul of the attractive young man she loves better than her own soul.

Not only with her family did she part, and that with a sigh, but with every pet, trifle, and toy. The canary-bird came in for a tear as it sung its farewell note; the pet pussy, Flossy, with a red string around her neck, seemed to mew a long, gentle farewell; and the faithful dog, Toddy, followed her to the gate, wagging his tail, looking

wistfully, as if to catch the last tender endearment from her parting hands.

Toddy seemed willing and even anxious to accompany her; he pranced about, reared and plunged, lay down and rolled over, and sportively uttered a kind "*bow wow*," as if to say, "I am going with you, wherever that may be."

As she entered the carriage that was to bear her away from all that was dear to her on earth, she took a farewell look of the garden, the house, the flowers, then with a sigh murmured to herself, "Yes, yes; it is all right, it is all right. Yes, yes," with a pause; "yes, for Father Leonard says so"; and she cried aloud, and saturated her handkerchief with tears. "Yes, yes," she continued, "it is all right; yet—yet this is a beautiful world to look at, all filled with spring flowers, brooks, rivulets, hopes, promises, bird songs, happy homes, and friends we love, — it is all right to be banished, forever banished, from all I hold dear; yet — yet, as God is my witness, I have *committed no crime*." Again she sighed audibly and wept aloud. "All I have done is to dance with Mike Lawler."

Meanwhile Father Leonard had taken effectual steps to prevent the elopement of Frank Barry and Nell Murray, without betraying his own agency in the act. Before the time appointed, Mr.

and Mrs. Murray held an interview with their daughter. A stormy, terrible scene ensued; cries and lamentations echoed throughout the house. What passed between parents and child was never divulged, but for many weeks that household was plunged in a grief more profound than if their only child had been borne to her grave. Mr. Murray was a severe and resolute man, as has been already indicated. He had intended to send Nell to a convent; but after that interview, after listening to the confession she was forced to make, he altered his intention. Frank Barry had suddenly disappeared; so a father's vengeance could not overtake him, — at present at least. Nell, too, was taken away the following day, her parents giving out that she had gone to visit a distant relative in another State. Society generally accepted this statement without question. But as time went by, and as many months passed and no news from the young girl was received by relatives or friends, people began to wonder what had become of her, and much inquiry was made of her parents, which they found considerable embarrassment in answering.

The truth was that Mr. and Mrs. Murray, to save their name from unmerited disgrace, and also to spare as well as punish their daughter, had secretly placed the unfortunate Nell in the House

of the Magdalenes, a celebrated institution situated not a thousand miles from Boston.

In this *safe* retreat, where doors are said to be barred to all but the elect or the initiated, and with whose secrets and mysteries even the tongue of Rumor rarely ventures to meddle, — in this House of the Magdalenes, we say, poor Nell Murray was left to sigh and mourn over her shattered hopes while repenting in sackcloth and ashes for the folly and the sin which a long course of systematic deception had led her to adopt.

Ah, Father Leonard, in your secret meditations, in your moments of mental doubt and torturing self-distrust, did the thought never occur to you that poor Nell Murray's fall was the logical fruit of the deceptive teachings of the Church, — that Church which, through its doctrines, teaches that deceptions, or even lies, practised in a so-called righteous cause, may be condoned and even approved?

In a future chapter we may visit the House of the Magdalenes and see how it has fared with Nell Murray.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FATHER LEONARD AND MIKE LAWLER MEET. — MIKE IS TOLD THE WORST. — “I ’LL FIND HER, DEAD OR ALIVE.”

“GENTLEMAN Mike” Lawler was not, like his father, an enthusiastic member of the church. In fact, he never attended church, never went to confession, in spite of what he had told Kate Ransom to the contrary. Mike knew too much about the Roman Catholic Church, too much about her priesthood, to have any faith left in her “holiness.” He was disgusted with the very name of religion, as religion was presented from a Catholic standpoint.

He had seen through all the shams and hypocrisy of his father’s religious pretensions; had seen him make a tool of the Church for personal and political aims. Again and again had he beheld leading priests drinking and carousing at his father’s table, and at last borne away dead drunk to bed by Lawler’s servants. At a certain great horse-race he had seen his father holding the stakes and deciding the bets; had seen him win and lose hundreds of dollars by card-playing at

the Parker House. And at last, when that father suddenly died, at the impressive funeral obsequies, amid solemn requiems, the laudations of priests, the tears and prayers of the assembled multitude, and in the face of the orphans and widows his liquor business had made, he had seen that father borne to his grave, and been assured that his soul, after a short stay in purgatory, would be sent straight up to glory.

Oh! knowing that father's failings and vices, what mockery this all seemed to the son!

A victim of his surroundings, a slave of circumstances, Michael Lawler had sounded the very depths of vice. He had seen crime sheltered and fostered under the wing of the Church, even its most sacred symbols prostituted to the basest purposes. Once a celebrated *demi-mondaine*, beautiful and bewitching as a dream of Oriental hourii, had drawn him amid her train of admirers. He was infatuated with this siren; but at last when he had outstripped every rival and victory lay within his grasp, he had turned away in loathing and disgust. Why? Because before his eyes she had removed the scapula from her bosom, and shown him that even a profession such as hers claimed the protection and indulgence of the holy and immaculate Church. Profligate though he was, some spark of decency and consistency re-

mained in his bosom. Mike Lawler never spoke to that woman again in his life.

Among other accomplishments, "Gentleman Mike" was famous as an amateur pugilist. One Sunday evening he witnessed a sparring exhibition at South Boston, — a *friendly* contest, so called, in which two young Irish bullies, Bernard Carr and John Shea, pummelled away at each other to determine which was "the better man." Carr gave up at last, but the spectators were not satisfied. They had not had enough, if Carr had! Carr, therefore, was persuaded to stand up for another round. After a few blows, the youth fell to the floor, striking his head. Within twenty-four hours Bernard Carr was a dead man! This on Sunday night in Puritan Boston!

Even this spectacle did not sicken "Gentleman Mike" of pugilism. He joined the celebrated Crib Club, an association devoted to athletic sports, and chiefly composed of well-known Catholics, Beacon Hill snobs, society and literary men, meeting on common ground of mutual admiration for brutal and debasing sports. The bishop's right-hand man, editor of his chief organ, THE PILOT, is president of this club. The following, taken from the Boston *Daily Globe*, explains some of the objects of this club: —

278 FATHER LEONARD AND MIKE LAWLER MEET.

“To say that the members of the Crib Club are not of the *elite* of our citizens would be false, for among the members who pay monthly dues are many well-known merchants, brokers and the like, who, when the night comes for a good time, and no member of the press admitted, ‘chip’ in their twenty-five cents apiece and for a yellow ticket, which says ‘Good for one.’

“Last night the finest exhibition ever seen at the rooms of the club was opened by Jack Conboy of Lawrence and Billy Tapley of Providence, Conboy being seconded by Prof. James J. Bagley and Tapley by Dan Gill. They indulged in four very clever rounds for a purse of \$150, the referee awarding the same to Conboy.

“This was followed by a friendly set-to of three rounds between Patsey Sheppard and Tim McCarthy, in which light tips and much science were displayed.

“The wind-up of the evening’s entertainment was between J. F. Carroll of Holyoke, Mass., and Billy Frazier of Boston, six rounds, for a purse of \$100, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern the same, which means three minutes to each round, with one minute rest. The result was as follows:—

“First round—Little sparring, both men feeling confident and trying to find out the other’s counters.

“Second round—Both Frazier and Carroll were cheered. Frazier led off, but was caught by an upper cut on the nose by Carroll, after which Frazier countered on Carroll’s face with a left; then both closed and time was called.

“Third round—Both stepped to the scratch full of energy. Carroll, after some sparring, led with a left, followed by a right, after which there were some short blows, when Frazier knocked Carroll on his knees with a right-hander and again struck him when down. Prof. Bagley, Car-

roll's second, at once claimed a foul, which was not allowed by the referee.

"Fourth round — Not much fighting.

"Fifth round — Both men came to the scratch showing much vim, with each confident of success. Carroll delivered his opponent three blows with his left, each in succession, which awoke Frazier to the use of his right and left, when Carroll fought him against the ropes.

"Sixth round — Both men shook hands and each was confident of knocking his adversary out. They were, however, pretty well used up, and when the three minutes were up, time was called by the referee and \$50 handed to each man."

In his unregenerate state such sports and excitements, low pleasures and degrading pastimes, seemed the chief end of existence to Michael Lawler. What was the use of striving for a higher life, nobler ends, asserting his manhood, living for others, subduing passion and appetite? He had all that life could offer, — money without stint, friends by hundreds, youth, good looks, and high health, in spite of fast living.

His father had vainly sought to induce him to embrace a political career. With money and influence at command, he might win almost any political stake. But Mike had no taste that way, felt no vocation. Besides, he saw politics were mixed up too much with the Church for his taste. Politics and piety seemed running in the same groove. He saw all leading Democratic politicians closely

identified with the Church. Being inside "the ring," he saw that when the Church commanded politicians obeyed.

Such the teachings of his life; such the examples ever before his gaze; such, in young Michael Lawler's case, the fruits of Catholic doctrines: no wonder he felt no respect for his church, no honor for a father's memory, no regard even for a mother's prayer; no wonder he had become a gambler, libertine, and debauchee.

But a change was to come in Michael Lawler's heart; a change destined to overturn all his theories and habits of life. His first and subsequent meetings with Kate Ransom had awakened a new and absorbing passion. His peculiar experience among women had lessened his respect for the sex. Judging the whole by a part, he fancied them all vain, sordid, frail. Such virtue as he had met with in Kate was like a revelation, like turning the pages of an unread and unknown book. Purity, modesty, uncompromising virtue, seemed to enwrap her as in a garment of dazzling brightness. Like Milton's Satan, when standing in the archangel's presence, he felt

"How awful goodness is,
And virtue in her shape, how lovely!"

He bowed before this triumphant virtue, which

he could not overcome with all his arts, which stood a Gibraltar of firmness against his every assault, — bowed before it like a devotee at the Virgin's shrine.

Wonder, admiration, awe took possession of his bosom when in the presence of this young girl. A new and delicious sensation stole over him. For the first time in his life he experienced the elevating and ennobling influence of a pure and holy love.

The world's history is filled with the glowing triumphs of women's influence over men. For woman's smile renowned battles have been fought, kings have resigned their sceptres, nations been extinguished, and great empires bound in chains.

But in Michael Lawler's case love achieved a greater triumph still. It changed an obdurate human heart, a heart filled with all vileness, — brutal, vicious, wicked almost beyond redemption.

Life now presented another aspect to Michael Lawler. He loathed the past with an utter loathing. Pleasures palled upon him. He forsook his friends and companions. Kate Ransom was now the only object that made life worth living for. To win her he would have walked over burning ploughshares. One day, under the impulse of his devouring passion, which gave him no peace unless he was in her presence, he flew to her house. His

face fell, all the joy fled from his bosom as the servant told him that Kate had gone away.

"Gone away!" he exclaimed, in his bitter disappointment. "But she promised to be at home this afternoon. She knew I intended to call. Where has she gone? Tell me at once, for I *must* see her to-day."

Father Leonard, who was just taking his leave of Mrs. Ransom, at that moment came to the door and perceived young Lawler. His cheeks flushed, but there was a gleam of triumph in his eye as, on hearing Mike's words, he answered before the domestic could speak:—

"You will hardly be able to see Miss Ransom to-day, Mr. Lawler. If you will step in a moment I will give you a message which she intrusted me to deliver to you."

"Gentleman Mike" wonderingly followed the priest into the reception-room, obedient to this invitation; there was something in Leonard's manner that filled him with apprehension.

"Speak, sir," he said, impatiently. "Give me this message at once!"

"It was but a word, sir," said the priest, "and that word was 'Farewell'!"

"I do not understand you, reverend sir," said the young man; but his heart almost stood still at the word.

"I will explain," said Leonard; and, fixing his cold, stern eye on the other, he proceeded, "knowing, at last, your character, Michael Lawler, knowing that you are no fit acquaintance for a pure and virtuous maiden, Kate Ransom has authorized me to tell you that she can never see you again!"

Mike's face paled at these portentous words. He took a step toward the priest.

"Never see me again?" he repeated. "Oh, no, you cannot mean that, sir! She could not be so cruel. Why, sir, she is the dearest, sweetest, gentlest, kindest-hearted creature I ever knew in my life. She would not give pain to a fly, let alone a human being. But if she had said that, she would be as cruel as the grave; for oh, reverend Father, never to see Kate Ransom again would surely break my heart!"

There was actually a suspicion of tears in "Gentleman Mike's" fine eyes as he said these words in a tone that was almost piteous. Leonard, however, believed that this exhibition of feeling was only a cunning piece of acting, and he replied sarcastically: —

"Then your heart must have grown remarkably tender all at once, Mr. Lawler. If report does not belie you, you have found a pastime in breaking hearts, and your own has been impervious to

appeals and supplications that one would think might have moved a heart of adamant."

The young man hung his head in very shame at this reproach.

"It is your office to utter words of reproof and warning, sir," he said, mildly, even humbly. "I do not blame you, although I am not used to submit to such, even from a priest. But believe me, sir, you wrong me in this instance. The devil is not so black as he is painted, you know, if you will pardon my using the homely proverb. I acknowledge that I have been a bad man; that sin has ever found me a willing devotee; that I am not fit to breathe the same atmosphere with a saint of purity like Kate Ransom. But, sir, I love her with as pure and upright a sentiment as man ever felt for woman. For her dear sake, I am striving daily for victory over my grosser nature; for her sake, I have sworn never to touch a drop of liquor to the end of my life; for her sake, I have renounced habits that began almost with my very birth. If there is any redemption for a wretch like me, if there is any truth in the miracles that men of your cloth daily preach as being wrought in the human heart, it is Kate Ransom's love that will produce that change in me."

Hypocrisy could never counterfeit sincerity so perfectly as this. Voice, manner, expression,

convinced Father Leonard that the young man spoke from his very heart; but the confession caused him a secret pang, for it was not pleasant to remember that Kate Ransom loved this prodigal in return, and that he himself had persuaded her to crush out every spark of that affection and bury her young life, with all its bright promises and glorious possibilities, in the tomblike seclusion of a cloister. He pondered for a moment before he spoke, and then, actuated by an entirely new thought, he said, —

“But it is not through a sinful, human love that such miracles are accomplished, young man. There is no dependence to be placed on an impulse which is born merely to attain an earthly object. To your knees, young man!” he cried, sternly. “Return to the bosom of the Church, whose precepts you have so long defied, whose mandates you have contemned, and whose holy name you have scandalized by your conduct. Seek there for grace, obtain absolution for the past by fast and penance; and as for the future —”

“The future!” interposed Michael Lawler, eagerly. “Do you, reverend sir, — you, who are her friend, her pastor, you who know all her heart, and to whom she looks up with a reverence and love almost as to her God, — do *you* bid me hope for the future? Oh, sir, she has the power

to do anything with me ! Yes, if she bids me do so, if she tells me that by becoming as devout a Catholic as she is herself, that in time she will listen to my suit, that she will love me with one tithe the love I have for her, why — ”

“ You deceive yourself, young man,” interrupted Leonard in his turn. “ The future I spoke of can hold forth no such promise to you. Abide by the change in your life and conduct you speak of ; let the memory of this pure affection, which, like an oasis in the desert of your wasted career, has bloomed and borne forth such good and wholesome fruit, still redeem and sanctify your life ; but think no more of Kate Ransom : that sweet girl is as far removed from you as are the stars. A barrier as impassible as death has been raised between you. Kate Ransom is practically no longer of this world. She is done with earthly hopes. No mortal love can ever stand between her and the higher hope, on which her soul is permanently fixed. She has chosen her husband, has claimed the eternal protection of One above us all, and is now preparing to enter upon joys which no son of woman can even dimly appreciate, — the sweet, ineffable joys which pertain to the chosen bride of heaven.”

Gradually, slowly the priest’s meaning was made apparent to his startled hearer.

"Almighty God!" he exclaimed. "She has entered a convent! She has fled from me! Wretch! wretch that I am, my darling, my loved one has been driven to this resort to escape from the pollution of my love. Is that what you mean? Speak, I implore you!"

Leonard felt the young man's agony, perhaps pitied him; but he bowed his head affirmatively. Lawler suddenly sprang upon him, and, forgetting his sacred calling, seized him by either shoulder.

"Ah! I understand it all now! *You* have been at the bottom of this. It is *you* who have poisoned my dear girl's mind against me; *you* who have persuaded her that I am a heartless villain, seeking her destruction; then it is you who shall undo this cruel wrong; you who shall go to her, tell her that I am a changed man; that her love has ennobled and redeemed me, and restore her once more to the world and to me."

"You forget yourself, young man," said Leonard, calmly, as he shook off Lawler's grasp and drew himself up with severe dignity. "You will plead in vain to me. I repeat that you will never see, or at least never exchange a word again with Kate Ransom as long as you live. Her destiny is fixed beyond recall."

Michael Lawler saw the resolute look in Leon-

ard's face, and one no less resolute came into his own.

"So be it," he said, hoarsely. "Kate Ransom loves me, — that I know from her own lips." Leonard gave an involuntary start at this. "She cannot assume the black veil for one or two years at least. I will defeat your inhuman scheme to separate us. Throughout the world I'll search for her, and I swear here, by all my hopes of earth and heaven, not to rest until I know where she is. Yes, I'll find her, dead or alive!"

And, without another word, without another look at the startled priest, the young man rushed from the room and out of the house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

KATE ENTERS THE CONVENT. — LIFE AT THE BLEEDING
HEART. — FATHER FRANCIS AND MOTHER IGNATIA.

As Kate Ransom's carriage approached the convent, the large folding gates were flung open, disclosing trim gardens blooming with flowers, pleasant groves of trees, with here and there groups of gray-clad sisters gathered beneath. The scene was calculated to please and soothe a nature like Kate's. How peaceful, how sweet, seemed such a life to the weary-hearted girl! Here surely no strife nor bickerings could interrupt the placid stream of existence; no envy, rivalries, or jealousies disturb the holy Sabbath calm. And yet the little world enclosed within those high walls was but the great world in miniature, and reflected its passions, its ambitions, and, sad to say, even its crimes, as Kate was destined to find out in course of time.

Could some good spirit have told her, before the great gates clanked behind her, the half of what was in store for her — the sufferings, miseries, persecutions — she would have fled in terror and dismay; but such good fortune was not to be hers.

Mother Ignatia, the Lady Superior of the Bleeding Heart, met Kate at the door and cordially greeted her; then followed introductions to the lay sisters, all of whom vied with each other in making the new-comer at home. The various duties of her new life were explained to her, and these at first consisted principally of devotions. There were matins at five o'clock, vespers at nine, the interval being filled in with bead counting, saying the rosary, — a prayer to each bead, a hundred prayers and more each day, — and singing, chanting, fancy work and embroidery for sale. the sales being made chiefly to Protestants who were the best patrons of the various charity enterprises devised by the sisterhood of the Bleeding Heart. Quite an income was also derived from the making of scapulars, charms, and sacerdotal vestments.

Time has flown on, many weeks have elapsed, and Kate Ransom's experiences of convent life have not been quite what she had anticipated.

In the first stages of her infatuation, it seemed indeed a paradise on earth. Father Leonard had told her that the convent was "the vestibule of Heaven," and she believed it. How could she doubt what he asserted? Was not her confessor's voice as the voice of God?

Besides, she was in a state of mind to accept

with gratitude any refuge from her sorrow. The world and its pleasures had lost all their savor since she knew the unworthiness of the man she loved.

How many in a similar mental strait have sought the convent, doomed themselves to the horrors of a living death, and realized when too late, when escape was hopeless, that they have hugged to their bosoms a delusion and a snare!

The Bleeding Heart! Ah, how significant the name! How appropriate for a convent! Hidden in its cells and cloisters, how many human hearts are destined to bleed until the current of life is spent, and death brings at last a joyful release!

Convents are an anomaly in a free country. Too apt to be places of oppression; feudal fortresses; baronial castles. Now baronial castles are contrary to American ideas. They are foreign establishments, padlocked institutions that allow no intrusion, no investigation, not even by the law. When the portcullis falls there is no admittance, no exit. A spiritual despot holds absolute sway within the walls, backed by the power of a mighty church, — a church jealous of interference with its assumed rights. The convent system is one of barred gates and sworn secrecy. Deluded victims may cry out for release, and cry in vain. The dungeon for refractory ones echoes back the wails

and sighs, smothers all prayers and groans. No sympathetic eye to see, no human heart to feel, no strong hand to unbolt the prison doors and set the captives free ! Such a system invites immorality, affords opportunity for hiding nameless crimes. Even secret murders may be done within convent walls and nobody be any the wiser ! And the Church snaps its fingers at the State and triumphantly asks, " What are you going to do about it ? " If Governor Benjamin F. Butler could turn the convent system inside out, as it exists to-day in Massachusetts, and in the whole United States, it would be a greater feather in his cap than investigating Tewksbury Almshouses or purifying corrupt New Orleans !

Thus far, then, only the sunny side of convent life had been presented to Kate Ransom's view. The ever-recurring religious exercises, the multiplied formulas of devotion, were as balm to her stricken spirit. They drowned all regrets, all personal sorrows ; gave her no time for reflection on secular affairs. Looking upon herself as the destined bride of the King of heaven and earth, her mind could hold no other idea. She was completely under the spell of fanaticism. The delusions of Romish doctrines never found a more receptive subject. If the black veil could have been offered to her at this time, the infatuated girl would have

assumed it with joyful eagerness. Fortunately this could not be done at present.

Her docility and enthusiasm soon made her a favorite with the inmates of "The Bleeding Heart." Mother Ignatia, the Lady Superior, a cold and austere ascetic, was benignity itself to Kate. Her companions seemed like so many dear sisters in their kind ministrations. Father Francis, a young Irish priest, who was the superior's confessor, manifested great interest in the youthful novice. His tender solicitude for her spiritual welfare deeply impressed the young girl; but at length she began to ask herself why Father Francis devoted so much time to conversing with her; why prolonging her confession to such an interminable length, to the neglect, she was sure, of other duties? These questions began to be asked by others, too, besides Kate herself.

Ere long she fancied her associates grew somewhat cold and distant toward her. Mother Ignatia's manner also seemed to change. She spoke less kindly, and imposed penances for trifling omissions that had been passed over with indulgence before. What had she done to deserve this altered treatment? How had she offended?

But Father Francis still continued kind, kinder than ever, Kate thought.

One day, while closeted alone in confession

with the priest, he laid his hands upon her bowed head in blessing her, as Father Leonard was wont to do; but his hands remained, lingered until at last the touch became almost a caress.

Kate's modesty took the alarm. She made an effort to rise to her feet, but the priest gently restrained her.

"Nay, my daughter," he said; "I have something more yet to say to you."

Kate felt a vague uneasiness, an indefinable sense of alarm.

"I fear, my dear child," continued Father Francis, in a paternal tone, "that you are of late permitting some vain worldly longings to disquiet your mind. Mother Ignatia also shares this fear. She tells me, indeed, that she has observed with pain a very marked change in your recent conduct. You are at times absent-minded, even in the midst of devotion. You have been heard to sigh frequently, and an appearance of despondency seems occasionally to take the place of that spiritual elation which formerly characterized your demeanor."

"Indeed, Father, I am not sensible of any such change," timidly answered Kate, as the priest paused.

"Search well your heart, my dear daughter," resumed Father Francis. "If you feel even the

faintest yearnings for earthly vanities, I charge you to cleanse your mind at once by a free and full confession."

Kate trembled at this injunction, delivered as it was in a tone of such solemn adjuration. She experienced a sudden sense of shame and guilt. The last few days had been days of sore trial. She felt hurt and grieved at the injustice which had been done to her by the superior and the sisters, and perhaps her thoughts for the first time had involuntarily strayed beyond the confines of convent walls, out into the bright, glad, fair world which she had left forever. She trembled guiltily as the consciousness of this flashed upon her; but she trembled more violently still as Father Francis's hand glided from her bowed head and rested lightly upon her shoulder. It was an accident, of course; a familiarity in which the good father unconsciously permitted himself to indulge, looking upon her undoubtedly as a mere child; but it nevertheless shocked and startled the young girl, whose delicacy was of an extremely sensitive nature. As before, she tried timidly to evade the obnoxious touch, but the priest's grasp only tightened upon her shrinking form, as he continued sternly:—

"I perceive my suspicions are well founded, daughter. You tremble; you do not answer;

your heart is not sufficiently submissive; your tongue rebels against the task of revealing the sinful thoughts that are even now agitating you. The world, the flesh, and the devil have not yet lost their alluring power over your wanton imagination. They must be exorcised, daughter, eliminated by the power of penance and prayer. Repeat to me the three evangelical counsels, the sacred vows which I have urged you to daily reflect upon."

The novice, agitated yet compelled to conceal her disquietude, answered in a low voice:—

"They are *absolute poverty, perpetual chastity, implicit obedience.*"

"And the most important of these is *obedience!*" said the priest in a tone of voice that sent a shiver through the young girl's frame. "Obedience is enjoined first of all; enjoined by the Church, by the saints, by the Holy Virgin. It is the very key of Heaven! Obedience to authority; obedience to your mother, the superior; obedience to your confessor, who above all holds your conscience in his keeping, and who alone may direct you in that path of duty which seemeth to him best for your temporal as well as your eternal welfare. All this you have been taught and fully comprehend; do you not, my child?"

Kate answered with a faint affirmative.

"Very well. And are you prepared now to bow your stubborn heart; to yield that implicit and utter subjection of reason, will, and conscience to the authority delegated to me as your spiritual guide?"

There was something in the priest's tone and manner so utterly at variance with the proper meaning of his words, such a seeming paltering in a double sense, that Kate's alarm increased almost to panic.

Father Francis continues to speak in the same strain, unheeding her signs of distress. His tone becomes more vehement; he bends his coarse, fat face, unctuous from good living and self-indulgence; bends it closer and closer to Kate's, until his hot, fetid breath almost sears her cheek.

And now his words take on another meaning; a meaning that even innocence itself cannot mistake. Kate is appalled, paralyzed with terror. Could she have heard aright? Were her senses leaving her? Was this a holy priest, a servant of the living God, who dared utter such terrible things in a young girl's ear? Suddenly she lifted her head and looked up into his face.

What she saw there sent the blood with a wild rush back to her heart. There was more of earth than of heaven in the expression which met her

gaze. Father Francis quickly perceived the mistake he had made. He sought to repair the blunder; but it was too late. He had betrayed himself to Kate's quickened perception. The cloven foot had been seen beneath the priestly robe!

Slowly the young girl arose from her knees. Every shade of color had fled from her cheek, leaving it blanched to an unearthly whiteness. In the spiritual light that seemed to illuminate her countenance, in the intense mournfulness that pervaded its expression, she looked like an accusing, yet pitying angel to the abashed priest. She commenced to speak. The words came low and faltering.

"Father Francis, you — you cannot surely mean what you would seem to insinuate! It is not for me, an humble girl, ignorant, yet seeking after the light, to advise or reprove a consecrated priest. But oh, Father, forgive me, I cannot remain silent. I must implore you to —"

"Hush, girl!" said Francis, breaking in with a hurried whisper, for at the moment there was a quick, imperious knock at the door. The priest gave Kate a warning sign, and then, in a loud voice, — raised for the benefit of the unseasonable applicant, — he pronounced the customary benediction: —

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

The door opened and Mother Ignatia walked majestically into the room. Kate passed her with the customary obeisance, turning her head to cast a look of pitying reproach at the priest as she left the apartment.

That look Father Francis never forgot and never forgave.

A few words in explanation of the scene were given to the superior by her confessor, which allayed any suspicion she may have entertained. He represented Kate in an exceedingly unfavorable light.

"Such contumacy requires rigorous discipline," said Mother Ignatia, after he had concluded his report.

"It should be commenced forthwith, holy mother," responded the priest, in a tone that was equivalent to a command.

It was an evil day for poor Kate Ransom when she made an enemy of Father Francis. He and the superior resolved that this stubborn spirit, now showing itself for the first time, must be crushed, nipped in the bud without delay.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KATE ACCUSES FATHER FRANCIS. — NO HOPE OF HER
ESCAPE. — ABANDONED TO HER FATE.

KATE's life at the convent from that day underwent a radical change. She was subjected to continual penances; only the coarsest food was allowed her, the hardest pallet to sleep upon, and she was beset on all sides by petty annoyances that would have provoked a saint to rebellion. The most degrading duties were required of her, — duties usually performed only by the lowest menials. But she never complained. Too well she had been taught the text of Father Francis's exhortation on obedience. To have murmured would have been to invite further persecution. She realized now how deeply she had suffered herself to be deluded. The beautiful fabric reared by fancy had been dissipated like a dream, and only a ghostly, hideous reality remained. She was not alone in her misery, however. Other victims of systematic craft and guile languished, sickened, and died before her eyes.

But desperate as her own life had become, it was far from being so hopeless as that of those

unfortunate ones who, having taken the final vows, had awakened when too late to the horrors of their fate, and only then perceived the woful extent of their sacrifice. For them there was no escape this side of the grave. For Kate Ransom, however, hope yet existed. Without it she must have sunk under her burdens. That one single gleam of hope sustained and cheered her amid every trial. Father Leonard — the one being on earth in whom she still retained confidence — had promised to visit the convent at stated intervals, to acquaint himself with the state of her progress toward the final goal to which, in his mistaken zeal, he had destined his beloved pupil. The period for his visit approached. It at length arrived, but Leonard came not. Weeks, months, rolled on, and still he came not. In her despair, Kate one day threw herself upon her knees to Father Francis, piteously begging him to have compassion on her wretchedness. Mother Ignatia was present at this scene.

"Oh, sir," Kate tearfully cried, "my punishment is more than I can bear! Behold these wasted limbs," — stretching out her arms and showing their shrunken proportions, — "this faded cheek! I am not yet twenty years of age, and yet fasting and penances have bowed my form as by the weight of age. Oh, release me, Father! Have pity on

me, reverend mother," — turning to the unmoved superior. "I find that, after all, I have no vocation for a religious life. I have taken no binding vows, — only the white veil. My dear parents would not force me to remain here against my present convictions, I am sure, disappointed though they may be."

"Your parents have assured me to the contrary, nevertheless," said Mother Ignatia, coldly.

"Your father has even called upon me," said Father Francis, "and reiterated his desire that *nothing* should be suffered to interfere with the original purpose for which you were confided to our reverend mother's charge."

"My father has been here and not permitted to see me?" cried the poor novice in despairing tones.

"He declined to see an undutiful daughter," said Mother Ignatia, with severity.

"Oh, my God! an undutiful daughter!" cried Kate, lifting her withered arms to heaven. "Oh! if he but knew what my sufferings have been! If he could only be convinced *why* I have been thus persecuted!" And she gave the priest a glance that spoke volumes, and which caused him to hurriedly avert his gaze.

"Your worthy father has been duly informed of your disobedience and rebellious spirit," said the pitiless superior, "and let me assure you, ungrate-

ful girl, that he fully approves of the rigor which has been pursued toward you."

"But my mother! — my dear mother!" exclaimed Kate, eagerly. "She —"

"It is your mother's dearest desire, her constant prayer, to have one daughter consecrated to the Church," interrupted the superior. "It would break her heart, bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, if you, their dearest, best beloved child, should prove recreant to their hopes and your own sacred pledge."

Overwhelmed with sorrow though she was, Kate's lip curled disdainfully at this hypocritical statement.

"Their dearest daughter!" she repeated, with an almost maniacal laugh. "'Tis false! They never loved me, or loved me least of all their children. Could a father, still less a mother, consign a *loved* daughter to such a living tomb as this convent, — this whited sepulchre, beautiful outwardly, but full of all uncleanness within? Nay, I *will* speak!" she cried with startling energy, as both the superior and the priest sprang to their feet in horrified amazement at such a bold denunciation on the part of this weak and frail girl, who, until now, had never uttered a word of protest against the long course of ill-treatment which she had received. "Though you visit upon me the utmost

resources of your cruelty, I *will* unburden my almost bursting heart! I shall die or go mad, as I have seen others do in this charnel-house, mis-called a house of God, if my lips remain longer sealed. Last night, poor Sister Agatha died, calling incessantly upon the name of her mother, who lives but a stone's throw from this place, and you, Father Francis, denied her dying prayer, — gave her a stone when she asked for bread. Why? Because, forsooth, you claimed it to be inimical to the interests of religion and the future well-being of that poor, dying nun to admit an unconsecrated person into her cell, though that person was the mother that bore her! Oh, inhuman priest! How shall you answer for that crime against nature, against religion, at the last great day! All the holy saints in the calendar will stand out against you, and deny you on account of that heartless act, or there is no justice in heaven."

"Heresy! Blasphemy! Sacrilege!" cried the astounded priest and the superior together.

"I stood in the corridor all night long and listened to poor Agatha's cries," pursued the young girl, with an impetuosity that would not be checked. "I knelt on the cold stones and besought all the heavenly host to soften your heart and grant the poor nun's dying wish; but all in vain. I heard her last petition, as, with her

surviving strength, she pushed aside the consecrated wafer you tried to force between her lips, and murmured, 'No, no! I want no priest, no priest; only my mother, my dear, dear mother!' and, with that wild scream of agony, the scales falling from her eyes in death, the voice of nature and of nature's God triumphing over the delusion of a lifetime, Sister Agatha breathed her last."

"And for refusing the last rites of the Church, her soul is now writhing in everlasting torment!" cried the enraged priest, every brutal instinct of his nature asserting itself at being thus bearded by this girl in her teens. "Down on your knees, foolish girl! Retract every word you have dared utter in this presence; swear by your soul's salvation never to lisp a syllable into another's ear of that you have so treacherously overheard and so shamelessly repeated, or I call down the irrevocable curse of the Church upon your sacrilegious head!"

And, foaming at the mouth, Father Francis rushed upon the dauntless girl, seized her by both shoulders, and forced her to the floor, Mother Ignatia looking on without a word of protest.

But even in that dreadful moment Kate Ransom did not lose her self-control. She managed to catch the eye of the infuriated priest, and, with a

warning look toward the superior, whispered the single word, "*Remember.*"

That word and glance produced an extraordinary effect; they brought Father Francis to his senses like magic. The scene in the confessional came back to his mind. Kate was in a mood to betray the true inwardness of that scene if he drove her to extremities. He looked apprehensively at Mother Ignatia, then at the warning countenance of Kate, and wisely concluded that just then discretion was the better part of valor.

"I had very nearly forgotten myself and your august presence, reverend madam," he said, apologetically, and with an assumption of much dignity. "As for you, wicked girl, a day of reckoning is not far distant," he added, in a tone meant for Kate's ear alone.

"Heaven grant that day may speedily come!" retorted Kate fervently: "it will be the day of my release from a thralldom more terrible than the fear of death; but," she continued, with the air of an inspired prophetess, "whether my life is spared or I succumb to the inhumanity practised in this place, such crimes in the name of religion as I have seen committed here must sooner or later be exposed to the world. Honest Catholics, cradled in the faith, purblind Protestants, forgetting the teachings of history, will long be

incredulous ; but the awakening will surely come. Justice may be delayed, but its hour is certain ; and woe, woe to that people and that church whose deeds shall have hastened the day of wrath ! ”

She ceased, and for some seconds the stillness of death reigned in the room. At last, Father Francis, after a moment's whispered conference with the superior, approached the young girl, and said in a constrained tone of voice : —

“The good Mother Ignatia is disposed to be much more lenient with you than you deserve, mad girl. She is willing to believe that over-taxed nerves and an abnormally excited imagination are responsible for your extraordinary conduct. On the promise of proper amendment, you will be reinstated in your former position here, with the express understanding, however, that you devote the remaining period of your novitiate to preparations for taking the veil, as originally intended by your family and yourself. Now go and prostrate yourself before the kind and forgiving Mother Superior and thank her for the indulgence which she shows you.”

And the priest waved his hands commandingly toward Mother Ignatia ; but Kate did not stir.

“Pray pardon me, your reverence,” she said, resolutely, yet with due respect. “But I do not

now feel confidence enough in my own judgment to decide unaided a question of such importance. If I may be allowed to take counsel —”

“You shall have time for due consideration, my daughter,” said the priest, assuming a more gracious manner.

“You do not understand me, your reverence,” returned Kate; and then, swiftly approaching Mother Ignatia, she flung herself upon her knees, and, raising her clasped hands, she cried in a supplicating tone: —

“Oh, dear madam, do not deny my humble petition! I beg, pray, that you will graciously allow me to see one who guided my footsteps from earliest youth, who has ever been the kindest of counsellors to me, the dearest of friends. He, if any one, can remove all my doubts and show me the true path of duty. I faithfully promise to abide by his decision, after I shall have revealed to him my perplexities. Oh, dear, dear madam, I beseech you to send for Father Leonard!”

Mother Ignatia turned a quick, almost frightened glance at her confessor, who, long ago prepared for the emergency, gave her a warning look in return, and hastily interposed.

“If it were only possible, my daughter, I am confident our good mother would gladly grant your request. But did you not know, have you

not heard that Father Leonard has long since given up his parish?"

"Father Leonard given up his parish!" slowly repeated the poor girl, completely overwhelmed.

"Yes. And has departed on a distant mission, from whence he will not return for years, if he *ever* returns," continued the priest.

It is needless to say that this statement was a pure invention.

"Then my last hope is gone," murmured Kate, despairingly. "Father, mother, sisters, friends, not one cares what becomes of me; I am abandoned by all."

Poor Kate! Poor, helpless victim of a creed that knows no mercy, stops at no artifice to enforce its iron rule. Henceforth hope died within Kate's breast. A cheerless, rayless, hopeless gloom settled upon heart and soul. She felt there was no escape from her fate. She was a slave, a captive under fetters more unyielding than were ever forged by the most despotic human ingenuity known in the whole dark history of 'man's inhumanity to man.'

CHAPTER XXX.

KATE RANSOM COUNTS THE COST. — SISTER MARIE FAINTS
AT THE BLACK VEIL. — A COMMOTION IN THE CON-
VENT.

REFORM is of slow growth, whether in institutions, in the policy of states, or in the human, individual heart. So it was with Michael Lawler. The good impulse had been born within him. His love for Kate Ransom had sprung suddenly into being. While under the influence of Kate's immediate presence that flame burned like a sacrificial fire, cleansing and purifying; but when she was taken from him he was daily and hourly beset by the old temptations, and more than once was in danger of relapsing into his former evil habits.

Still he struggled manfully. He earnestly wanted to make himself worthy of Kate's love. His determination to find her, and if possible procure an interview, never wavered. He felt confident that once in her presence he could plead his cause eloquently enough to convince her that he was honest in his intentions, and desired to make her his wife before the whole

world. Furthermore, he would show her that he was on the road to repentance for the past and amendment for the future.

"Yes, I'll search the world over but I'll find her," said he to himself after that dramatic interview with Father Leonard. "I've got such a bad name, no wonder Kate's friends are suspicious of me, and dare not trust her to my keeping. Trust a wolf to guard the lamb, they say, probably. So be it. I'll conquer their prejudices if I live. But first to find out where they have hidden my darling. Let me but see her once, or put a letter in her hand, and I'll overturn every scheme of priest or layman, or else there is no power in a true lover's tongue."

Arduous indeed was the task before him. There was absolutely no clew to work upon; but money will do almost anything in a corrupt and sordid world, and Michael Lawler was not sparing in its use. Skilful detectives, stimulated by enormous bribes, were literally scouring the country for a clew to Kate Ransom's hiding-place. For weeks the anxious lover lived a life of daily torture, now raised to the summit of hope, now plunged into the very pit of despair, as his spies made favorable or unfavorable reports.

At last came news that caused Michael Lawler's heart to bound with triumphant joy. He almost

hugged the detective who brought this delightful intelligence. Kate was found at last.

But the most difficult task remained. How to communicate with her was the question. How to penetrate those convent walls, — those walls which were guarded with all the jealous care of a sultan's seraglio.

But Michael's talisman was potent even here; the golden key will unlock even the gates of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, though those gates were guarded by a grim, half-idiotic old Cerberus whom no bribe had ever swayed or tempted before.

"At last, then, we are successful!" cried Michael to the detective who had negotiated this delicate piece of *finesse*. "Once more I shall see my little girl; and in twenty-four hours she will be out of the hands of these scheming priests, and safe, I trust, with one who will know how to protect her against their infernal machinations."

"You are going ahead too fast, Mr. Lawler," said the detective, smiling at his patron's almost boyish eagerness. "I can't as yet promise you so much as that, although in the end we may be able to bring about an interview. At present all I could arrange was to have a letter placed in the young lady's hands. It will remain then to get her to consent to meet you, and the rest will be easy."

Meanwhile let us see how it has fared with Kate Ransom of late. Since the cruel intelligence she had received that Father Leonard had gone away, her spirits had sunk to the lowest ebb. She performed the duties devolving upon her, but performed them mechanically. The same ceaseless monotonous round went on day by day, and day by day her once lovely form grew thinner and thinner, her health slowly ebbed away, and it needed but a glance to see that she was hovering on the borders of the grave.

About this time an unusual stir of preparation was seen about the Convent of the Bleeding Heart: an event of great interest and high solemnity is soon to take place therein. This is nothing less than the "consecration" of a young girl who, having completed her novitiate, is now to assume the black veil, and take her final leave of the world and all that it holds dear.

Kate and this girl have been drawn toward each other by a common sympathy. Both were beautiful, and both had been devoted by the fanatical zeal of their parents to the life of a *religiense*. But the rule of the convent prohibiting "particular friendships" among its inmates forbade these two young girls from communicating with each other except on religious topics; yet looks of sympathy and covert pressures of the hand now and then

were exchanged, despite the vigilance of spies and informers.

Human nature is the same under all circumstances. A state prison or a convent, despite rigid rules and severe discipline, develops resistance to excessive authority. Men or women, forbidden to talk or communicate with each other, will find some means of evasion. Thus restrained they will learn a new language, — a language without words.

At last the eventful day arrived. The chapel of the convent is filled with invited guests, friends and relatives of the young candidate, and patrons of the convent. The exercises are of that gorgeous and impressive character for which the Romish ceremonial is famous the world over. The minor details we pass over, and come to the final solemnities, the ritual of which is taken from the highest Róman Catholic authority, the "Pontificale Romanum."

The veil, the marriage ring, and the *torque* having been hallowed, the bishop bent over the kneeling girl and placed the veil over her head, saying, —

"*Accipe velamen sacrum,*" etc. "Receive thou the sacred veil, whereby thou mayest be known to have contemned the world, and, lowly and humbly, with the whole endeavor of thy heart, to

have subjected thyself as a wife to Jesus Christ forever."

Then, taking the ring in his right hand and the virgin's right hand in his left, he puts the ring on her finger and espouses her to Jesus Christ, saying, —

"I espouse thee to Jesus Christ, the Son of the Supreme Father, who will keep thee undefiled: therefore receive the ring of faith, the seal of the Holy Ghost, so that thou be called the spouse of God, and, if thou serve him faithfully, be crowned everlastingly. *In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*"

The kneeling nuns then sing, —

' *Ipsi sum desponsata cui angelo serviunt,*" etc. ("I am espoused to Him whom angels serve, and at whose beauty the sun and moon do marvel.")

The bishop then concludes the ceremonies with a benediction addressed to the newly consecrated nun, closing with an exhortation to the superior of the convent, a portion of which only, for the sake of propriety and decency, can be given: —

"Take care how thou keepest these virgins, who are consecrated to God, and that thou again present them to him *immaculate*, as thou shalt render an account for them before the tribunal of *their husband*, the Judge that is to come."

Father Francis, as the confessor of the Convent

of the Bleeding Heart, was given an important part in the proceedings. Sister Marie, the young candidate, looked inexpressibly lovely, but very sad, as it seemed to Kate Ransom, who watched the ceremonies with an eager interest, for before long she herself would undoubtedly be called upon to go through with the same. She felt that, like poor Sister Marie, she was as a lamb being led to the slaughter. All power of resistance was gone. Her will was broken, her spirit crushed. Despite her repugnance now to becoming a nun, nay, in spite of the utter loathing and horror which the very idea occasioned her, Kate could see no loophole of escape.

"Submit! Submit! Submit!" That was the watchword written all over this horrible den of human misery. It stared her in the face on all sides, — in her cell, from the altar, at the refectory, during her hours of manual drudgery, even in the brief half-hour of recreation which the convent rules alone permitted.

But when Father Francis, supplementing the bishop's benediction, approached the kneeling sister Marie, and said, "Sister, thou art dead to the world, dead to relations and friends, dead even to thyself; henceforth thou livest only to the Lord," — when these words fell upon her ear, coming from the lips of this hypocritical priest, whose vileness

she knew, if no one else did, a spirit of rebellion was suddenly aroused in Kate's bosom.

She vowed in her secret heart that she would never take the veil. She would deceive, cajole, pretend, as she herself had been deceived. Such was the lesson convent life had taught her, and she resolved in this moment of awakening to profit by that teaching; for never till now had she fully realized what that terrible act of renunciation meant. "*Dead to the world! Dead to thyself!*"

Oh, what a sense of overwhelming horror surged like an engulfing wave over her soul! What a hideous night of blackness seemed casting its dense shadow over her poor friend Marie's life! To be dead to the world, blotted from the great, joyous volume of existence. Oh, horror upon horrors! Where were heaven's thunderbolts, that such iniquity against humanity, against God's written law, should be committed with impunity? Committed in the face, too, of this large audience, and not one word of protest, nothing but a reverent hush, or, a still more reverent, though silent approbation.

But there came at this very moment, as if in answer to Kate's mental invocation, a startling interruption to the ceremonies.

The rich, solemn swell of the organ and the

voices of fifty nuns, all trained vocalists, were raised in a closing chant of praise, when Sister Marie was seen to totter and reel giddily. Father Francis was just in time to catch her in his arms as she fell forward, a mere lump of senseless clay.

A scene of confusion followed. The nuns, forgetting all discipline, pressed round the unfortunate girl, wailing and wringing their hands, while her immediate relatives present in the audience sprang to her side and increased the tumult by their cries and lamentations.

Meantime Father Francis and the mother superior had laid the inanimate form of Sister Marie upon the floor, and were chafing her limp, cold hands, in the vain attempt to restore animation.

"Sisters, friends, stand back, and give her air," said the priest, in a commanding tone; and as they obeyed, he said something in a low, frightened whisper to Mother Ignatia which caused her cheek to pale and her form to tremble as if stricken with an ague-fit.

A glance at the hueless face of Sister Marie had told the experienced priest what no one else for a moment dreamed. He and the superior alone knew what it had cost the young candidate to go through with the ceremony. The night before, at the last moment, nearly, she had utterly broken

down, and had supplicated them with tears and prayers not to compel her to perform the sacrifice.

"I will do any penance, Father Francis," she had pleaded, "will accept any punishment you may prescribe, though I am weak and almost dying from what I have already undergone. But oh, I implore you to delay my consecration! Do not let it take place to-morrow: I am not fit to undergo the ordeal. Spare me, Father! Spare me, dear Mother Ignatia. Give me more time to bring my rebellious heart under subjection: it would be wrong, nay, it would be sacrilege, for me to take my vows in my present mood. Oh, I am so sinful! I know I am proud, wilful, and obdurate."

Poor, deluded child! Her soul was as white, as pure and spotless as the driven snow; yet she was forced to believe that it was black as ink.

Alas! she had no will of her own left, no individuality of being. She was but a crushed worm under the wicked heel of cruel and tyrannical oppressors. And all this oppression, all this pageantry and show, all this glitter and tinsel of artificial worship, all this abject submission to the artful superior with hands crossed on the breast, eyes cast down upon the floor, like a State-prison convict, not allowed to look up, — this was to prepare her for the kingdom of heaven. Intellect, womanhood, and common-sense all crushed

out; as if God delights to make his children idiotic suppliants and subservient imbeciles before he can save them. Out upon such doctrines! Out upon such nonsense! It is a libel on the Deity. It might do for mediæval times, but not for this nineteenth century of enlightenment and progress.

"Oh, spare me a few days! Give me time," said the poor, crushed girl.

But her prayer was unavailing: it came too late. What! Postpone the grand ceremony which had been preparing for months, because this silly girl was suddenly afflicted with a conscientious scruple? Ridiculous! Preposterous! Other novices might follow her example: this ceremony must go on.

And so they had labored with her all that night, until at last exhausted, and perceiving the utter uselessness of contending further, poor Marie yielded. But in yielding she had said to the implacable Mother Ignatia and her satellite, Father Francis, "You have found me ever submissive until now. My highest aspiration has been to obey the voice of those whom God has appointed to be my spiritual guides. I do not murmur, since it is Heaven's will; but you see how feeble my strength is, Father. I can hardly stand erect, can barely walk without assistance. I feel my physi-

cal powers are failing me. That cause, no doubt, has weakened my power of will; but I will combat my weakness. I will pray to the Holy Virgin for strength to endure to the end. Something whispers to me that I shall not survive the ordeal, however; but that is in the hands of Heaven. Say farewell to me now, dear Mother Ignatia; and you, my spiritual father, give me your final blessing before we part to-night." And with the resigned air of one who was prepared to die, and welcomed death as a happy release, Sister Marie knelt before the priest with bowed head and arms meekly folded across her bosom, to receive the desired boon.

Even Father Francis's gross nature was affected at so much gentleness and saintlike humility. His voice faltered as he pronounced the blessing.

"You will feel better in the morning, my child," he said afterward, as he conducted the young candidate from the room. "You are nervous and excited, as the great event of your life approaches, and naturally are apprehensive about facing the large concourse of people who will be present to-morrow. That is usually the case with candidates for consecration. Dismiss your gloomy fears, dear sister. Call on the Virgin for aid. Remember above all things that the eyes of the Church as well as the eyes of its enemies will be upon you,

and let that thought sustain and uplift you." And to the very last poor Sister Marie remembered those words. The superiority of mind over matter, of spirit over the shrinking flesh, was never more forcibly exemplified. Her exertions for self-control were simply superhuman.

Father Francis watched her every moment. His eye never left her face. It was one of the most successful "consecrations" he had ever witnessed. He alone marked the ashy hue that suddenly crept into Sister Marie's face as he pronounced those fateful words, — "Henceforth thou livest only for the Lord," — and thus he was the first to spring to her assistance.

At a glance he understood what had occurred. Sister Marie's premonition had been literally fulfilled. Her overtaxed heart had given way under the terrible strain.

"This is *death!*" whispered Father Francis to Mother Ignatia; "but let it not be known at present." And then turning to some of the terrified nuns, he reassured them, and bade them convey Sister Marie to the superior's private apartment.

The congregation slowly dispersed; but it was not generally known until the next day that Sister Marie, who had fainted just after taking the black veil, had subsequently died. She had been long

afflicted with heart disease, it was stated; but, though the danger of undergoing any unusual excitement had been pointed out to her, she had persistently prayed that she might be allowed to fulfil the purpose of her life.

Such was the explanation furnished to the outside world. The most insignificant inmate of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, however, was acquainted with the real facts.

Upon Kate Ransom the terrible event produced the deepest affliction. Sister Marie had been everything to her, the only being to whom her heart warmed, the only one she loved, the only confiding soul she could call friend in that convent. "And now she is dead," thought Kate in her desolate cell. "Dead at her bridal; dead in her nuptial robes; dead just as she had been made the bride of heaven's Sovereign, with the wedding ring, emblem of eternity, encircling her cold finger.

"No, rather the bride of Death. Victim of a soul-crushing, heart-breaking delusion, driven to death by systematic persecution.

"Oh, mockery of religion! Oh, wanton trifling with heaven's familiar laws! Oh, the curse, the stigma, the undying shame of doctrines that lead to such results as this!"

Kate Ransom, in her agony of desolation and

despair, walking her cell, almost unconsciously uttered these distracted thoughts aloud.

In a convent there are ears which are never closed, eyes that are forever on the watch. Such eyes are now upon Kate, and such ears have overheard her wild utterances.

The door of the cell is noiselessly opened. Kate, all unconscious of another presence, continues to cry her thoughts aloud.

"O Marie, Marie! My friend, my sister! Whitest of souls, purest and tenderest of women! Earth was indeed not worthy of you, but heaven surely would have spared you to be a blessing and a comfort to me and to others, but for the wicked and unholy zealots who drove you to your doom." Kate's usually gentle and melancholy countenance was now blazing with a righteous wrath; her hand was upraised, as if about to smite a cruel oppressor, as Jael smote Sisera, or as the Maid of Orleans, with menacing sword, waved on her legions to the assault of her country's enemies.

Casting her eyes toward the door the young novice suddenly perceived Mother Ignatia and Father Francis standing upon the threshold. Their countenances, severe and malign, might have intimidated another; but Kate was now in a dauntless mood. She flew towards them like an avenging spirit, with that arm still held aloft,

and, with flashing eyes, she cried, "Yes, I repeat it to your faces, wicked and unholy zealots, I charge you with that young girl's death. *Murder* would not be too harsh a name for your inhuman persecutions, your cruel and unceasing acts toward that helpless innocent, that dying saint. Oh, that I could bring you both before a court of law! Hanging is too light a penalty for such atrocities as are daily committed by you in this place of horrors. Think of those whom you have deluded; think of their sufferings. These cloisters echo with groans at this moment. Souls are in greater torment within these stone walls than could ever be felt in the purgatory or the hell of the Catholic Church. What greater agonies, what more horrible tortures, can the soul endure after death than such as are hourly suffering in this house of secrets, this prison pen of innocent hearts? Oh, shame, shame on such monsters, assuming to guide immortal souls to heaven, and with hearts filled with venom and guile! I see what you would do with me, if you dared give way to your desires; you would strike me dead where I stand. But God is over all. He will protect me even in this place. I feel an abiding faith in his mercy, and I warn you that the cries of your victims have gone up to heaven, and will yet bring down upon you that

vengeance which is promised against the oppressors of the helpless and the unprotected."

The superior and the confessor seemed to shrink and cringe before this blast of righteous indignation. Never had such a torrent of invectives been poured upon their heads before. Verily, the vials of wrath were opened upon them, and by a young girl whom they could crush with impunity. They could not speak for very shame; and so, creeping backward, step by step, until they stood in the corridor, Father Francis suddenly closed the door and bolted it.

Kate was now a prisoner at the mercy of her ruthless captors. She would have to pay dearly yet for that fiery outburst, for the natures she had defied knew neither forgiveness, pity, nor charity.

For several days she was kept a close prisoner in her cell, her scanty meals of bread and water handed to her through a wicket by Sister Bridget, an old lay sister who had passed the most of her days as a servant in the convent.

Kate had done various little acts of kindness in times gone by to Sister Bridget, and now one day the seed sown brought forth unexpected fruit. On this day, in passing in her loaf of stale bread, Kate saw with surprise that Sister Bridget pointed significantly to it and winked in a highly mysterious manner. On taking the loaf, she found that

a piece had been taken out and dexterously fitted in again, and that in the depository thus made a folded piece of paper was concealed.

With wonder and surprise she drew forth this missive, and found it to be a closely written letter. But her heart gave a great bound, and then almost stood still, as she saw the name appended to the sheet.

It was that of her lover, the man she had never ceased to love, — Michael Lawler.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MIKE'S LETTER TO KATE. — STOLEN INTERVIEW.

FOR a moment Kate could not summon courage to read her lover's letter. A sudden thrill of hope shot through her heart. She was not utterly deserted, then, after all. But ah! what had Father Leonard said to her about Michael Lawler? Had she not promised the priest to hold no further communication with Michael? But matters were sadly changed since that promise was made. Leonard had been deceived about the convent: it was not what he had represented; he had deceived her in not visiting her, as he promised to do; why may he not have been deceived or prejudiced concerning her lover?

With this thought working in her mind, she commenced to read the letter. Her face brightened as she read on. It was a long letter, filled with the most ardent protestations.

Ah! Michael's tongue was a most eloquent one, as Kate well knew; but his letter was even more eloquent than his tongue. He told her of his anguish when informed by Father Leonard that she had gone to a convent; of the priest's and her

relatives' refusal to tell him where she was; of his prolonged search for her, and the ecstatic joy he felt upon at last discovering her hiding-place. Then he confessed with humility and shame how wicked and evil his life had been until he first saw and learned to love her.

"Your purity, your gentleness and goodness," the letter went on to say, "gave me another opinion of womankind than that I had held all my life. I never believed in angels till I knew you, dearest Kate. You first showed me the vileness of my life, and I saw with horror how shameless that life had been. For your sake, I am a different man to-day, and a better one. My love for you has redeemed me. I am not yet a saint indeed, but you have it in your power, and you alone, to keep me from relapsing into my old wickedness. Oh, listen to my prayer, my darling! Do not take from me the very sunlight of existence. You are mistaken — I know you must be by this time — in believing that God has ordained you for a religious life. All religion, all goodness, is not shut up in a convent. The world needs such as you. God needs you to do a higher, nobler work than to mumble over set prayers, count beads, and pass half your days in mere passive idol-worship before a marble virgin or the wooden effigy of a saint. That is *not* religion, my dear-

est Kate ; it is in very truth idolatry, and idolatry alone, — what the poet calls ‘making the service greater than the god.’ Listen, then, to my prayer, dearest. Do not condemn yourself, do not condemn me, to the agony of an eternal separation. Trust in me, believe in my truth and honor, and give me one spark of hope that you have not forgotten and abandoned me to utter wreck and ruin.”

It will be seen by this letter that Michael Lawler was not a very devout Catholic. If a Catholic at all, he must have belonged to the liberal school.

Such words and expressions would have shocked Kate Ransom a few months ago. Now, however, she dimly felt their truth. Doubt and distrust of her religion, to a certain extent, had been sown in her mind by her experience at the Convent of the Bleeding Heart.

But how could she answer this impassioned appeal? What answer did her own heart dictate? If Kate Ransom had been silly, vain, and thoughtless, instead of being a modest, high-minded, and conscientious girl, she would not have hesitated a single moment as to her course. She would have thrown herself at once into Mike Lawler's arms, rushed, with his help, from that convent, and, perhaps, yielded to love everything which he might have solicited.

Conscience and her high sense of duty made the decision a difficult one. At last, after a long and bitter struggle, Kate concluded to write Michael a brief note, telling him nothing about her sufferings, but forbidding him to entertain any further hope.

The missive was cold, formal, even harsh, as Kate herself felt after she had given it to Sister Bridget. Her heart smote her at her own unkindness. What would he say, how feel, when he should read those cruel lines? Oh, if she could only recall them! But that was now too late. Sister Bridget had hastened away, and she would not see her again until the morrow.

That night was a night of bitter agony to poor Kate. She was still a prisoner, not allowed to cross the threshold of her cell, and was daily visited with some new token of her jailers' displeasure. Oh, why had she responded so distantly to her lover's tender appeal! One word of encouragement from her, and he would have contrived in some way to free her from captivity. She knew his resolute nature, and knew, moreover, that love would have nerved his arm to fight his way to her, if she said the word, even through the fortress-like walls of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart.

She tried to repeat her prayers and count her beads, but it seemed all a hollow mockery now;

and then the handsome, earnest face of Michael Lawler, beseeching her to save him by her love, would obtrude upon her mind, forbidding the concentration of thought necessary for heartfelt prayer. Like Eloisa of old, she might have said of *her* Abelard, —

“Thy image steals between my God and me.”

When Kate's answer was handed to Michael Lawler, he literally trembled with delight.

“So my ‘underground railroad’ works to a charm,” said he to himself. “Now if it will only carry me as successfully into the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, I will have Kate out of that place in a jiffy.”

But as he perused the brief missive, his face fell. Never was lover more grievously disappointed. Kate's words seemed the death-knell of his hopes. How could he give her up? He might as well part with life itself. No, he would not yield at the first rebuff. He would make one more effort to win her.

Again Sister Bridget attracted Kate Ransom's attention one morning by a series of facial contortions and significant winks, as she passed in her daily loaf of bread through the wicket.

As before, Kate found a note from her persistent lover concealed inside the loaf. It was a sor-

rowful, heartbreaking note, in which the writer seemingly bowed to Kate's decision, but begged in the most piteous manner for a parting interview. He must see her once more, he said, before saying farewell forever. There could be no harm and nothing very wrong in granting his prayer, since she was under no vow as yet. The note concluded by detailing how the interview could be arranged, together with the time and place, if she would only consent to meet him.

"Oh! what can he be thinking of?" said Kate to herself, half afraid, yet half inclined to accede to her lover's request. "How *can* I grant him this interview? It would be wrong, very wrong, I fear. And then, if we should be discovered, what would they not do to me? But oh, to see him once more! To say farewell for the last time. O Michael! Michael! my heart pleads for you against my reason and against my conscience. Oh! I am but a poor, weak, and very miserable girl. Forgive me, Holy Virgin, if I am doing wrong. Forgive a poor girl, bereft of every true friend and counsellor, left to battle alone with the dictates of a too fond and erring heart. Forgive me, I beseech thee, if, in seeing once more the man I love, I sin against thee!"

The risk of discovery, the danger attending such a daring plan as Michael Lawler proposed, might well cause much hesitation on Kate's part.

But love pleaded very hard in the young girl's heart. She yearned so to see his dear face once more, to hear the tones of his voice, to feel the clasp of his hand. It would be for the last time in life, she told herself again and again; so in the end nature triumphed, and Michael Lawler's heart was made glad by receiving a favorable answer to his petition.

Michael's plan was as follows:—

At midnight, when every soul within the convent would probably be asleep, Kate was to be liberated by her custodian, the lay sister, Bridget, and, with the cowl of the nun's costume furnished by the latter concealing her head and face, would proceed to the convent chapel.

Here, where tapers were always kept burning before the Virgin's shrine for those nuns who might have midnight penances or voluntary devotions to pay, Kate would kneel for a moment before the altar, to make sure that no one was watching. If the coast was clear, she would then make her way to the convent grounds where, in a secluded place among the trees, Michael would await her coming.

It was indeed a daring adventure, and, considering the strictness of convent rules, the constant watch maintained, and the seemingly insurmountable obstacles of innumerable locked and bolted doors, seemed wholly impracticable.

But it is an old adage that "love laughs at locksmiths," defies bolts and bars; and this was verified in the present case.

Michael Lawler's love had made all things smooth and easy for Kate's progress. She reached the convent grounds without the least obstruction. As she passed out of the last door and stepped upon the soft sward, the sudden sense of freedom was almost overpowering.

"Cribbed, cabined, and confined," as she had been for many weeks, the fresh night air seemed like medicine to her sick soul. The scent of the grass, the trees, and the fragrance of many flowers were as delicious to her senses as the honey of Hybla. The muffled sounds of night fell like broken chords of sweet melody on her ear. And over all was the deep blue of a moonless but starlit sky, while the grounds stretched away on either side, misty and vague with shadow.

Cautiously crossing the garden, keeping as much as possible in the shade of the foliage, Kate at length reached a rustic arbor embowered amidst trees. This was the spot selected for the meeting. As she approached, the figure of a man advanced toward her with eager haste and with outstretched arms.

Her heart told her who this person was before she could distinguish his form or face.

"At last, my darling!" cried Michael, as, taking her hand, he drew her into the arbor. "I have been torturing myself for an hour past with the fear that you would not come. O Kate! Kate! can it be possible that I behold your dear face once more?"

His voice trembled with emotion. Kate could not reply at once. At last she said, faintly, —

"Michael, I know I have done wrong in granting this interview. It was unwise in you to seek it, unwise in me to yield to your solicitations. Please hasten with what you have to say, and let me return: discovery would be perilous to you, and perilous in the extreme to me."

"Perilous!" exclaimed Michael. "So far as I am concerned, give yourself no uneasiness, dearest. But what could they do to *you*, I should like to know? I have a poor enough opinion of convents, Kate, but I always doubted the sensational stories told of the severities practised in them. As a good Catholic," — he laughed a little sardonically, — "I am bound to disbelieve such tales, and to deny them *in toto*."

"I have not met you to discuss questions of conventual discipline, Michael," answered Kate, evasively; but her tone was so strange and constrained that her lover drew closer and peered anxiously into her face.

He saw there enough to startle and alarm him.

Was this the lovely cheek, glowing with health and happiness, the clear, bright eye, the charmingly rounded form of the Kate Ransom he had loved, who had been ruthlessly snatched away from him so many months ago, and just as he was about to claim her for his own?

He sprang to his feet, horrified and indignant, as he saw the hollow and faded visage, the shrunken arms and hands, the general air of intense grief and despondency which seemed to enshroud the young girl as with a visible pall.

"Father in heaven! What does this mean?" he cried. "My poor, poor darling, what have they done to you? Have they dared to ill-treat you in this shameful way? Leave this place! Fly with me at once! I have everything prepared for flight. Say that you will go with me, dearest Kate."

And he sought to draw her close to him while speaking in an earnest and entreating tone. Kate gently but firmly extricated herself from his clasp, and said, —

"This must not be, Michael. I came here against my own judgment, to gratify your wish. I was over-persuaded by a weak and wicked desire to see you once again, — to see you for the last time, Michael, before we part forever."

"Forever!" echoed the young man, perfectly

thunder-struck. "You do not mean it, Kate. You cannot be so cruel. Are you indeed so infatuated that you have decided to give up life, liberty, happiness for this shining but deceitful *ignis fatuus* of convent life?"

"I shall follow whithersoever duty and conscience point the way," said Kate, sadly, but with firmness.

"And you refuse to leave the convent?"

Kate bowed her head, but could not trust her voice to speak.

Michael looked at her as though he could hardly credit his senses.

"You do not love me, then, after all," he said, bitterly. "O Kate, I could not believe *you* would stoop to deception; but me you have cruelly, cruelly deceived. Why, why, may I ask," he continued, in a tone of agonized entreaty, "why did you consent to see me? Why not have told me at once that you had ceased to love me?"

Kate's heart was torn by contending emotions. It all but killed her to hear the man she loved cast these doubts upon her truth and fidelity. Oh, how she longed to throw herself upon his breast, confess how dear he was to her, and bid him take her now and forever for his own!

But over inclination and affection, over every purely natural instinct and feeling, brooded the

dark shadow of a religious superstition, a superstition which taught self-immolation and the very grinding of the soul itself under its Juggernaut wheels, as the first and last duty of its disciples.

The fear and dread of a broken oath — the oath given to Father Leonard, the preliminary vow taken when going through the ceremony of the white veil — came now with all its blighting effect upon the young girl's mind.

"You do not answer me," said Michael, after waiting vainly for her to speak. "Ah! I see what a dupe I have been. I came here with hope. Alas! I must depart in despair."

Kate involuntarily held out her hand as if to stay him for he had turned as if to leave her.

"Do you bid me remain, dearest Kate?" he cried, eagerly, flying back to her side.

"No, no, Michael," she answered, flurriedly, hardly knowing in her distress what she said or did. "Oh, you *must* leave me at once! If you have one spark of love for me, depart, and leave me to my fate. This — this is killing me. My strength is going: I—I cannot endure it any longer."

"You bid me leave you, then?" said Michael, in a low, agonized tone.

"Yes — yes," gasped Kate.

"But you will see me again," pleaded the

young man. "You have not had sufficient time to come to a decision. Tell me, O my dearest one, that you will see me once more."

But Kate, summoning all her courage, shook her head firmly.

"No," she said, "my decision is already formed. I must obey a higher voice than any of earth. Do not seek to move me under any pretext. A barrier as impassable as the grave separates us henceforth. Michael, we part on this spot never to meet again on earth."

She held out her hand to him; but, though he clasped it, he would not at once yield to her decision. In tones of the deepest agony he implored and besought her to listen further to him, in the hope of changing her mind; but Kate had worked herself up to the highest pitch of resolution, and his efforts were fruitless.

Convinced at last of this fact, Michael turned sorrowfully away. He was crushed, broken-hearted. Henceforth for him life would hold out no further joy or hope; but he little dreamed what a blank, deathlike gloom settled upon the heart of poor Kate as she watched his departing form till it mingled with and became lost amid the shadows of the night.

When at last she could see him no longer, she turned, more dead than alive, and retraced her steps to her desolate cell.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MARY MULLIGAN INSULTED IN THE STREET. — “GENTLEMAN MIKE” TO THE RESCUE. — GRADUATE OF THE CRIB CLUB SEVERELY PUNISHED. — KATE RANSOM, THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

KATE RANSOM goes reluctantly to her cell, for it is a lonely cell, and she is disconsolate. She obeys the Church's decree, but disobeys God's decree, that “it is not good for man to be alone,” man needs a helpmeet, so does woman. When two young hearts meet whose impulses are as one, they should be married.

She had overheard the good Father Leonard decry against the celibacy of the clergy, why not of nuns? But she yields; and bolts, and bars, and convent walls once more shut her in from the outside world. Not so her mind. She reverts to Mike Lawler. What had she not lost by refusing his heart and his hand? Why not the twain become one flesh?

True, he might relapse into his former evil habits, might prove treacherous and unkind even if she married him. Then what hope for her on earth? Her family would discard her for break-

ing her vow, the Church pronounce its anathemas, society disown her, and possibly she might sink as low as Mary Mulligan did under the delusion of a mock marriage, with her illegitimate offspring.

But there is no triumph without a struggle, no prize without a corresponding risk. Marriage is the lottery of life. If she succeeded in reclaiming Mike Lawler, in making him an honest, upright, happy, Christian man, she saves a lost soul and blesses this wicked world by the example of his reclamation and redemption.

What could be more God-like, Christ-like, angel-like, saint-like than giving one's self as a ransom for the lost! Her name was "Ransom," she might sacrifice that name on the altar of man's redemption, and not only win a soul from death, but win for herself a crown of immortal glory. Tremendous the risk! Terrible the leap! Still the prize might be worth the venture.

Such were the musings and reveries of Kate Ransom in her cloister cell. Walls and bars did not hold her imagination, her will, her mind; for her thoughts were still free. Love was her ruling passion, sacrifice her ideal of woman's duty. One touch of the hand, one gentle kiss, one sweet look from the man she loved, had aroused all the flames of her early affection. Bead-counting and scapulars were now at a discount.

Meanwhile Michael Lawler had left the convent grounds with sorrowful countenance and "bleeding heart." All his hopes and feelings, all his aspirations for a better, higher, more spiritual life, all his anticipations of connubial bliss, all his society prospects, all the buds of hope and promise of a sacred, joyous home, wife, children, pleasure, — all were crushed at a single blow. Kate Ransom had refused him at last.

That beautiful girl, a bird of fair plumage, happy song, lively, dancing step, gentle, angel-like, protecting wing, and sweetest melody, had refused at last to take flight from her prison-cage for the free air of heaven, and for the companionship of one that loved her, — loved her both wisely and well; yea, loved her better than his own soul, for his unhappy life was now but a blackening shadow and a dreary blank.

All his future happiness and success in life he had staked on that fatal interview, and he had lost, sadly lost, as in a pitched battle or a game of chance. All he could now repeat was Father Leonard's sarcastic, piercing, rueful ominous word, "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" echoed in every midnight sound. The night winds whispered it; the wheels of his carriage spoke it; his horses breathed it; and through the thicket towards his home the startled

birds, driven from their resting-place, seemed to shriek a bitter and long "Farewell." And the croaking of the turtles and the frogs in the swamps and ponds, usually so full of joy and cheer at spring-tide bloom, now gave but sad echoes of his own despair. The twinkling stars whispered "Farewell"; and the red tinge of daylight lining the eastern sky foreboded nothing but evil; and the glorious King of Day, soon to baptize this beautiful world with "azure, green, and gold," was to him but a mockery of hope, a delusion, and a dread. His lacerated soul best accorded with the shades of Erebus, the gloom of night, and of death. "Oh! I shall never see her more!" was his piteous cry.

This feeling of despair continued for several days, when, one night, returning from his father's liquor store at the North End, he saw, as he thought, an opportunity to do a heroic deed, and drown his sorrows. Mary Mulligan was being insulted in the street. A gang of roughs were hooting at her, taunting her on account of her peculiar condition, calling for the needs of a lying-in hospital, when Mike Lawler, burning with his Catholic education and experience at the pugilistic Crib Club, fired with a zeal to exhibit his manly art of head-bruising and nose-smashing, drew off and struck one of the crowd.

Alas! for Gentleman Mike! The manly art was but a curse and a snare. The temptation nearly cost him his life. For one blow given, he received a dozen, was knocked senseless to the earth, when the roughs fled and escaped. Mary Mulligan was taken to the House of the Magdalenes, and Mike Lawler, wounded and bleeding, to his home. Fever set in; he lay day after day rolling and moaning upon his restless couch, crying in his fits of delirium, "No! no! I shall never, never see my darling girl, Kate Ransom, again!"

Again he said, "Ah! yes," with a sigh, "the church needs her, heaven needs her, she will make one more saint on earth, one more in heaven, but — but ah! me! what becomes of poor, poor Mike Lawler?" And the big tears fell like rain from eyes scarcely known to weep.

"Has she come? Did I see her? No! no! It was but a dream," he cried, as he awoke from a fitful doze. "Only a dream, nothing more, yet such a dream! Ah! the sweet dream of her I love is the nearest to heaven of all things on earth to me. O Kate! Kate! my absent Kate! if you but knew what a benefactor, a savior you might be to your poor, wounded suitor, what hope your presence would inspire, — but ah! that can never be, no never! never! Why do I speak? She is

gone, lost, forever lost." And his agony and despair were beyond control.

Physicians feel his pulse, nurses bring medicinal cordials to his parched lips, fan his aching brow, and lave his fevered brain. His wounds and bruises are painful, — almost unbearable, — but his mental agony, his grief and despair, are tenfold more unendurable.

Word by underground railroad has once more been sent to Kate Ransom in the Convent of the Bleeding Heart. A carriage and change of dress, with money for bribes, have been placed in readiness. Will she accept? His distress, anguish, and despair are graphically portrayed. Will she yield? Will she fly to his side? Will she marry him on his sick-bed before he dies?

Kate Ransom received the secret missive in a tumult of conflicting emotions. Whether to remain confined here, useless to the world, a slave of superstitious worship, and a slave of her oppressors, or to leap to the bedside of the dying, assume the heroic, and be the means of saving a lost soul, — that was the question.

Now, Mike Lawler is sinking rapidly; friends are refused admission; a single nurse watches by his side. Now and then in a fitful rally from the opiates his eyes open, they glare as if watching some fanciful object above his couch, his lips

move, he clinches his hands, clasps them to his breast as if in embrace of his idol, then stops, pauses, and cries in utter despair, "Oh, no! it is not my love, it cannot be, for she would speak to me in this my utter distress and anguish." And again he falls off in a doze.

Again he dreams, and his visions go back to the church of his boyhood, when imaginations were strong, and impressions were lasting. He dreams of the holy sisters who minister to the afflicted. With cross in hand, in dark habits and white cowls they minister from bed to bed to the sick in hospitals, to the friendless, the wayward, the dying, and the lost.

"Oh, I am lost! lost!" he cries, "yet I have no Sister of Mercy! No hope, no heaven!" And again he sank back in despair.

At this moment a sister in the garb of a convent novitiate entered his bedchamber, and bending over him as an angel of mercy over the dying, she gently whispered in his ear, "Michael! Michael!"

But the poor wounded, half-unconscious man could only respond, "No! no! that is not for me, no one calls me anything but 'Mike Lawler.'" And he turned his woe-begone face to the wall in despair.

"Michael! Michael!" again whispered a sweet female form with white hood upon the head, bend-

ing over him. She was indeed an Angel of Mercy coming by the appointment of heaven to minister words of consolation and hope to a lost soul.

"Michael! Michael! I have come, I have left all, forsaken everything for you. Speak! do you know me?" And she pressed his forehead and printed a familiar kiss upon his cheek. Ah! that kiss would awaken response from any other soul; but Mike Lawler was too ill to respond. "My dear, dear Michael! may God bless you, and forgive you, don't you recognize me? Me, your own dear Kate Ransom!"

Mike Lawler, in semi-consciousness, slowly opened his dim eyes to the vision before him, scarcely knowing whether he was in the body or out, whether on earth or in heaven.

"Speak, Michael! Don't you know me?"

Mike gazed, half hopeful, half in doubt, in suspense, and surprise upon the sweet, smiling, tearful face of Kate Ransom, the hooded novitiate, whose two eyes were looking into his. At last roused to the ecstasy of the situation, with the name of "Kate Ransom" ringing in his ear, he cried aloud, "O Katie! my darling! my angel! is it you, dear? Have you come? How did you escape? I dreamed of you, my darling. I dreamed we had met in heaven. Oh! how can I thank you for making this great sacrifice for poor un-

worthy me?" And he strove to embrace her as in times past, in the ecstasy of his delight, but his strength failed him.

"Your face is as the Sun of Righteousness to me," he continued; "your eyes as the light of a bright, spring morning." And he crossed himself and gave God thanks, for seeing once more the object of his love.

The diseased mind of Mike Lawler was at once and forever cured. From that moment he was lifted into a higher, nobler manhood. A higher state of life, new spiritual enjoyments, and a new kingdom dawned within him. A humanizing, Christianizing, ennobling influence, the influence of a pure and holy woman, carried him into the beatitudes.

An Episcopal minister was called to his bedside to perform the marriage rite. He said, "Wilt thou, Michael Lawler, have this woman, Catharine Ransom, for thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, as long as ye both shall live?"

Poor Mike Lawler, bowing his head, assented, and, grasping the hand of Kate Ransom with all the vigor his feeble health could command, re-

sponded, "I will." And Kate Ransom said, "I will." And Michael Lawler, placing a ring upon the fourth finger of the left hand of his bride, repeating from the minister, said: "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Father Leonard was soon upon the scene. He had heard of Mike's fight and wounds by Billy the Kid and Pat Mooney, and of Father Keenan's efforts as a peacemaker, but was not a little astonished to find that the beautiful singing bird he had caged had now not only taken flight, but had happily and anti-Catholically mated.

His anger was kindled to the highest pitch. "Priest first, priest last, priest everywhere, always, and forever," was his doctrine. Patriotism, humanity, religion, and self-consciousness must be sunk and lost in the person of the priest. Catholic malignity to the American idea, war of the oligarchy upon liberty of conscience, civil marriage, and divorce, free thought, free press, and free schools, now become apparent.

Father Leonard is the head centre of the parish-school system, a system which is soon to shake the American fabric, and test republican institutions. Let us wait, "we shall see what we shall see."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOUSE OF THE MAGDALENES. — MARY MULLIGAN REBEL-
LIOUS. — EXPOSES FATHER KEENAN.

ON a bend in the road of one of our most noted thoroughfares, almost concealed amidst trees, shrubbery, and high walls, is a small cottage; no sign of human being, no cross over the door, one might suppose it the modest home of some secluded horticulturist studying his flowers, trees, and plants; and while there is everything in the exterior to remind one of Arcadian simplicity, the unfortunate inmate crossing its portals might say with Dante "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Yet this humble wooden cottage is like the vestibule to a great cemetery, with wicket gates and bars opening to wide acres and hundreds of sorrowing souls. Here is the institution called "House of the Magdalenes." Its chief founder and confessor was none other than Father Titus, hero of "Boston Inside Out." His picture is kept with great reverence and still adorns the wall. He was confessor not only to the inmates, but to the lady superior herself, of whom there was some scandal, but probably unfounded. These superiors have generally been young and handsome; Titus always chose that class.

He saw the need of a refuge for priestly victims and others of high families where concealment was necessary; besides, it would be a paying investment. Acres and acres, with gardens and pasture lands, right in the heart of a large city, increasing in value yearly, yet paying no taxes, was an item. As most of the inmates pay board, parents give donations, and \$10,000 a year are won by lotteries, concerts, and balls, tickets largely purchased by Protestants, besides gifts from the State, the thing pays.

But better than its financial policy is the advantage of this refuge as a preventative of church scandal. Here victims can be hid unseen, names and identity lost, no inquiry permitted. Here punishments may be inflicted and nobody be the wiser. Premature mothers may die and be buried, and relatives kept in ignorance. Children be conceived, born, and die, and the world and the mortuary records at City Hall have no knowledge of their deaths.

When fair maidens at the confessional become infatuated with handsome priests, believing them perfect as the angels, God's vicegerents, able to bind or to loose, incapable of sin, then their individuality is lost; their will, conscience, and reason are absorbed in the priest.

The whole heart, what there is left of it, is open

to his gaze ; not a secret kept back ; not a desire ; not a sensual longing ; not a lust of the eye or of the flesh ; now a resistance ; now a yielding ; now a craving of nature, and then for priestly advice. As a pocket-handkerchief, her heart is unfolded and laid open in his hand ; he can hold it, keep it, or turn it into a hundred shapes, and give it to whom he will. To a priest of common passions the confessional is a temptation the most insidious on earth.

Mormonism, free-lovism, do not compare with it. They are open and above-board. Their hideousness is seen at a glance. But here, through the power of the confessional, in the name of absolution, penance, and plenary indulgence, a virus is planted that poisons all the social fabric ; hence Catholic countries are the most licentious, and for producing harlots, American Catholic cities take the palm.

Hence the need of Magdalene homes as well as of State institutions. Were there not hiding-places in all large cities for both priest and victim, and for the victims places held by gates and bars, guarded by sentinels, whose sealed lips, by oath of priest, divulge not, even to law or justice ; places of gloom and horror shrouded from every human eye ; places from whose dark cells not a whispering murmur dare penetrate through

cloistered walls and reach the street, under pain of excommunication and eternal death; if, in short, the crimes of the Roman Catholic priesthood, both political and sexual, were laid bare, then the church could not hold up its head for a single day. Public indignation would be aroused to as high a pitch as that which forever swept from the face of earth the Ursuline Convent on Mount Benedict.

Nothing but sworn secrecy, Jesuitical oaths, monopoly of secret societies in the church, bitter war against all other secret orders, war against free schools, absolute priestly tyrannical rule, can hold the church to-day against the public demand for reform. Let genuine democracy prevail in the church a single year, intelligence, wealth, self-respect, public spirit, and assurance would go up a hundred per cent, while crime, pauperism, intemperance, tramps, beggars, street beggary, both from big sisters and "little sisters," taxes, and liquor shops would decrease in like ratio. Public opinion would demand industry, Quaker thrift, law, and order.

No wonder, then, that Father Titus is held in reverence by those who look not at his crimes, not at his amours, but at his deeds for the glory of the church. "Priests are privileged," they say. What though he spent a few hundred thousand dollars of the people's money in riotous living, yet he built

more churches, established more institutions, gave more to charity, than any other priest, or perhaps any dozen priests, of the archdiocese. His redeeming qualities made him the more dangerous to the American idea.

Let us enter the House of the Magdalenes. In one of the underground cells we shall find poor Mary Mulligan. Here she has been placed on account of rebellious behavior, and for refusing to make confession to the chaplain. She has been subjected to many indignities, and for food is only allowed bread and water, to make her submit. But a long course of deprivation has hardened the girl to resist even famine, and as yet she has no thought of submission.

"Who sent me here? I did n't ask to come!" said Mary Mulligan to the nun in attendance.

"You were found on the street in a swoon. As it was said you were a Catholic, you were conveyed to this house of refuge for the fallen and unfortunate."

"Well, I've been unfortunate enough, if that is all. Placed here against my will, treated like a dog, and given nothing to eat or drink but bread and water."

"But that was because you refused to obey the rules. You spoke harshly of the Catholic religion, boasted that you had thrown away your beads and

scapulars, and refused to make confession to the chaplain."

"So you employ force to make your inmates good Catholics. Supposing I was not a Catholic?"

"Then you would be placed in a city institution or a Protestant asylum. But you were known to be a Catholic; hence you were placed here for reformation."

"Well, I have n't much to thank Catholics for. I was tricked into a mock marriage by a Catholic, then abandoned to a life of shame. In my desperation, I had no other chance. Nobody would employ me at honest work. I was alone, hopeless, friendless, wretched."

"But you should have gone to your father confessor for aid and sympathy."

"Go to a Catholic priest for aid, for sympathy? My present plight was caused by a priest."

"Horrors!"

"I swear it is God's truth. I have been his mistress for a year. I had reformed, was leading a worthy life, or trying to, when he tempted me and again I fell."

"Who is this priest, this bad shepherd?"

"I dare not tell you."

"But you must tell me. Oh, what a sinful world! Who is he? Tell me quick. Speak I say."

"Well, if I must," answered the Magdalene, "his name is Father Keenan."

"Father Keenan! Father Keenan!" exclaimed Sister Monica, astounded at the revelation.

And the Magdalene nodded assent.

"Oh, heaven forbid!" cried the nun, almost frantic with grief. "When I was gay and in the world, I knew him. I was born and brought up under the shadow of his church. From him I learned my first catechism lessons; and oh, if ever there lived a saint upon earth, Father Jerome Keenan was one. No, no, you cannot mean this holy priest of God!"

With a contemptuous look at the nun, Mary answered, "But I tell you it is only too true. And he drove me to it," she continued, with vehemence. "Before my God and heaven, I swear that I was trying to lead a pure and holy life. He, this 'holy priest of God,' as you call him, came and found me. I had known him in my early troubles with Sam Skillins, had knelt at his feet and begged and prayed for pardon and forgiveness for my sins. Oh, would to God that I had known then as much of the world and its ways as I do now! I would not be an outcast, shunned by society as the lepers were of old. Well, so this religious libertine led me on and on. He, a priest, forgiving the sins of others, yet needing confession more than any of us. One night he came to me, and, although deep down in sin, I received

him with that warm love for a priest which my mother had planted in my heart. I had heard of his sins, also, and pitied him. Little did I think I was to be caught in the tempter's snare. With his suave manner and oily tongue I was entangled in the meshes. He told me of the hardships of a celibate's life. No children to cheer the heart after the day's hard labor was o'er. No loving wife to soothe the troubled mind in its cares and vexations of life and whisper cheering words of encouragement and hope; and more he told me.

"Bah," she added, "it sickens me even now to think how easily I was duped! Then he told me the power he had received at ordination to forgive sins, even the most grievous ones, 'Though they be as red as scarlet, I shall make them whiter than snow.' With my religious nature aroused to the highest pitch, simple, innocent, trusting, I submitted; it was the stepping-stone to the old life. You know the rest."

All this time the nun had stood listening in an attentive manner, and now, when the recital of woe was over, she came forward as if to say something, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. The objects in the little cell seemed to swim before her gaze, and she fell forward on the hard pallet beside the Magdalene. The story of such wrongdoing had been too much for her sensitive nerves,

for, although she was in the world, she was not of it, and knew little or nothing of its sinful doings.

Mary gazed upon the pure, angelic face with a cold, indifferent stare and made no effort to bring the nun to consciousness. Her contact with Catholic religieuses, her knowledge of their doings in secret, of their hypocrisy before the world, and finally her *liaison* with an ordained priest,—driven into it by his solicitations, — had hardened her heart; it was now hard as steel. She did not discriminate. She did not think that among this class there were some good and noble souls, and when the nun fell in the swoon she did not rise to help her, for a woman's sympathy had taken its departure from her breast.

How long Sister Monica lay there she knew not, for she had been lost to sense, to time and place. Oh, the agony of her soul when slowly returning to consciousness!

"Oh, what have I not lost; too late now, too late. I have given the best years of my life to the service of the holy Church. I have forsaken parents, home, kindred, friends, to devote myself to the holy religion. Oh, mother dear; oh, father, why did I not heed your warning voices; but I thought you prejudiced, I thought you bigoted against the Catholic Church. I see it all plain now; too late, too late! I have cast from me

wealth, position, social ambition, to become a servant at thy altar, oh my God,—poor as the poorest, lowly as the lowliest, humble as the humblest. I was infatuated, carried away in the whirlpool of religious enthusiasm. I thought the Church so grand, its teachings so ennobling, its ministers so good, so true, so pure and holy. Oh, the sacrifices I have made! Oh, the prayers I have said kneeling on these cold stones, in day time or night, in summer's heat and winter's bitter cold, praying for these poor and unfortunate ones, doing vicarious penance for their sins, holding up the cross of hope and penance to their perishing souls, cheering them in their despondency, and striving to raise them nearer to the throne of purity and light! I never shuddered nor drew back from the task when I saw the scum of this great city pouring in here. I never dared believe that many of the unfortunates were the victims of the priests I thought immaculate, until I heard from the lips of an outcast the tale of her shame with my old and honored confessor. But oh, God in heaven, have all these sacrifices been in vain? Have I severed every earthly tie, yielded up every natural impulse, only to find my chosen religion a cheat and a lie, a cloak for covetousness, licentiousness, and those terrible sins which brought down Heaven's vengeance on Sodom and the wicked cities of the

plain?" The heart-broken nun, unable to longer restrain her feelings, burst forth into a flood of tears. But in this she finds no relief for the heavy load upon her heart. The Magdalene sits haughtily before her, cold, impenitent, defiant.

Sister Monica in her misery thinks of her health broken down by long fasts and other mortifications of the flesh. She thinks how she has exhausted her physical strength by constant application to her manifold duties. She thinks now of her intellect weakened by incessant bead-counting—*Ave Maria, Ave Maria*, a hundred times a day, or more. The same thing over and over again, vain repetitions of set prayers; and then *matins, tierce nonce*, and *vespers*, other offices in honor of the Virgin, recited daily until with disordered brain she used to see in ecstasy the most beautiful heavenly visions. And now to find that it is all a hollow mockery, and that the Church exists by cruel deception and the most awful hypocrisy. Oh, the thought was terrible, agonizing! It dwelt on her mind by day and night, harassed her waking hours, haunted her pillow, mingled with her dreams. No wonder then that at last a direful illness succeeded, and she was brought to death's door.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FATHER KEENAN'S CONVERT. — THE BELLE OF BEACON HILL. — SISTER MONICA'S HISTORY. — A SAD FAREWELL.

A FEW years before our story opens, Father Jerome Keenan, as previously intimated, was one of the "shining lights" of the Catholic Church. Both in personal and mental gifts he stood head and shoulders above his fellow-priests. His fame as a preacher had spread abroad; his power and influence were second to none at home. At first rector of an insignificant parish, he had seen that parish grow to be one of the largest and most important in the diocese. His noble appearance, united with a gracious and winning manner, drew to him hosts of friends. The circle of his acquaintance widened with his increasing fame and popularity. Not only did that circle embrace people of his own creed; it included many Protestants, — men distinguished in mercantile, literary, political, and professional life. And it was in this higher social class, like the famous Monseigneur Capel in England, that Father Jerome succeeded in making numerous remarkable conversions to his church and faith.

Among these was the daughter of Mr. Fletcher Goldthwaite, a resident of Beacon Hill, and one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic denizens of that fashionable precinct of Boston. Mr. Goldthwaite's riches, as well as his family pride, were inherited commodities. He had been educated at Harvard, belonged to several aristocratic clubs, was a Unitarian in faith, and had the reputation of being a liberal, benevolent, and most genial gentleman. Mrs. Goldthwaite fully shared in her husband's pride of wealth and social standing. She was ultra-fashionable, and "entertained" in a style which gave her parties, *musicales*, kettle-drums, and the like a celebrity which awoke no little envy among the Goldthwaite "set."

She had but one child, a daughter, whose beauty, elegance, and varied accomplishments had won for her the title of the "Belle of Beacon Hill." Added to these attractions, Grace Goldthwaite possessed another, — an important one in Father Jerome's eyes, — that of being an heiress in her own right, irrespective of the family wealth which, in course of time, would probably fall to her.

Naturally Grace had many suitors, but in her secret heart she had chosen Harry Meredith, the son of an old friend of her father's, as the favored one of all. With the consent of their parents, the

two were betrothed; but the engagement had not been made public up to the time when Father Jerome, unhappily for the peace of two loving hearts, formed the acquaintance of the Goldthwaites, and conceived the design of converting Grace and securing her inheritance to the church he served.

This acquaintance was brought about through the medium of Madame Laurent, Grace's French governess, who, though Grace had long since completed her education, was still retained as a sort of companion by Mrs. Goldthwaite. Madame Laurent was a stanch Catholic, and a member of Father Jerome's church. On several occasions Grace had accompanied her to hear Father Jerome preach, and before she knew it the young girl fell under the sway of his eloquence, and, by insensible degrees, became inoculated with the tenets and doctrines of Catholicism.

To win such a convert to the Catholic faith as this daughter of one of Boston's proudest and wealthiest Protestant families was sufficient incentive, at that period of his career, to enlist Father Jerome's whole heart and soul. Madame Laurent proved a ready and serviceable ally in the task. She introduced the priest to the Goldthwaites, and, as one of the "lions" of the hour, he was soon on a footing of intimacy with the family.

It is unnecessary to detail the insidious process

by which Father Jerome gradually accomplished his object. Suffice it to say that he gained complete control over the mind of his pupil, until, after having been secretly baptized and confirmed, Grace became the veriest puppet in his hands. All the latent enthusiasm of her nature had been awakened by the subtle skill and insight of the priest, and she was in a state of mind to make any and every earthly sacrifice to her religious zeal.

Only when too late, only when the die was cast, were Grace Goldthwaite's unsuspecting parents and lover informed that she had embraced the Catholic faith, and, furthermore, that she had determined to enter a convent, with a view to devoting herself to a religious life. Entreaties, expostulations, were all in vain. The priest's influence was paramount over her father's commands, her lover's prayers, and her mother tears, and at length they were compelled to yield. Only Mrs. Goldthwaite and a few relatives and friends accompanied Grace to the depot on the day of her departure for Baltimore. Her father sternly refused to see her off; and Harry Meredith, utterly broken-hearted, dared not trust himself to be present at the final leave-taking.

The moment of parting came. Then, and not till then, Grace realized the extent of her sacrifices. Until that moment religious enthusiasm

had sustained her. Now her spirits fell, her heart suddenly rebelled.

"O mother, mother!" she cried, springing back from the side of the priest, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck. "I cannot, cannot leave you! Take me home; oh, take me back to my dear old home! I did not know the agony of parting. Oh, how can I leave my beautiful home, never, never to return; never to see your dear, dear face again; never again to feel your arms about my neck; never to share with you my troubles and griefs; never to hear your tender words of love and sympathy! Oh, it cannot be! It will kill me to part with everything I ever loved. Oh, I fear I have done wrong! My heart upbraids me. The voice of nature cries aloud against this parting. I cannot, oh, I cannot go!"

Sobs of anguish choked her utterance, and she could only lay her head upon her mother's bosom and yield to the fierce storm of sorrow and grief which swept over her.

It was a deeply affecting sight to witness that proud, aristocratic mother, in her elegant raiment, bowed with a grief too deep for words, and that lovely, youthful daughter, in her simple novice's dress, convulsed with the agony of parting forever from those she loved, as one on a dying bed takes final leave of those near and dear, and bestows

a last caress before the eye closes in its eternal sleep.

The railroad depot was thronged on that morning. An excursion party was awaiting the arrival of the train which was to take it to the seaside or to some rural picnic grounds. People were hurrying to and fro, with bags, baskets, and parcels, all with smiling, joyous faces, in anticipation of the day's pleasures and relaxation from the ordinary cares of life. But many of them paused, and the bright countenances clouded and saddened with sudden sympathy as they beheld the sorrow-stricken group of friends and relatives gathered around that mother and daughter, and saw those two clinging to each other in the very abandonment of an utterable misery and despair.

Father Jerome and the nun who was to conduct Grace to Baltimore now drew near and expostulated with the poor girl, trying to soothe and quiet her agitation.

"This excess of grief is sinful, my dear child," said the priest, gently seeking to withdraw Grace from her mother's embrace.

"Would you deny my child this last consolation?" cried Mrs. Goldthwaite, fiercely turning on Father Jerome, and clasping her daughter's form tightly to her breast. "Have you the heart to tear asunder a mother and child, who may never

meet again on earth? Oh, cruel, cruel priest! Behold your wicked work! Look on this weak and fragile girl, whose mind you have poisoned, whose will you have subjugated, till she has no mind, knows no will but yours. Like a thief in the night you crept into my household, and stole the dearest and most precious of my treasures! You have plunged a happy home in misery! You have unknit the closest ties of nature! By your persuasive arts you have crushed a daughter's filial love and duty and filled her mind and soul with a religious enthusiasm false to every principle of true religion, — false to nature, and false to God's revealed word! But as if this were not enough, you would forbid a last embrace, shorten this all too brief farewell."

"I would do so only in mercy to yourself, dear madam, and in mercy to your daughter, whose welfare, believe me, is as precious to me as it is to you," answered Father Jerome in that mild and soothing tone which none could assume with more effect. "Partings are ever bitter and hard for loving hearts to bear. It is both unwise and wicked to strive against the call of duty. Think, dearest madam, of your daughter's eternal welfare. Think of the calm, peaceful, yet useful life to which she devotes herself,—a life sinless, stainless as the angels'; full of good works,—a life

passed in sweet meditation and holy communion with heaven, alternating with daily ministrations to the poor and the unfortunate, the sick, the distressed, and the dying. Oh, what life can compare with such as this! Who would not freely part with home, wealth, luxury, in exchange for the bliss of such an existence, and the certain promise of a glorious immortality?"

Though addressed to Mrs. Goldthwaite, this speech was artfully intended for the ear of Grace, and, perceiving that it had apparently produced the desired effect, the priest once more gently sought to draw the young girl away from her mother.

"Forgive me, Father," said Grace, meekly, slowly yielding to his persuasion. "It was very wrong and wicked for me to give way like that. I am ready now: please take me to the cars at once."

She turned involuntarily to give one last fond look at her mother. That mother stood like one transfixed, her arms extended towards Grace with a yearning gesture, an expression of dumb agony in her face more eloquent in its deep, intense pathos than any words could have conveyed.

The young girl stopped, trembled, hesitated for a single instant, and then, as a reflection of that look of speechless anguish seen in her mother's countenance swept over her own, she broke away

from the priest's detaining grasp, swiftly flew to Mrs. Goldthwaite's side, and, with a shriek that rang throughout the depot, startling every ear with its thrilling intensity, flung herself upon her mother's bosom.

The crowd, full of eager sympathy, pressed round the little group. Question and answer passed from lip to lip. Those nearest to the scene quickly comprehended its import, and dark looks were cast upon Father Jerome, while indignant mutterings began to be heard on every side.

Fearing some popular demonstration, in which his convert might be forcibly prevented from pursuing her journey, Father Keenan now resolutely pushed his way toward Grace, determined at once to cut short the harrowing scene.

But his approach was the signal for mother and daughter to cling only the more closely to each other.

"Mother! mother!" cried Grace, frantically. "Do not let them take me from you: I want to stay with you always! I do not want to go to the convent! Oh! I can't go there, to be shut out from the bright, free world! Never did it seem so beautiful as now! Oh! where is father? Why did he not come with you? Why is he not here to help me? Ah! I forget. I would not listen to his advice. I joined the church against his com-

mands, and so offended him beyond all forgiveness. He refused to bid me farewell, — refused even to call me daughter again. And Harry, — *my* Harry as I used to call him, — he who was once all in all to me ; who loved me so tenderly ; who was to have been my husband, if God had so willed. O mother, where is Harry ? Why do I not see his dear face ? Oh, could he not forgive me for giving him up, when duty, conscience, so imperatively commanded the sacrifice ? Could he not come and bid me farewell, — wish me God-speed ? ”

At this moment the crowd was violently swayed from side to side, and a young man, whose handsome face seemed drawn and haggard, from some deep seated grief, thrust himself through it to Grace’s side.

“ Harry ! ” cried the young girl, as, on seeing her lover, she flew impulsively into his extended arms, regardless of the numerous spectators.

“ I could not keep my resolution, Grace,” said he, in a voice trembling with emotion. “ Oh, my dear one ! Think what you would do before it is too late ! If you go to Baltimore, if you enter the convent there, you doom not yourself only, but your parents and me to hopeless misery and sorrow. Think, my darling ! You promised to be mine. That promise was as sacred, and should be as binding, as any you have since made to this

smooth-tongued priest. Come home with your mother and me. Tell Father Jerome you must have more time for reflection. Oh!" he continued, with deeper fervor, "let not the word of a priest outweigh the voice of natural affection. Let not this man's sophistry convince your judgment against the truer dictates of your heart. See your poor mother; let her anguish plead for her. Look on me, who love you more than life itself. Think of your father, whose idol you were, and whom I have just left heartbroken with grief at the loss of his only child."

This pathetic speech affected all who heard it; some of the tender-hearted spectators were even weeping. Grace's tears were flowing silently, and she was evidently on the point of yielding to her lover's prayers, when Father Jerome, seeing his hardly won triumph about to be snatched from his hands, and feeling that his reputation would suffer if his convert escaped him, roused himself to meet the emergency.

He leaned forward and whispered some words in Grace's ear, — words that were heard by her alone. The effect was instantaneous. Blushing deeply, the young girl extricated herself from her lover's embrace, and stood with downcast eyes before the priest.

The advantage thus gained Father Jerome was

not slow to follow up. He spoke further to her, with mildness, yet with great earnestness, reminded her of her vows, the higher duty she owed to God over all earthly ties and affections, and in short, in a few brief minutes, regained all his former sway and supremacy over the mind of his convert.

As the last signal was sounded for the train to start, Grace, having controlled her agitation, gave a parting caress to her sobbing mother, met the despairing and reproachful gaze of her lover with one sad indeed, but full of spiritual hope and trust, and, supported by Father Jerome and the sister who was to be her travelling companion, entered the car, and was soon borne from the sight of those loved ones whom she was destined never to behold again in life.

For five years Grace Goldthwaite remained in the Baltimore convent. On taking the black veil she assumed the name of Sister Monica. At length, with several others belonging to her order, she was transferred to the House of the Magdalenes, there to pursue her life-long task of ministering to those unfortunates of her own sex who have fallen a prey to man's brutality, or to their own headlong passions and vices. For ten years Sister Monica has patiently fulfilled her charitable task, never passing beyond the convent's walls,

hearing in that long period not one word of her parents, her lover, or her host of former friends.

If any regrets ever troubled her, they were known only to herself or her confessor, and severe fasts and penances were made to atone for such sinful suggestions of the Evil One, as she believed them to be. Such was Sister Monica, such her history and life-work.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DYING NUN. — AFFECTING DEATH-BED SCENE. — A
VISION OF PARADISE.

A SOLEMN scene was taking place in Sister Monica's cell. The gentle spirit of the nun was passing to its reward. The shock of Mary Mulligan's confession, together with a weak constitution enfeebled by ceaseless fasts, vigils, and exposure to cold and damp, had brought on a fatal illness. The physician had already pronounced the dread fiat. Extreme unction had been administered. Sister Monica was dying.

But in these last moments all the fervor and strength of her religious convictions returned, and they strengthened and sustained her throughout her mortal sufferings. A sweet, placid smile lit up her wan countenance. Around her bed the pious sisters were gathered, weeping and praying for the happy passage of the fleeting soul.

"See!" they said to each other, as a rapturous smile illumined the dying nun's face, and she feebly clasped her hands together, — "see! saints and angels are whispering to our dying sister. The world is slipping from her sight. Heaven is already in view."

The sound of their sobs and moanings at length attracted Sister Monica's attention.

"Do not weep, dear sisters," she murmured. "Rejoice with me that my earthly pilgrimage is almost over. Ah! how happy, how happy I feel! The Holy Virgin has heard your prayers, dear sisters. She has vouchsafed me the peace that passeth understanding. I am free from all pain, free from grief, free from worldly longings. Ah! how sweet this peaceful calm. How blissful to be at rest! How holy to die in the Lord!"

Then, as she paused from weakness, the priest standing at the bedside commenced again to recite the prayers for the dying, the weeping nuns uttering the responses in voices quavering and tremulous with emotion.

"Holy Mary, pray for her."

"St. Mary Magdalene, pray for her."

"All ye holy angels and archangels, pray for her."

"All ye holy apostles and evangelists, pray for her."

"From the pains of hell deliver her, O Lord."

"Through thy cross and passion, deliver her, O Lord."

"Through thy glorious resurrection, deliver her, O Lord."

"Through the grace of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, deliver her, O Lord."

Sister Monica, "the gentle nun," as they called her, was dear to every heart in the little community. They felt as if the very sunlight of the place was departing; as if they were losing the tenderest of friends, the dearest and most beloved of sisters.

As the mother superior bent over and tenderly wiped the moisture from the nun's brow, Sister Monica rallied and spoke again.

"Dear Mother," putting up her arms feebly to encircle the superior's neck, "you have ever been so kind to me. Your counsels have sustained me when my task seemed too heavy for my feeble strength. Kiss me; kiss me, dear Mother, ere I die." And as the superior, with overflowing tears, pressed her lips again and again to those of the dying nun, she said once more, —

"And now, dear sisters, you too must kiss me, and receive my parting blessing." And one by one the weeping nuns approached the bedside, and gave a last caress to her they loved so dearly. Several times her lips moved again, as if she were essaying to speak, but no sound issued from them. Her eyes closed, and the lamentations now broke forth unrestrained, for all thought the gentle spirit had fled.

Suddenly her eyes opened again, she raised one hand, as if enjoining silence, and at the same time

lifted herself slightly from the pillow, while she seemed to strain her sight and gaze far away into vacancy, a look of ineffable rapture stole over her countenance, irradiating it as if with the light of another world.

"Hush!" she said, softly. "I hear the sweetest, most delicious strains of music. Oh, how sweet, how holy the sounds! What is it? Hush! Do you not hear it?"

The awestruck listeners, catching the spirit of her enthusiasm, almost fancied they too heard a wave of harmony floating overhead, and the silence of death fell in the room.

"Yes," continued Sister Monica, ecstatically, "it is the voices of the angels, hymning some heavenly chant. Oh, how beautiful! how enchanting! Hush! Now they die away! Hark! Now I hear those delicious strains again. Ha! The sounds 'come nearer. Oh, listen! listen! They swell into the divinest of harmonies! Ah! No earthly master could compose such an ethereal melody! Oh, my soul seems mounting on wings! It longs to fly and join that angel choir! Yes, yes, I *must* go! Oh, I *must* go!"

Again her eyes closed, her head sank gently back upon the pillow, her breath came and went in short, fitful gasps, and a spasm of pain swept over her features.

A fearful struggle for breath ensued. Her slight form was terribly convulsed ; but it was only for a moment. The convulsions suddenly ceased, the contracted features resumed their former placidity, the same smile of rapturous joy and longing suffused her countenance as her eyes again unclosed, while a stray sunbeam, darting through the grated window, fell loving upon her bright, golden hair, and seemed to the enraptured watchers to form a saintly halo and a heavenly crown of glory upon her head.

With a common impulse they drew nearer to the bedside, as again the dying nun commenced to speak. At first the words came very faint and low, and broken by her catching breath ; but gradually some new strength seemed to be imparted to her voice, and her speech grew stronger and clearer as she proceeded.

" Ah ! my vision clears ; I see the angel choir ! They are coming nearer and nearer ! Oh, what radiant forms ! What sweet, beautiful faces ! How divine those smiles of love ! See how they wave their golden harps ; and now — now they point to the floral crowns upon their heads ! Ah ! Now they beckon to me ! Beckon me to join the angelic host ! " She paused, and then with new ecstasy, continued : —

" Ah ! What is this ? The veil of heaven is

drawn aside ! Holy Virgin ! I see the golden streets, and forms of saints and angels in great multitudes passing to and fro. Ah ! And there — there a mansion with walls of jasper and porphyry, and in its midst a resplendent throne shining with gold and precious stones ; and there — Oh, ecstatic joy ! — there a form seated upon it, — a form and face too dazzling, too refulgent for mortal eye to look upon. Ah ! He beckons me — *me*, humble sinner that I am — to him. He points to the vacant seat at his right side. Oh ! he speaks to me, calls me his love, his heavenly bride, and bids me hasten to my eternal home and to his sheltering arms. Ah ! My Lord, my Saviour, my heavenly Bridegroom ! I come ! I come ! ”

And with the last word, Sister Monica slowly sank back, her arms folded themselves across her bosom, her sweet eyes half closed, and with a soft, gentle sigh, while the reflection of heaven’s own light glorified her lovely features, her spirit floated away so peacefully that those weeping sisters knew not of its departure until the voice of the priest broke in upon their grief with the solemn words, —

“ Her soul is with the saints. *Requiescat in pace !* ”

Her obsequies were celebrated with due form

and solemnity, and her mortal remains buried in the cemetery attached to the House of the Magdalenes.

But the world never knew that underneath the modest headstone which noted the virtues of Sister Monica, reposed the ashes of Grace Goldthwaite, the once famous "belle of Beacon Hill."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FATHER KEENAN REFORMED. — ARRAIGNED BEFORE A
CLERICAL COUNCIL. — HIS DEFENCE AND DENUNCIATIONS.

AFTER his interview with Father Leonard in the cell, Jerome Keenan pondered long and earnestly over his situation. Some of Leonard's words had sunk deeply into his soul. That night he was released from arrest, the charge against him having been withdrawn. He left the police station a changed man, — changed in heart, changed in character.

"Henceforth," said he to himself, "I will struggle to the death against my besetting sins. Self-indulgence has made me a brute, a mere animal. From this moment I throw off the shackles of sin! To-day I commence a clean page in the ledger of my life! Reform shall be my watchword! Oh, that I could return to the bosom of the Church! But however that may be, the name of Father Jerome shall once more become known, respected, and loved as an earnest worker in the cause of Christ. Like Peter the Hermit, I will sound the tocsin of a new crusade, — a crusade against vice

and sin ; against corruption in the church and the priesthood ; and purge this Augean stable of its accumulated evils and wrongs to religion and humanity ! ”

And Father Keenan kept his vow. A new strength and power to resist temptation was born within him. The cravings for strong drink, fiercely battled with, at length yielded before his awakened determination and resolute will. Truly a miracle had been wrought in his case, — a miracle wondrous as those of old ; for from the ashes of a heart corrupt, sinful, desperately wicked, had sprung up a phoenix of pure desires, noble thoughts, lofty and holy aspirations.

Boldly, fearlessly he entered upon his new life-work. Among the poor and ignorant, who knew no hope, no relief, no God, he labored with the zeal of a missionary ; sought to give them fresh courage, pointed to his own example for hope, and preached and prayed in hovels with deeper earnestness and more sincere fervor than he had ever done when surrounded by the pomp and ceremonies of a grand cathedral service.

His success in these labors began to be noised about. Crowds, who rarely entered church or chapel, flocked to listen to him. His irregular proceedings reached the ears of the Catholic clergy. He, a Catholic priest, though “silenced,” dared

preach in defiance of the bishop's decree, and it was said that he preached strange doctrines and advanced heretical theories dangerous to the Church. It was at last resolved to call Father Keenan to account. Accordingly, he was summoned before an improvised ecclesiastical council to answer to the charges of scandal, defection, and heresy, with the alternative of abjuring his offences against the Church, or receiving the terrible penalty to a Catholic of excommunication.

The charges being read, Father Keenan rose to defend himself. For him it was a life-and-death struggle. He realized the difficulty of the task. One glance at the stern faces of his judges showed that his cause was already prejudged. If he triumphed, it must be through the power of eloquence. If he could move their hearts to pity, his cause was won; he would be received back into the Church, and then by precept and example he could enforce his views of reform. If he failed, that most dreaded decree of the Church — excommunication — would follow.

As he slowly arose and faced his accusers, a silence as of death fell. Every eye was turned upon him. All seemed impressed by his majestic presence, the imposing dignity of his bearing, the look of intellectual superiority which even the ravages of dissipation could not obliterate. He

was the noblest figure there, a magnificent wreck of God's image, grand though in ruins.

"Brothers," he commenced in a tone full of pathetic feeling, "I have obeyed your mandate. I have come before this council, humbly hoping that you will be merciful to a wrecked and ruined man. Praying that you will listen to my exculpation, and judge me candidly and impartially, not merely as priests, but as fellow-men and servants of the lowly Jesus. I appeal to your sense of justice. I appeal to your sympathies. I appeal to your hearts. Behold in me one who has passed through a fiery furnace, -- the seven times heated furnace of affliction, of misery and sin !

"Look on this trembling frame, this almost palsied hand, this prematurely whitened head ! Once these nerves and muscles were like steel ; these silvered locks black as the raven's wing. Once I was full of hope, strong of will, resolute in faith. My profession was my glory and my pride. Heart and soul, body and mind, were enlisted in the cause of the Church. Life itself, if necessary, I would have laid on the altar, and counted it a glorious sacrifice. I had influence, power, universal respect. The highest and the humblest united to honor me. To-day I am a disgraced and degraded man, with no one on earth whom I dare call friend !"

He paused in agitation, his voice growing too husky to proceed, while his eyes were suffused with sudden tears.

"But this is no answer to the charges preferred against you," said the chief accuser, apparently unmoved by Father Keenan's emotion.

"Have patience with me, reverend brother," answered Keenan, imploringly. "Let me show you how I have been tempted, how I have resisted, how at last I have conquered through the grace of God, and judge me not till you know all my story. Tempted!" he repeated, raising his hands to heaven. "God only knows what my temptations have been! Angels might have fallen under them. For years a volcano seethed and burned in my bosom. A fire of consuming appetite; a flame that burned the more fiercely with every effort to quench it. A mountain weight pressed me down, a weight that crushed me to the earth. I was burdened like the fabled Sindbad with the Old Man of the Sea upon his back. I struggled like a giant Samson to break through a Delilah's meshes. I battled with evil habits, — with the thirst for strong drink, with carnal desires; fought these twin demons like a tiger, and failed. Alas! like the stone of Sisyphus, my sins rolled back upon me, and set at naught every high endeavor, until I sunk down, ruined

and vanquished, no longer able to struggle or resist my fate ! ”

“ This is all idle talk ; you waste the time of the council in vain speech. The question is, do you confess your guilt ; do you admit the truth of these charges of defection and heresy ? ” demanded the presiding priest.

“ I confess that I have been a guilty, a fallen, and a most miserable man,” said Father Keenan, abjectly. “ Oh, may none who hear my voice ever know the overwhelming force of my temptations, or experience the terrible pangs of my remorse ! To remember how high I have stood, and behold how low I have fallen, is the bitterest of expiations. What other punishment can equal that ? Yet, I prayed unceasingly ; confessed and appealed, in all the agony of a soul in torment, to my fellow-priests for help to lift my burden. I invoked all the powers of the Church to aid me. I underwent mortifications, penance, and fasting, till life was nearly extinct. Day after day, and night after night, have I prostrated myself before the altar, literally storming heaven with prayer. Praying as man never prayed before : praying like the Son of God in the garden of Gethsemane.”

He paused again ; but seeing only cold and repellent looks, braced himself for a last and final appeal, and continued with intense feeling.

"Oh, reverend brothers and judges; I beseech you, let the good I have done, and am still striving to do, plead for me in your hearts. Do not take away my hope of retrieving the past; do not condemn me before you have heard all. By my past sacrifices, by my long years of devotion to the Church, by the converts I have made, by my burdens for the woes of others, by my days of toil, and sleepless nights, passed in prayer, in vigil and anxious thought, I implore you to be merciful! No sacrifice has ever daunted me. I have risked health and life at the bedside of the sick and dying. Have defied snow and storm, fever and pestilence, to administer the last sacred rites of the Church, and shrive and comfort the parting soul. Never did I refuse bounty to the needy; never deny shelter to the homeless wanderer, or turn the poor, sinful, and forlorn outcast away from my door without hope and comfort. Many a forsaken orphan, many a distracted mother, and many a heart-broken widow in this city have blessed, again and again, the name of Father Jerome. Oh, let the tears I have quenched, the bruised hearts I have bound up, the griefs I have assuaged, plead for me in this my hour of need! I beseech you, forget not how I have striven in the past to conquer my frailties, redeem my character, to save the priesthood and Church from scandal and disgrace.

No longer can I serve the Church, as I would serve it, redeem it from reproach, as I am seeking to redeem myself. I am a priest under the ban. Forbidden to preach as an anointed priest, forbidden to officiate at the altar, forbidden to perform any clerical function. Remove that ban; reinstate me in my office of priest! If you condemn me further, cast me utterly off, where then is my hope? What is left me but despair?"

As he concluded, Father Keenan anxiously scanned the faces of the priests composing the council. Some of them he knew, or had known, in his prosperous days, and among them he saw several who had never been friendly to him, and whom he believed were his secret foes and detractors. His heart sank within him. In those forbidding looks he read no sign of hope. A whispered consultation now ensued, and presently the chief accuser said, in severe tones:—

"We feel no confidence in your professions. We distrust your motives. A renegade is always to be suspected. You were ever intractable; your proud and ambitious spirit asserted itself above all authority. When disgrace was brought upon the Church by your misconduct, and punishment followed, instead of meekly submitting, you sought to defame the holy Church, threw the blame and burden of your sins upon its shoulders,

proclaimed it corrupt and its ministers unfaithful. Like the frozen adder, you stung the bosom that warmed you into life !”

“Not until I was silenced and thrown out from her bosom,” answered Father Keenan, stung at last to the quick by the failure of all his efforts to move the hearts of his judges. And, reckless now of all consequences, he continued : “My sentence was unjust. I had made powerful enemies in the Church. Envy sought to pull me down. I was an obstacle, a stumbling-block, in the way of other priests’ advancement. Greater delinquents than I was are to-day in good standing, crowned with honors, holding high offices in the Church !”

“Hold !” cried the chief accuser, sternly, while the others manifested their disapprobation by indignant murmurs. “How dare you utter such shameful statements before this assemblage? Beware ! your fate is in our hands. The Church is all mercy and forgiveness to the truly penitent ; but to her enemies she is a foe to be dreaded and feared ! Beware ! again I say. Down upon your knees to that Church you have maligned and defamed ! Renounce your errors ; abjure your heresy, swear to be an obedient and humble son of the holy Church, ready to do her will without question or reservation, or fear her righteous wrath !”

Keenan's lip curled disdainfully, as he cried, —
 "Never till the Church itself abjures its corruptions, and you, her priesthood, purify yourselves and strike for reform! Never till then will Jerome Keenan bow the knee. You would chain my soul like the galley-slave to his oar! But that shall never be! I have pledged my remaining years of life, be they few or be they many, to a holy work, — the work of reform! No, sir! I am no longer a suppliant. I see you are all against me. So be it. Now *I* am the accuser, not the accused. Yes! I accuse you, the priesthood, I accuse the Church itself, as the cause of my humiliation and degradation. Through the Church and its pernicious doctrines I have been a bonded slave! Slave of drink; slave of appetite; slave of hypocrisy; slave of celibacy, whose fruits are secret indulgences, forbidden sweets; preaching publicly on chastity, and privately yielding to unholy passions. Slave of deceptions, encouraged and taught by the Church. Deceptions of Virgin worship and miraculous properties of doubtful relics, doctrines unknown to the primitive fathers of the Church. Not one priest in a hundred believes in them. Preaching the efficacy of wearing charms, beads, and scapulars, and secretly laughing at the delusions. Teaching the people that they can only go to heaven through the priests' hands, by ministra-

tions of holy water, holy oil, and through mediation of saints. Out upon such a priesthood! Out upon such a corrupt church! A church not of God, but of man! A church built not upon the eternal foundations of love, virtue, and justice, but upon the shifting sands of human frailty and human degradation! A church ambitious for temporal power; not the moral power of truth and God's holy word! Out, I say, upon such a monstrous shame! Such a glittering fraud! Such hideous mockery in the name of truth, virtue, and religion!"

He paused for an instant, and then, as if struck with the spirit of prophecy, continued with impressive utterance: —

"In my mind's eye I behold a renovated and reformed church. A church holding steadfastly to the divine mission of the holy fathers, — of St. Augustine, of St. Gregory, and their holy *confrères*. A church based on the eternal foundations of love, truth, virtue; of peace and goodwill to all men. A church whose principles shall appeal to the hearts and souls of every class, every condition and every race. A church that shall teach men how to live as well as how to die! A church divested of every sham; that shall seek not to enchain the souls of mankind by a blind idolatry, or fascinate and inthrall by a debasing

superstition. A church that shall uplift and not degrade. A church that shall grow strong and powerful, embracing the whole world, and that shall do all this through the spirit of love, not by the degrading power of fear. Such shall be the true Catholic Church. Such the Catholic Church must become, reformed and purified, or, still defying heaven and heaven's laws, it must sink in irretrievable ruin, crushed beneath the load of its sins and crimes !”

We need not linger to describe the indignation and consternation that was produced by this fearless denunciation.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FATHER KEENAN'S MIDNIGHT MISSION. — A STARTLING
RECOGNITION. — FATHER JEROME'S TRAGIC FATE.

AFTER that bold denunciation of the Church and the clergy, uttered before some of the leading and most fanatical of Catholic priests, Jerome Keenan resumed his labors with renewed vigor and energy. In a calmer frame of mind he may have regretted his precipitancy, and wished that he had been more politic and conciliating toward the council. But regrets were now unavailing. The die was cast. He had burned his boats, retreat was no longer possible, and he must fight out the battle of reform to the death.

He knew too well the spirit of fanatical hatred which he had awakened, not to feel some disquietude as to the result to himself. Persecution in one shape or another was to be expected. The Church, of course, would not lend itself to any illegitimate means of vengeance. It undoubtedly would pronounce its severest anathema against him; that he was prepared for. But many an ignorant zealot might be found who would not hesitate to take upon himself the office of a pri-

vate redresser of the Church's wrongs, and remove so dangerous an enemy from its path.

Private vengeance, therefore, was to be apprehended. But the apprehension did not daunt him. Rather it seemed to give Father Keenan new courage, arousing as it did all the resources of his bold, combative, and fearless nature.

One cold, stormy night he had returned late from some labor of duty, to the humble rooms which he occupied in a dilapidated tenement house at the North End. He was weary and almost exhausted. One could see in the careworn countenance, which of late had grown thin and emaciated from ceaseless toil and insufficient nutriment, that it was only the iron will of the man that sustained him in carrying out the devoted purpose of his solitary life.

He was preparing to betake himself to bed, for it was nearly midnight, when a loud knock came to the door, and upon answering it, he found the wife of the man who had charge of the house, and who informed him that somebody wanted to see him down-stairs.

Father Keenan accompanied Mrs. Driscoll to a lower apartment, and there found his visitor awaiting him.

He was a dark-browed, uncouth looking fellow, of middle age, a hanger-on, or "bouncer," of one

of the lowest and most disreputable cribs of the vicinity. Father Keenan recognized him at a glance; he had once, while living at Mag O'Leary's house, during a drunken *melée*, encountered the man, and, to the admiration of the spectators, had thereupon given him a severe thrashing. But Tim Brady had afterward shaken hands with his conqueror, invited him to drink, and professed to bear no malice toward his antagonist. It was also this same man from whom Father Keenan had rescued Mary Mulligan, as related in the first chapter.

"Well, Brady, what can I do for you?" asked Father Keenan, as he took his visitor's outstretched hand.

"There's a gal at our place that's dying, sur, and she's been scr'amin' for a praste. The ould woman axed me to come fur you, as the nearest ter hand."

"I will go with you at once," said Keenan, hastening, fatigued though he was, to get his overcoat and hat.

Mrs. Driscoll followed the priest from the room and in the passage detained him. She had a high regard for Father Keenan. But a short time previous, through his skill and medical knowledge, he had saved one of her children from certain death, and a mother's gratitude had made her his friend for life.

"Don't you stir a step, Father Keenan," she now said, in an earnest whisper. "Sure it 's tired to dith ye are already wid bein' out the livelong night."

"Do not delay me, my friend," said Keenan, kindly. "A fellow-creature is dying, and while I have strength, nothing shall deter me from obeying the sacred call to a dying sinner's bedside." And he turned to continue his way up-stairs.

But the woman had clutched his arm in her powerful grip, and he could not release himself at once.

"For the Holy Virgin's sake, hearken to me, Father!" she said, in a low, but excited tone. "Don't ye go wid that spalpeen of a Tim Brady at this time o' night! I tell ye I saw the divil's own leer in his wicked eyes whilst he was tellin' ye that yarn about the dyin' gal. It's to do ye a mischief he wants, I tell ye! I don't belave anybody's dyin' at all, at all! Whisper now, darlint." And she approached her lips close to his ear, and added: "There's many an inimy ye have made about here. Sure, yer pr'achin' agin sin an' drinkin' (may the saints ever bliss ye for the same) has spoilt trade wid some folks in the neighborhood, an' they'd be glad ter do yer an ugly turn. Sure, my ears have been open for ye, Father, an' it's not only the liquor-sellers and bad women what

make a livin' by sin that's down on ye, and that whisper threats agin ye! There's more powerful inimies, mayhap, that ud be glad ter stop ye from pr'achin' an' prayin' an' the like! Sure, as an Independent Catholic, the Church itself ud be rejoiced ter see ye put out of the way."

Father Keenan was forcibly struck by the worthy woman's mysterious words, but his purpose remained unchanged.

"You are a good soul, Mrs. Driscoll," he said, "and I thank you heartily for your solicitude. But have no fear for me! I am the servant of the Lord, and if harm menaces me in the discharge of a sacred duty, his protecting hand is all powerful to save me, if such is his will. If otherwise, my duty remains the same. There, my friend, do not detain me longer, since I have resolved to go on this errand of mercy, even though death beset me at every step of the way!"

In the face of this unflinching determination, Mrs. Driscoll saw the uselessness of contending further. In a minute or two Father Keenan rejoined Brady, and the two, with few words, hurriedly proceeded through the pelting storm, threading dark lanes and noisome and filthy alleys, peopled by a squalid and degraded population, until they at length arrived at their destination, a rickety, tumble-down house, known to be one of

the worst haunts of vice even that crime stained precinct contained.

If Father Keenan had any doubts or suspicions regarding the truth of Tim Brady's story, they were dispelled entirely as he was ushered up the broken and tottering stairs to an upper room, and there beheld a woman's wasted form lying upon an old mattress in one corner. A couple of candles stuck in old bottles upon the mantel-piece but dimly lighted the apartment. He could see, however, that it was bare of furniture, that a few dying embers were on the hearth, that the windows were broken and stuffed here and there with old rags and paper, and that the semblance of a woman's shape was crouched near the bed, probably there as a nurse or watcher for the dying woman, but who seemed plunged into a drunken stupor, from which the noise of his entrance failed to arouse her.

The priest approached the bed. At the same time the dying woman uttered a feeble moan and turned her face toward him. There was a mutual cry of recognition as Father Keenan started back a step and gazed aghast at the spectre-like form lying before him.

In the sunken features, pinched and attenuated to a sickening degree of ghastliness, he recognized with a terrible shock the once beautiful and charm-

ing face of Mary Mulligan! Mary, with equal rapidity, perceived who her visitor was, and instinctively covered her face with her hands, while she uttered a sharp, piercing cry that died away in a low wail of agony.

For a moment Father Keenan stood speechless, gazing appalled upon the hideous wreck of one whom he had last seen in the plenitude of her health and beauty. Providence had surely directed his steps hither, perhaps as a punishment, perhaps that he might obtain pardon of her whom he had contributed to wrong and mislead. Recovering himself at last, he knelt down by her side and gently took her wasted hand.

"Mary," he said in a faltering voice, "can it be that I find you thus destitute — dying? Oh, my God! have mercy upon this poor girl; have mercy upon me!"

He bowed his head upon the hand he held within his own, and overcome by the thoughts of his past guilt, and the miserable ending of the outcast's life, whom he should have saved, instead of plunging her into fresh iniquity, burst into tears. The dying woman's voice recalled him to himself and the duty that lay before him.

"How dare *you* ask God's mercy, either for yourself or for me, Jerome Keenan?" she said, in a tone preternaturally clear and strong for one so

near her end. "Are you not still the liar, cheat, and hypocrite that I formerly knew you to be?"

The words pierced him like a dagger thrust.

"For God's sake spare me, Mary!" he cried in a suffocating voice. "Yes, it is true; I *was* all that you charge me with being, worse if anything! I was, in truth, when you knew me, one of those vile wretches who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in! But, Mary, my poor girl, I am a sincerely penitent man. I have been given grace to see my past folly and sin in all its hideous nakedness, and strength has mercifully been vouchsafed me from on high to resist and conquer the evil tendencies of my nature. In a truer sense than ever in my life before, I can say that I am now indeed a sincere servant and minister of God; one whose sole hope and desire is to find favor in his sight, and redeem my past by doing his holy will. Mary, let me pray for you; let me pray that God's mercy and forgiveness may be extended to you in this solemn hour?"

"Pray for me!" exclaimed the dying woman, with a mocking laugh that curdled the very blood in her hearer's veins. "As if praying could help a wretch like me! As if the God you prate of would be likely to show mercy to one dying in the full flush of her sins; that God who showed me no mercy, when innocent, virtuous, ay, and

religious, He suffered me to fall into a villain's power, only to become the sport and dupe of an idle hour, and to be flung friendless, hopeless, despairing into the maelstrom of city life, there to sink or swim as the veriest chance might decide. No! Waste no prayers, no pity, on me! Let me die as I have lived for years, without hope, without faith, and welcoming death as the outcast's last, best, and only friend!"

Father Keenan recoiled in horror at these terrible words, so rank in their impiety, and which were uttered from the very bitterness of a soul in whom hope seemed utterly dead.

But such scenes were not new to his varied experience. He had learned how to cope with despair even when it was manifested in those hovering upon the brink of eternity. He had seen poor wretches in the hopeless agony of their souls, uttering hideous blasphemies against God and religion with their dying breath, and yet at their last gasp eagerly kiss the cross that he held to their lips, and manifest by a word, a look, or a sign, their hope and belief in divine mercy and forgiveness. He now sought to work this most beneficent charm upon the hapless, expiring creature before him. Gently, soothingly as a mother hushes the babe upon her bosom, he spoke, and all the wonderful tenderness and eloquent fervor

of tongue that of yore had brought vast audiences to their knees, and which had melted the frozen fountain of tears in so many hardened breasts, seemed to be renewed within him in tenfold strength and power.

It was not immediately, however, that the dying woman showed any sign that she was affected by what he said; but all at once at some touching allusion to her days of innocence, to her loving parents and her childhood's home, Mary suddenly burst into tears. The victory was won! The obdurate heart, hardened by sin, shame, and hopeless misery, was pierced to its very depths. The priest was not slow to follow up his advantage. To turn her thoughts to heaven, and inspire her with the Christian's hope of mercy and a blessed hereafter, was an easy transition. A smile of hope flickered in her glazing eyes and about her colorless lips; she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and faintly murmured some broken words of a prayer that had been taught her at her mother's knee; and then her thoughts seemed to wander back to her early life, and she was again a child, prattling of home, parents, her playmates, and the infantile sports and joys of that happiest period of existence. The words came broken and disconnected from her tremulous lips, but the sense was easily supplied by the context.

"Mother!" she said, — that sacred name which ever rises first to the lips and in the thoughts of the dying, — "mother, I have not seen you for a long, long time. Where, where are you, dear mother? Ah! I must have been slumbering, and dreamt this terrible dream, for now I see you plainly. Yes! your dear arms are still around me, just as they were when I fell asleep. Oh, I remember it all, now! How silly to be frightened by a bad dream! Why, I thought, I fancied some bad, wicked man had stolen me from my home, brought me to a great city, and told me I should never behold you again. Oh, it was frightful, frightful! But how plain, how vivid seemed the events of my dream. At times I was dressed in rich and elegant apparel; every pleasure that could delight the senses was mine. Friends flocked around me; but that wicked, handsome face which had lured me from my home was ever present, and I seemed chained to that base man's side, and forced to do his will beyond all power to escape. But I looked in vain for you, dearest mother! I searched anxiously amongst the crowd for your sweet, loving face, for I knew if I could once find you, that you would shield me from all harm."

She paused to recover breath, while the bitter winter's wind whistled down the chimney, rattled the loose window-frames, and wailed mournfully

round the corners of the old house, as if the spirits of the air were hymning a dirge for poor Mary's passing soul. Presently she continued : —

"Again, I seemed to be wandering through crowded streets, flying from something, — I knew not what. And then — then — oh, mother, mother! tell me that it was only a horrible dream! — a policeman arrested me and took me to a prison cell. And next I saw a room packed with people; policemen stood around, and on a raised seat a man they addressed as judge, while I, — oh, horror! — I stood opposite to him in the dock, a prisoner charged with crime, and about to be sentenced to jail! No, no!" she cried, "it could not be true! It was a dream, a hideous nightmare!"

She ceased, shuddering at the thought, but soon resumed : —

"And then, again, I seemed to be wandering through city streets. But it was night, — midnight now. Men brushed rudely by me, — brutal men, who flung at me some ribald jest, or passed me with a vile leer, while some gave me only a pitying, yet contemptuous glance. I seemed to see myself as in a mirror, and, behold! my fine attire had turned to rags, my feet were shoeless, my beauty had departed and left me a frightful, hideous thing, too base to live, too wicked to die.

Oh ! the horrible, horrible vision ! But, oh, thank Heaven, 't was but a dream ! Mother, mother ! tell me it was only a dream ! ”

She threw up her arms in wild entreaty, while a wave of agony and suspense seemed to sweep over her features. Then, as if suddenly conscious of the reality of her situation, she sprang up, her eyes rolling wildly around the wretched apartment, as she screamed, —

“ Oh ! it is all true, true ! It is no dream ! I am the wretched, abject monster of my fancied dream ! O God, have mercy ! Christ — Saviour — Redeemer ! Save me ! Save me ! ”

Her rolling eyes became suddenly fixed. She gasped for breath, threw out her arms and clutched at the empty air, and then fell back into the arms of the priest, a corpse !

Such was the untimely end of the “ child of the scapulars,” — Mary Mulligan. Educated with the tenderest care under the nuns in a convent school, her Catholic teachings, her faith and devotion in the scapulars, her bead counting and crosses and Agnus Deis, availed her nothing, did not save her from a life of shame.

Tenderly Father Keenan laid the inanimate form upon the couch, and, kneeling, prayed long and fervently for the repose of the sinful soul. The city clocks struck again and again the fleeting

hours of night, and still he knelt there, bowed with a grief and sorrow that none but his God and his own repentant heart could ever fathom. At last, recalled to the duties yet to be performed, he rose, groped blindly for the door, and passed out into the dark corridor, still groping his way like one whose outward senses were obscured by the tumult and confusion of agitating thoughts.

Instinct alone led him to the top of the steep and narrow stairway ; but once there dark shadows seemed to start out of the obscurity of hidden nooks and corners of the old house, and encompassed him on every side, while his arms were seized and a grasp of iron encircled his throat.

Roused to reality by these unexpected aggressors, and suddenly remembering the warning words of his hostess, Father Keenan suddenly exerted his herculean strength, with one desperate effort shook himself clear of his assailants, and then turned upon them like a lion at bay.

"Upon him, lads!" exclaimed a coarse voice, which the priest fancied he recognized. "He is not armed! Remember your oaths! Sure he's an enemy to the blissed howly Church, an' ter ivery true Catholic, and deserves to die, the cursed heretic! Now, are ye riddy? Then, all together, and down wid him! Don't ye be afeerd! Remember, dead men tell no tales!"

What could one man, though a Hercules, do in that narrow passageway, beset by half a dozen desperadoes eager for his blood? But Father Keenan determined to sell his life dearly. As the assassins threw themselves upon him, he struck at them fiercely, madly, as for his life.

There ensued the sounds of a desperate struggle; of blows savagely given and furiously returned; of wild cries and frenzied oaths. Then came one thrilling, blood-curdling shriek, a sound as of some heavy body falling headlong, and for a moment all was silent as the grave.

Soon, however, the startled inmates of the house came flocking in wild affright round the prostrate form of Father Keenan, lying in a bloody heap at the foot of the stairs. He was not dead, as they at first thought. A physician was called, restoratives were applied, and in a few minutes the priest opened his eyes.

"His legs are broken," said the doctor. "He must be conveyed to the hospital at once."

Father Keenan feebly raised his hand to attract attention, while in a low voice he said, —

"No, not to the hospital. Take me, I pray you, to my home, — the only home I have, — Mrs. Driscoll's house."

And, to Mrs. Driscoll's, willing hands bore the bruised and wounded priest, and there he lay for many days balancing between life and death.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DYING UTTERANCES OF THE SILENCED PRIEST. — A MARTYR TO HIS CONVICTIONS. — HIS LIFE WORK A FAILURE. — FATHER LEONARD AND KATE RANSOM.

"BROTHER, we meet once more."

So said Father Leonard, as he approached the couch on which Jerome Keenan lay. He spoke in a kind and sympathetic tone, and the sick man turned his head and looked at his unexpected visitor with surprise. At first he did not recognize Leonard.

"Ah! It is you, sir?" he said, as he recalled the face and person of his former antagonist in the interview held in the cell.

Father Keenan was evidently a very sick man. Still, for a day or two past he had been nearly free from pain. His fractured limbs had been skillfully set, the shock of his fall had told on a system weakened and enfeebled by long indulgence in intemperate habits, and it was plain that he was not long for this world.

But his spirits seemed to rise superior to bodily ills. His eye was as bright and flashing as ever, and the old energy of soul gleamed therein, unquenched and unsubdued.

"I am glad to see you, Father Leonard," he said, reaching out his hand to clasp that of his visitor. "To what do I owe the pleasure and good fortune of this visit?"

"I learned only to-day of your grievous accident," Leonard replied, seating himself by the bedside, "and hurried here in hopes that I might be of service to you in your extremity."

"It was worthy of a Christian spirit, Father, for you thus to seek me, for I gave you but harsh treatment on our previous meeting," said the sick man, pressing his visitor's hand.

"Your words encourage me to hope for you, brother," said Leonard, gently, "sorrow and pain have at last opened your mind to conviction."

"Oh, my dear brother, I am dying, dying a martyr for conviction's sake. Nay, more, I have been murdered, murdered for the old faith of the church," exclaimed the silenced priest, as he raised himself upon his elbow. "Father, it would seem that heaven had sent you here to receive my dying testimony. Since I have undertaken this holy work of reform, and am myself reformed, I have often longed to converse with you. There are many important things concerning which I would like to speak, but time will not permit me now, for my life is ebbing fast."

"Dear brother, while there's life there's hope.

But are you able, are you strong enough for much conversation?" inquired Leonard, solicitously.

"Strong or not strong, I *must* speak," said Keenan, energetically raising himself upon one arm. "The thoughts that are burning within me *must* find utterance, and it is to you — you, Father Leonard, of all men living — that I must say them!"

Leonard was greatly surprised at the vehemence of the speaker; but curious to learn what was on the sick man's mind, he said in a kindly tone of voice, —

"Proceed, my friend, I will listen with pleasure. But I beg you will be calm, for much excitement will be injurious to you."

"Fear not," said the sick priest; "I will be as calm as the nature of my subjects will permit. Father," he continued impressively, "these subjects are of vital importance to you, to me, and to every citizen of this free land."

Leonard now comprehended something of what Father Keenan had in view, and, as of old, the rigid Catholic priest braced himself for what he foresaw bade fair to be a powerful contest.

"Proceed, brother," was all he said.

"First, I wish to speak on the school question, — the school as it is viewed from a Roman Catholic and a national standpoint," said Keenan.

"What is your first thought?" said Leonard.

"The parish school question, Father. America is a great country, a glorious country. Its free schools have been the boast and pride of all the world. Yet you of all men are the most formidable to break them down. You have more weight with the Pope than the archbishop. He is slow, and hesitates to undermine American institutions. He was educated in free schools, and knows their worth. But you are their bitterest enemy, and you have the Pope to back you. Now I love America! Oh, how I love it! It is the freest, grandest country on the globe! Asylum for the exiled and oppressed of all nations! How can we as Catholics abuse our privileges and betray our country?"

"But public schools are Godless," said Leonard.

"Yes, and who made them so? You have banished the Bible from the schools, sought in every way to demoralize them and degrade them, and now call them hotbeds of licentiousness! All this to build up your worthless parish schools!"

"Our schools are not worthless. They teach both the spiritual and the secular."

"Just so. Too much piety and devotion, prayers every half-hour, and too little common-sense. Too many *Ave Marias*, too little geography and arithmetic. Bead-counting is not a moral force in this age of enlightenment and progress."

"Bead-counting, as you call it, has sent many a saint to heaven. Better that a child should know his catechism, repeat the Holy Rosary, even if he roam the streets in idleness and grow up in ignorance, rather than he should attend Godless free schools and become a heretic."

"So you would have a child grow up vicious and ignorant in order to preserve him in the faith. No matter about the burden to the State and society afterwards from his being a criminal or pauper; it is all right if he only clings to his faith in the efficacy of holy water and holds to his reverence for the immaculate priesthood. And as for the heretics, as you are pleased to term them, they have rescued the world from superstition and redeemed it from barbarism," rising up in his bed and striking out with vehemence.

"What next is on your mind?"

"Politics, my dear brother. The Irish and the Catholics have almost invariably voted for laxness, lawlessness, and free rum. Never was the native-born population so given over to crime as now! Puritan rigidity has given way to Irish laxity. The whole nation is in peril! All this through Catholic rule in large cities."

"Very well, would not the Church redeem the State if it had supreme control?"

"No, never! In no nation on earth where the Church has been supreme have good morals pre-

veiled. Look at France, Spain, Italy, and Ireland! Oh, sir, I beseech you, pause before you provoke a contest that is to engulf both Church and State!"

"But the Church is superior to the State."

"No! no! without the State there is no Church. If the Church murders the State, it kills its own parent. Think, sir, of what you are doing!"

"But the Church deals with eternity, not with time alone."

"Ah! yes, but it is time that shapes our eternities; it is the State that moulds our fate, both for time and eternity."

"What hold would the Church have upon the mass of the illiterate if your doctrines were to prevail?" asked Leonard, vehemently.

"Better to have no hold at all than to teach a lie," said Keenan, lifting his hand excitedly. "If ignorance is still to be the mother of devotion, then banish both ignorance and devotion."

"Then you would banish religion from the earth?"

"No! no! not religion, but superstition. Religion must not antagonize itself against science. The Pope must not issue his bulls against education nor declare that the sun revolves around the world."

"But the Pope will now foster science, he is soon to open the Vatican libraries to the world."

"Yes! yes! And when he does, papal infallibility and papal dogmas will go to the wall, as sure as day follows night"; seizing his crutch and raising himself in bed.

"Well, sir, as you are a very sick man, I suppose I must bear with you," said Leonard, mildly.

"Yes, Father, bear with me, for this is my last appeal for my country and my church. Look at the fruits of your own parish school, the most noted of the State. See your pupils rush into vice like sheep to the slaughter. Why is it? First, they have been taught that devotion, no matter whether true or false, is superior to science and to common-sense. Then they have been coerced into devotion by all physical means. They have been stripped and lashed with the rattan again and again before the whole school, except the female teachers, who were ordered to modestly retire, while the curate held the heels of the lad across the desk, and the master held his head and laid on the rod.

"Again. There is a boy placed in a box in the yard, his head sticking out like an imprisoned rooster. Placed there for the boys to hoot at and ridicule. And for what? Because he had showed a preference for the free public school, and had for once attended a Protestant meeting.

"Another scene. There are two boys walking the yard placarded like a turkey with a shingle tied upon its back to prevent it from flying over the fence. What have these boys done? Why, forsooth, for one time only on a Sunday afternoon they had attended a Moody and Sankey meeting! Now they are compelled to wear the pasteboards upon their backs, in school and out of school, all day long, one marked 'Moody,' the other 'Sankey,' to invite the butts and gibes of a ribald mob. And this in free America, and in the name of religion.

"Look at your own conduct, in breaking open the door and caning young men, and throwing a spittoon at their heads, because they dared to open a debating club without a priest. Look at the brutality aroused! No wonder that the Roman Catholic Church breeds an army of pugilists!"

"Hold! Hold! Who told you this?"

"No matter, I take it from the public print. Hear me. Mike Dolan was dying. He asked your curate to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. The curate objected because Mike had persistently refused to send his children to the parochial school. Protestant friends labored with the sick man and implored him to accede to the demands of the priest, that he might die in peace and have a Christian burial.

"At last the dying man consented to take his children from the public school. He sent for you. What was your response? Why, sir, you purposely delayed and tarried until you knew the poor sick dying man must necessarily be a corpse. And this is Roman Catholic Christianity. Heaven save the mark!"

"A free press is the curse of this country. Its statements are false, yet you believe them."

"So you go by newspaper notices?"

"Yes, Father, because they are true. If they had been false, you would have sued the proprietor for libel long ago. Still bear with me a moment longer. I am burdened with the divorce question. You have gone up and down the land decrying the New England divorce system. Now I ask in all candor, if legal marriage, though it be continued but six months, is not better than Catholic concubinage? Look at the appalling state of affairs brought on by Catholic rule!

"The Roman Catholic Church is at war with every New England institution. It declares that no marriage is binding without the priest. Once married there is no divorce, for marriage is a sacrament. What is the effect? Why, New England is filled with marital demoralization! Never! never! has such unchastity ever prevailed in the community before!

"Two thirds of the libertines and cyprians of

Boston are Catholics, and many of them the graduates of parish schools.

"Catholic France is introduced to New England, and New England is struck with horror. The brazen face of open, unblushing licentiousness is simply appalling! And this through the church, the so-called organ of matchless purity!

"Soon, through Catholic influence in politics, we will have licentiousness licensed the same as in the capital city of 'the eldest daughter of the church.'

"How long do you think the free, enlightened American citizen will stand such mockery of religion and morality? I tremble for the fate of the church when America shall be aroused, as France has been aroused, to expel the Jesuits. Oh, sir, I beg you to pause! No more endeavor to break down the grand institutions of this free country! They are the grandest, freest, noblest, the world ever saw! Pause, I beseech you, and consider ere you awaken a thunderbolt that shall demolish the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy on this continent."

Father Leonard was about to reply, when suddenly his former ward and pupil, Kate Ransom, rushed into the room. She was no more Kate Ransom, but the honored wife of Mike Lawler. Her excited manner indicated that she had something weighty upon her mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FATHER KEENAN AND LITTLE KATIE. — A LAST FAREWELL. — THE SILENT WATCHER.

"AH!" cried Father Leonard. "Ah! I see Kate Ransom!" as she entered Father Keenan's room. "So we meet again, my pupil and my penitent," reaching out his hand.

"Hold! hold, sir! You are mistaken. I am neither your pupil nor your penitent," replied Mrs. Lawler, gravely. "I suppose you call me 'Kate Ransom' because I was married by a Protestant. I am not Kate Ransom, sir, but the wife of Michael Lawler."

Kate was no more the cringing slave, a suppliant at the confessional, but a noble, upright, self-reliant, God-inspired woman, a miracle of independent free thought; a prodigy, perhaps, such as education and contact with the world alone develop.

"Sick and in prison, sir," she continued, "and ye visited me not. Where was your promise, your Jesuitical promise? Ah, sir! nothing but breaking from convent walls saved me from utter degradation."

"And so you prefer domestic duties, the embrace of a husband, and the rearing of children, to a holy convent life," said Father Leonard, with a sneer.

"Yes, sir. I prefer to be useful to my generation and my race, not to be a recluse or a beggar or a burden; and I hope to keep myself unspotted from the world."

"Just as if a convent life were not the purest on earth."

"Convent life! convent life!" said Kate, excitedly. "Don't tempt me too far, Father! I could tell you a tale of convent life that would make your very heart bleed. Human nature, I know, is the same everywhere, but it is infinitely worse in a convent, where there is no restraint, no eye to detect, and no law to punish."

"But in the convent you had time for meditation, prayer, and devotion."

"Yes, and I had time to repent, — repent of my folly for listening to your honeyed words and for entering that charnel-house of despair."

"Not of despair but of hope, my friend."

"Yes, it may be hope for some, — hope for the guilty; but I have no vices to atone for, no crimes to hide."

"But I was as a father to you when I watched your erring feet that night I followed you over the bridge to the dance hall."

"Yes! yes! You watched, as you have ever watched and placed an espionage over every pupil and communicant. Now, sir, I ask if watching, threatening, bringing to the rack of penance, shouting continually eternal damnation to the erring, will deter or reclaim them? No! no! You may set a watch at every gate, place a sentinel over every household, guard every bridge that leads to Boston, still young people will break through any and every barrier, if they have no moral stamina at heart. They must be trusted, not watched, must be taught to become self-reliant and self-confident. You boast of the piety of your pupils. Why, sir, there is not a school in the State that sends out so many moral pests to society. As a class, they are pugilistic, deceptive, dissipated, and dishonest. Thank heaven, *my* child shall never be exposed to such influence! Yet you assert that my little child is illegitimate, and that I am living in sin, because, forsooth, my marriage was not blessed by the Church. That doctrine America is invited to accept; and that is the chief floodgate of its sensuality, — no marriage without a priest!"

At this moment the door opened, and Michael Lawler, leading little Katie, entered.

"Ah! there comes my husband now, leading my little child," continued Kate. "Behold him, my lawful husband! Say, if you dare, he is not my husband! Tell me, if you will, priest or no

priest, that that child is illegitimate ! Yet priests by the score in this archdiocese declare, ' No marriage without a priest.' No marital connection without it is sealed by the bond of the Church.

"I have raised my husband from a wreck of dissipation and pious hypocrisy to a noble, God-fearing, honest man. He may not sprinkle with the holy water as before, he may not wear the scapular, he may not recite the rosary as of old, nor carry a pair of beads ; neither does he attend the confessional ; but a purer, nobler, more generous-hearted and benevolent man does not walk the earth."

"This is very high praise," said Leonard, sarcastically, and turned away. He saw further discussion would be useless. All eyes were now turned on the dying priest. Father Keenan had suddenly perceived little Katie and her father, and beckoned them toward the bed.

Michael approached, leading the child.

"And this, — this is your child, Michael," said Father Keenan, as he stroked Katie's fair hair, and looked into her innocent, angelic blue eyes. "Oh, if I had had such a child as this to call *me* father, to press to my lonely heart, to hear her sweet voice prattling in my ear, to feel her little arms around my neck, and know that one heart beat with sympathetic throb for me ! Oh, for such a child as this, whose smile would be as the

sunlight of heaven to my desolate heart, whose voice would seem like strains of seraphic melody, whose gentle look would warm and melt a frozen bosom with sympathetic tears ! ”

His voice faltered, his eyes grew dim and misty. He put his trembling arms around the wondering child, and, gently as a mother might do, drew her golden head upon his breast.

“ Oh, my darling little one ! ” he murmured. “ God has surely sent you, like one of his blessed angels, like an angel of peace and love and hope, to cheer and comfort my soul. Thou art indeed lovely as a dream of paradise. Innocence, truth, purity are enshrined in thine infantine face. The saints are truly pictured with the light borrowed from an infant’s countenance. The passions have no trace in thy clear eyes, no mark upon thy brow, no sign upon thy cherub lips. Of such, of such indeed, is the kingdom of heaven. Bend thy sweet eyes upon me, my angel child. I am a dying man, doomed soon to close my eyes upon all this earthly scene. Oh ! that they might rest in their last fleeting glimpse upon such as thou art, and carry into the other world a vision so sweet, so pure, and holy. Kiss me, my child. Give Father Keenan one parting kiss of farewell.”

The obedient child softly pressed her lips to those of the dying priest. He held her in his arms for a few moments, then released her, and

signified his wish to be alone. They saw that he was wearied and nearly exhausted, and required rest, and so they took a silent farewell of the dying man, and Father Keenan was left alone to his own thoughts.

Sad, gloomy, heart-depressing indeed were those thoughts. He knew that he was dying, knew that a few brief hours more and the flickering spark of his life would be spent. To die thus, in a hovel of misery, in abject poverty, in a room where dark and putrid exhalations hung about the walls, where horrid cries and drunken yells ascended from below, and the wind whistled and shrieked through countless crannies and crevices, — to die thus and alone, without a relative or friend to hear his last moan, — oh, it was terrible ! terrible ! In the midst of these bitter reflections Father Keenan fell into a fitful slumber.

Hours passed, the day wore on, night fell, and still the priest slumbered. Opening his eyes at last, after one of those fevered dreams that haunt the sleep of the dying, Father Keenan glanced around the room. A candle's feeble ray but faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. The distant corners were dark with shadow. A pall, suggestive of that pall of death which soon would enwrap his mortal frame, seemed to brood and hover over everything within the chamber, and suddenly his wandering gaze was transfixed, as it were, by

the sight of an object that seemed to arise out of the gloom, as night sprang from chaos. It bore the outline of a human figure, a figure black-robed and hooded, seated silent and motionless beyond the radius of the candlelight.

Who was it? What was the strange person doing here?

The priest's sudden movement as he raised himself slightly caused the figure to rise and softly glide toward the bed. It bent over him, and then he saw it was a woman dressed in the black robes of a nun.

"Father, what do you wish?"

Ha! The tones of that voice! How familiar they sounded! He uttered a slight cry, and then caught sight of the pale, beautiful face, with the white band of her order across the forehead.

"Heavenly Father!" he cried. "Can it be? Am I dreaming? Is this but a dream of the night? Speak to me, I implore you! Are you indeed Marie, my boyhood's love, the idol of my youthful heart, Marie McShea?"

"Yes, Jerome, it is she who once was known by that name," she answered, in a low voice that was tremulous with emotion.

The sick priest tried to speak, but for a few moments his voice was choked. Unutterable thoughts surged through his mind. He had taken the nun's cold hand, and with it pressed

within both his own, gazed with mournful longing upon the once-loved, nay madly worshipped face. It was still a very beautiful face, but pallid as marble from the rigorous prayers and fastings of an ascetic's life. About the dark eyes were purple circles, and one needed but a glance to see that life with her was but a weary burden, and that she would only too gladly hail the day of her eternal emancipation. The priest read all this as plainly as if it were a printed page, and his eyes filled and his voice shook with feeling as he murmured in broken tones, —

"Marie! Marie! Is it thus we meet again? Is it thus I see your dear countenance, stricken with grief and sorrow? O Heavenly Father, forgive me the sin and wickedness of my life! But oh, above all else, pardon and forgive me for my wrongs toward this dear one! Yes, Marie," he continued, with a burst of strong emotion, "I, I am the wretched cause of the sorrows and misery I see written in your countenance. The years of agony, the long torture of soul which I know you have suffered and endured, sprung from your love of my unworthy self. Nay, you must not deny it, you shall not! I had no right to win your love, unless I had fulfilled my vows, thrown off the shackles of the church, and made you my loved and honored wife. Oh, that terrible, terrible mistake of my life! Oh, that I had but asserted

my manhood, despised the seductive reasoning of my superiors, and made you mine! How different then would have been the story of our lives! I see you by my side a happy wife, mother of my children, our home an altar of love and peace and happiness, and you and me in our declining years leaning upon each other with the trust, the hope, the comfort of a holy, heaven-inspired love, while our children grew up around us and blessed us daily with their confidence and love. Such the picture which might have been a sweet and blessed reality. Instead of that, what do I see?" he continued, with quavering voice. "An old man, broken by sin and crushed by misfortune, dying in this den of misery, a desolate, homeless, heart-sick old man, weary of life, praying for death, every plan and dream of life an utter and hopeless ruin!"

He paused in agitation, and the nun, no less deeply moved, forgetting in the stirrings of natural feelings all the lessons of her conventual training, bowed her head upon his hands and gave way to a flood of bitter tears.

"Jerome! dear Jerome!" she murmured, at length, amid her sobs. "You wring my very soul! Oh, think not of the past! Let not your mind dwell on the vanities of earth in this solemn moment; think only of the future, of God's glorious

promises, of the blissful life that is opening to your feet, — that eternal life where sorrows never come and the weary are at rest! I heard that you were ill, ill unto death, and God whispered to my heart that my place was here by your side. Though in life we have been separated, yet in death we shall be united. Yes, dearest Jerome, I feel, I know, that my days too are surely numbered, and that I shall not linger long after you are taken away; but I fled here, — fled from my convent cell, — to ask your forgiveness. I fear I have led you to your ruin; but for my conduct in your church, but for my insane denunciation that day, you would now perhaps have been an honored priest. Oh, I knew not what I did! I must have been mad, crazed! Say that you forgive me, Jerome! on my knees I ask it.” And she knelt by the bedside and raised her clasped hands toward him.

“I forgive you freely, my poor Marie,” said the dying man, as soon as he could speak. “And now I feel that death draws near. Stay with me, Marie! Promise that you will not leave until I am at rest. Oh, let my eyes at the last see your dear face and yours alone!”

She gave the required promise, and then a deep silence fell in that chamber of death.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PASSING SOUL. — FATHER KEENAN'S DREAM OF
REFORM. — THE LAST OF EARTH.

THE city clocks strike one !

The first hour of another day has passed into the great gulf of time. All has remained unchanged in Father Keenan's chamber ; all, except that the single candle is gradually wasting away, like the life-spark of the dying priest, and steadily yet surely nearing its end. Shadows still cling about the corners of the room, and spread pall-like across the dingy ceiling, and hover black and threatening, as the light wanes and flickers from some draught of air, over the couch of the dying man, and still that hooded, black-robed figure maintains her sleepless vigil, silent, motionless, except that now and then she noiselessly tells her beads, and her lips move in voiceless prayer for the comfort and peace of the passing soul.

As the stroke of the hour reverberates through the room Father Keenan stirred uneasily on his couch. The nun was quickly at the bedside.

" Ah ! It is you, Marie," he murmured, feebly,

as a grateful smile flickered wanly over his face. "You are still here, my faithful Marie."

"I shall never leave you, Jerome," she simply said, and passed her hand caressingly over his face, smoothing his disordered hair, and brushing it back from the broad forehead. "Do you want for anything, Jerome?"

He shook his head and feebly moved his hand towards hers, gently taking it in his.

"Nothing but this, Marie," he said in response, pressing her hand. "I am quite content and free from pain. Do not leave me. Let me hold your hand thus, and I shall soon sleep again."

She silently acquiesced, and the priest's eyes once more closed. Fancying him asleep, Marie at length gently sought to withdraw her hand, but his clasp tightened and he opened his eyes, saying,—

"I am not asleep, Marie, I am thinking,—thinking of you and of your future."

"Take no thought of me, Jerome," she answered: "my future is in the hands of God; He will provide."

Father Keenan reverently bowed his head and repeated, "Yes, He will provide."

Again he closed his eyes, and this time slept. The nun once more resumed her place, again noiselessly told her beads, and her lips moved in voiceless prayer; and the candle flickered and splut-

tered, and grotesque shapes and figures darted out of the dim corners and waved their dark shadows across the dingy ceiling, hovering as before over the couch of the dying man.

"One — two !"

Hark ! another hour has flown, another step towards eternity, where neither time is, nor sickness, pain, nor death.

"Marie !"

The voice and the slight movement he makes bring the silent watcher instantly to the dying man's side.

"I am here, Jerome, still here," she says.

Still another stroke of the hour — "one — two three !" and another still — "one — two — three — four !"

More dimly now the candle burns, darker, with gathering shadows, grows the death-chamber, and more feebly flickers the nearly spent flame of life in Jerome Keenan's bosom. He turns slightly and tosses his arms restlessly in his sleep, his lips moving as if trying to speak, though no sound issues from them. The touch of his watcher's hand, gentle as it is, aroused him, and he opens his eyes so quickly and suddenly that he perceives *her* eyes are streaming with tears before she can turn aside her head to conceal them.

"You are weeping, Marie," he says, reproach-

fully. "Nay, this is not well. Rather, you should rejoice, as I do, and thank a merciful Father that He has given me that joy and peace which passeth understanding.

"Yes, Marie, dear one," he continued, passing one arm around her neck, and drawing her closer to him, his voice seeming to grow temporarily stronger, "yes, my dear one, the summons for me has come. I feel that the end is near, — very near. Hark!" he added, partially raising himself in a listening attitude, "the dawn is approaching. I hear already the stir and bustle in the streets. Hark! what is that strange, rushing sound? It fills my brain as when a child I used to place a sea-shell to my ear and my sainted mother would tell me the hollow noise I heard was the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Ah! the tide is going out, Marie, — the tide of my life, — and is flowing, like all human life, on, on, soon to mingle in the great ocean of eternity!

"Yes," he continued, after a short silence, "I am resigned to die. Life has long since been stripped of its illusions to my eyes. I have had my joys, my sorrows, my vain ambitions; and oh! how trivial, how small and insignificant they seem at this moment! And yet, Marie, if it had pleased God, I would have liked to live a little longer for the one, last darling purpose of my soul;

to see the later efforts of my life crowned with success; to see the poor, the down-trodden, and oppressed freed from the shackles of sin, raised from the mire of corruption, and uplifted to a higher and nobler plane of manhood and of womanhood.

"Oh, that I could have seen some signs that my efforts were bearing fruit; that my weak and feeble strivings to reform the church of my love had prevailed, the church in which I was bred, the priesthood with whom I claim brotherhood, although it has traduced and reviled me, and persecuted me to the death. But that is all in God's hands. In His own good time the work of righteousness will be accomplished. Some other instrument of divine purpose will be upraised, and the work of reform will continue.

"Yes," he resumed again, starting up, and his eyes gazing into vacancy, while the light of enthusiasm flashed over his countenance, "my eyes already see the glory of the coming of the Lord! I hear the rumbling of his chariot-wheels! The Lord of hosts is marshalling his angels! Behold the glittering array! Tremble, ye powers of darkness! Tremble, ye who would crush and grind the souls of men into the dust! The day of emancipation is dawning! The glorious sun of freedom is already rising above the distant horizon! From the tops of the rocks I see it! From the hills I behold it!"

The sun of the new-born day was indeed rising ; its beams were growing broader and brighter, and here and there they stole into that darkened chamber, through rents in the shabby curtains or crevices of the door, and showed a weeping woman upon her knees, her arm thrown caressingly about a rigid form, her head pillowed upon its pulseless bosom, — a form stilled, forever stilled in death's eternal slumber ! The summons had come, the silver cord was loosened, and the FALLEN PRIEST, let us hope, through Christ's promises, has risen to a glorious immortality !

And as the same golden orb of day that brightened Father Keenan's last moments lifts its beams higher and higher over harbor, shore, State, and nation, so may the glorious work of reform, which was the dream and hope of his later years, follow the sun in its course, soothing every bruised and stricken heart, blessing the husbandman and the mechanic, the poor man and the rich man, the just and the unjust alike, and every crushed soul bowed down under the weight of church despotism, church taxes, priestly corruption, carrying light and hope unto every mountain-side and hill-top until this, the grandest, freest, richest nation on earth, shall be forever redeemed from priestly dictation and political thralldom !

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I WROTE THE BOOK. — REFORM UPON THE TAPIS.
— BISHOP IRELAND, OF ST. PAUL, LEADS THE VAN. —
NEW YORK SYNOD FOLLOWS SUIT. — ARCHDIOCESE OF
BOSTON BRINGS UP THE REAR.

THE reader asks, Why did you write "Boston Inside Out"? I answer, To reform the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. How? By publishing to the world their glaring hypocrisy, guilt, and crimes, until public indignation demands reform or abdication; until a system of trustees is organized to hold church property, and render an account to the State, like other moneyed corporations; until rum and lotteries are abolished from the church; until the bishops are compelled to bring the clergy up to a higher standard of morals; until politics and intrigue are eliminated from the sanctuary of God.

Have you succeeded in the least? Yes, beyond my most sanguine expectations. Though failing in health for the last few years, I have accomplished more for morality, humanity, and

the cause of religion, than in all my life before. Reform the priesthood of the Catholic Church, and you reform Christendom; American institutions are safe; doubtful Christianity is redeemed.

What are your signs of hope? First, in the great West. In Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin my book of exposure went by thousands. There, at the head-waters of the noble Mississippi, starts a tide of reform that sweeps to the sea, and will soon cover a continent. There, by the majestic falls of St. Anthony, stands the church's grandest champion and hero for temperance and purity, — Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul. There his voice, tuned by the sound of the falling waters, thunders words of redemption for the church, that awaken response from ocean to ocean.

Hear what he says: "Our disgrace and our misfortune in America is the number of Irish saloon-keepers. I blush for the old race whenever I walk along the streets of our cities, and read over the doorways Irish names, prefacing so seldom the words 'Bank,' 'Commission House,' 'Dry Goods Store,' so often the words 'Saloon,' 'Wines and Liquors,' 'Imported Liquors.' To what base uses noble names have come!

"Far more than landlordism has intemperance impoverished Ireland. Fifty-five millions of dollars spent in one year for intoxicating beverages!

Suppress intoxication in Ireland, and you can close the courts and jails, so good are the Irish people without whiskey, so bad with it.

"What's to be done? Our remedy is total abstinence. The strongest protest possible must be made against intemperance: total abstinence is the protest. With the priests of the church pre-eminently rests the future of their people. Heavy responsibilities weigh upon priests laboring amid Irish populations. Will they grasp with a firm hand their magnificent opportunities, and with unwavering heart follow them out to victory?" Again says the Bishop, "The saloon-keeper has taken his place among the pillars of church and society; therefore let no priest in this diocese give the sacrament to any bar-tender, saloon-keeper, or liquor-seller." Noble words! First battle-cry of the church! First cannon-boom that starts the avalanche!

This is not all. The New York Synod of 1882, under Cardinal McCloskey, has taken up the refrain. The clergy of that archdiocese are brought to a stand. They are forbidden to attend "horse races," frequent "theatres," or witness "profane spectacles." They are also prohibited from betting or engaging in any kind of "gambling or lotteries." What does the church in Boston say to that? But the strongest resolve enacted was

that in relation to church property : "Every pastor must place *on record* what property belongs to the parish and what to himself." What do the priests of Massachusetts think of that ?

How about reform in the archdiocese of Boston ? Well, there you 've got me. You see, the archbishop is a kind, good-hearted, and pious man. He never attends secular festivals or amusements, is wholly devoted to his work ; but he has not stamina enough to command obedience, nor the will-power so necessary to a powerful leader. He is fettered by his surroundings, he is a lamb among wolves. He has too many powerful priests whom he cannot control, too many fighting shepherds whom he can neither displace nor silence without a fight. He is no warrior.

For instance, here is a priest, rich and arrogant, yet addicted to nearly all the vices, — gaming, drinking, licentiousness. Should the bishop attempt to transfer him, he stands behind his rampart and bids defiance. He cannot be ousted without a struggle. Too big a whale for the net. Let a poor curate commit the same offences, he is summoned before the bishop's council, deposed and silenced in short order.

Here is another priest, building a costly church ; he has been building it for years ; collected enough money to build several churches, but no

one knows where it goes to. Nothing but the basement of the church finished, and the whole edifice heavily mortgaged at that. He can go to Europe, however, almost every season, and spend in riotous living on the Continent the hard-earned dollars of laboring men and servant-girls; and the bishop does not dare to remove him, because these aggressive priests make trouble for the church and the faithful are scandalized.

Here is the pioneer of the parish-school system, bold and reckless. He may advertise a consecrated graveyard for sale at auction, seize an alderman by the collar and throw him out of the church on the Sabbath, placard "Moody" and "Sankey" on the backs of two boys who chanced to go on a Sunday afternoon to Moody and Sankey's meeting, give them a thrashing, then order the school to hoot at them, nickname them "Moody and Sankey"; after these indignities, compel them to say prayers before fourteen images, at fourteen stations, all for listening to a Protestant one time on the Sabbath! Then he may allow his curate to throw his three-cornered hat and his prayer-book at the heads of the pupils, refuse mass to all who attend free schools, charge admission fees to all who do attend high mass, invest in corner lots, own a whole block of buildings in his own name, while his church, though deeded to the bishop, is heavily mortgaged;

all this, and more, yet the archbishop dare not say the first opposing word.

Why? The priest has the ear of the Pope. He uses the cable more perhaps — receives more congratulations from Rome — than the archbishop himself. He is killing New England Puritanism by undermining her system of free schools. Just what Rome demands. He is the Boanerges of the papacy. Let the bishop rebuke him, and Rome howls.

Then, again, witness the bishop's dealings with Father Titus, hero of my last book. Knowing all his amours, he was too imperious for the bishop to suppress or rebuke, so he is given the highest honors and the most lucrative charge. Father Titus was very zealous for the faith, and so his misdemeanors were overlooked. It is said of him that he built more churches and ruined more homes than any other man in the diocese. These and a score of others I might mention are fetters to the bishop's hands; they are a barrier to all reform.

Another impediment to the bishop is his own official organ, the *Pilot*. With an immense circulation, its columns are given to sports, liquor, and lotteries. It is one of the first liquor journals of the country. Months ago one of the foremost temperance advocates of the diocese asked for a temperance column to take the place of the sport-

ing matter. He offered to edit it himself, without remuneration. He was refused on the ground that sports were more acceptable to its readers than temperance. Not until the Providence Total Abstinence Union passed a resolution to subscribe only for papers having a temperance department did this religious (?) journal insert a column devoted to the cause. It was the only paper in Boston that for years dared advertise the Louisiana State Lottery, in spite of public opinion and our stringent laws. Not until compelled to by the authorities did it desist from advertising lotteries, and then only at my solicitation and demand that the law be enforced.

But the greatest drawback of the archbishop is the burden of two hundred mortgages, more or less, on one hundred and fifty churches. A few churches, those of the Jesuits and Redemptorist Fathers, are not in the bishop's name. The rest, the secular churches, are. They are generally mortgaged for nearly their full value. Churches are dedicated, but not consecrated until out of debt. One informant declares that only three belonging to the bishop have been consecrated, only three are out of debt. This I doubt.

Number of churches in the archdiocese, 156; churches being erected, 7; chapels and stations, 14: total, 177. Colleges, 2; female academies,

4; hospitals, 7; orphan asylums, 10; convents, 14; parochial schools, 28. In the whole Commonwealth, nearly twice as many. Property in the State untaxed, unreported, in the hands of irresponsible priests, from ten to twenty millions.

I ask in all candor, how can the archbishop manage all those mortgages, watch all the pilfering priests, and still perform his more important ecclesiastical duties? These are ordinations, dedications, church consecrations, receiving members in holy orders, such as Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph, Franciscan Sisters, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and Little Sisters of the Poor. The last-named must be only five feet high; they are called "Little," but what is lost in height is often made up in breadth. They are generally the fattest, most persistent and inveterate beggars of the whole diocese.

Besides, there are confirmations, dispensations of marriage, blessing of holy oils and chrism, trials of priests and laymen, discipline of the clergy, attending council, corresponding with parishes, compiling statistics, keeping full account of the finances of the diocese, organizing new societies, corresponding with the Pope, and sending to Rome a full account of Catholic population, number of priests, schools, convents, churches, asylums, and all money coming under his hand.

No man living can perform all this. Whom, then, does he appoint his deputy vicegerent? What man, armed with the power of justice, and with the Archbishop's signet ever at hand, can be trusted with the management of these millions? Who but a Cape Cod sailor, sailing three times around the world, boxing the compass of almost every sect and creed from Baptist to Episcopalian, until at last he jumps into the Catholic fold, finds a harbor of rest, fashionable clubs, fine wines, fast horses, and excellent female society?

No solvent corporation would trust its untaxed millions to such hands. No wonder the town of Natick cries to the priest, "Where is our money?" No wonder that Brighton says, "Why is our church not built?" No wonder that Lawrence cries, "Where is our half million? We have trusted our savings to the priests and we have become beggars!" Church trustees must be appointed and reform *must come!* The decree has gone forth, light is flashing, thunders echo in the sky, "*Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

CHAPTER II.

CHURCH LOTTERIES.

OPEN LETTER TO ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS BY REV. HENRY
MORGAN.

REVEREND SIR, — I have purchased two tickets to your lotteries, — one for the House of the Good Shepherd, the other for the Altars of the Cathedral. Lotteries can never be stopped while the Church leads in the crime.

Three years ago I made this public vow : "The first church in Boston, of whatever sect or creed, that advertises, sets up, or promotes a lottery, shall be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." The lot fell upon the Cathedral Fair. Your rector evaded the law by withdrawing the tickets. Gamblers and liquor-sellers came to the rescue. They know their friends. One liquor seller from his fair table gave you a check for \$7,000.

The law says : "Every person who sells or offers to sell any ticket, number, chance, or token by lottery or raffle is subject to a fine not exceeding \$2,000 ; also to imprisonment." Again : "Whoever aids either by printing, writing, advertising, or is in any way concerned in setting up a lottery or raffle is subject to the same fine."

And again: "Whoever lets or allows a building to be used for such purposes is also liable."

Can it be necessary for a bishop to break the law? You hold the title deeds of more untaxed property than any other man in New England. Two hundred churches and institutions, more or less, assessed at millions, but taxed nothing. More than four millions in Boston alone. I own but one small brick church, and am taxed nearly \$500 a year. I never complained, never asked one cent's reduction.

Your deeds and mine are given to us individually, and not to trustees. No treasurer, no auditor of accounts, no corporation. We can sell at will. Your property is managed by irresponsible priests, — responsible neither to State nor congregation. Priests can pack their trunks, carry the money to Europe by the thousand, and you be none the wiser. What became of the \$800,000 raised for the Cathedral by your vicar-general while you were in Europe? Cathedral still mortgaged clear up to the roof. Look at Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, wasting several millions of the people's hard-earned money. Look at Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, spending millions in lottery schemes. I protest, bishops and priests should submit their accounts to the State or congregation, or be taxed like other men.

Who pays the taxes on your four millions in Boston, assessed at sixty thousand dollars a year and more? Answer: Mostly Protestants and non-church-goers. Shall they have no voice in government? None for the suppression of crime? None for the reduction of exorbitant taxes? Shall the rich men all be driven from the city? Catholics in the United States are but one eighth of the population, — six and a half millions; Protestants, ten millions; non-church-goers, thirty millions. Yet Catholics hold nearly all the large cities. They bar stringent legislation and shield the criminal classes. How long, O Church of God, shall these things be?

Shall the Holy Mother Church — too holy to hold fellowship with any other sect or denomination, too pure to join with Methodist or Baptist for any reform — be allowed to break every law, breed most of the paupers and criminals, and carry every city election against law and order? No! no! a thousand times no! In the name of modern civilization and humanity, no! no!

Now, sir, if I shall prove that out of 650 convicts in Concord State Prison 400 are Catholics, — 500 per cent more than the Church's due proportion according to the population of the State; that of the 230 in the Woman's Prison at Sherborn seven tenths are Catholics; that 75 per cent of the

inmates of Deer Island are Catholics ; that 62 per cent of the boys of the Reform School are Catholics ; that the proportion of paupers and beggars is still larger ; that crimes are blackest where steeples are thickest (South Boston, for instance) ; that the Church panders to the criminal classes ; votes almost solid for lotteries, lawlessness, and free rum (witness the late election) ; that your organ, the *Pilot*, is rum's advocate, its chief advertisement the Golden Crown — whether king's crown or pope's crown, at any rate it crowns a liquor cask, — "Cognac Brandy," — if I shall prove that this same *Pilot*, purchased and owned in part, at least, by you, J. Boyle O'Reilly, editor, having the largest circulation of any Catholic paper in the world, was about the only paper for years in Boston that dared advertise "L. S. L." — Louisiana State Lotteries — and would advertise to-day in spite of law and public opinion but for my efforts two months since in ordering the police commissioners to do their duty, — suppress the advertisement ; that this same Boyle O'Reilly, poet and politician, advocates pugilism, prize fighting, — the divine art of nose-smashing, — goes all the way to New York to witness the mill between Tug Wilson and John Sullivan, defends the deed in your organ at the moral expense of bishop and Church ; that O'Reilly and Sullivan are representative Catholics, one from

a Boston institution, the other from over the water; that Sullivan's escape from the fine of \$300 for smashing a man's jaw is like the escape of five hundred other criminals let loose by Catholic influence through the district attorney, — now, sir, if I prove all this and more, will the Church authorities then desist from their suicidal course?

I tremble for the future of the Church. Shall the acts of republican France be repeated in republican America? Shall Jesuits be outlawed and ordered to depart as enemies of the State? The Central American States have banished them. Mexico has confiscated their property for schools and public improvements. Italy's indignation rouses at the first stir of the late pope's bones. The Church of the Continent rests on a seething volcano.

Let the Church in America take warning.

If I go to Spain, what? Ignorance, blood, and bull-fights. To Italy, home of the pope and papacy, what? Every tenth person a beggar or brigand. To France, eldest daughter of the Church, what? Licensed *bagnios*, and every twelfth child illegitimate. To Ireland? Intemperance, squalor, degradation. All fruit of the Church. Massachusetts is fast following suit. Woe to the Church when the three-quarter population, the non-church-goers, rise in their

might and say, "Hold, enough of lotteries, pauperism, and crime! Close your doors or reform."

What I shall do with the lottery tickets depends upon the district attorney. Elected mostly by Catholic votes, appointing Catholic assistants, having more influence than judge or jury, setting free more criminals, two to one, than are convicted, his position is apparent. Future legislation may abolish the office.

State rule is our only hope, if the Church continues in its present reckless, suicidal, mad career. Oh, awake, sir! awake to the crisis! You were a Boston boy. You are to-day the most liberal Catholic bishop in America. You can see and feel the terrible change that has come over your native city. You alone can avert the threatened catastrophe. Oh, sir! you hold the keys of destiny! The fate of millions! Rise in your might! Expel the wrong! Say that lotteries, Sunday liquor selling, incontinence, miracle frauds, and plenary indulgences shall be forever banished from the Holy Church of God.

Yours, HENRY MORGAN.

Boston, Nov. 21, 1882.

To Most Rev. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, *Archbishop*.

P. S. — See editorial in *Pilot* of July 20, 1882, on prize fighting. After intimating that prize fighting is a good sign of the times, the editor

says: "And it is possible to make it a good thing, and therefore gratify a healthy appetite."

Healthy to bruise men's heads! Oh, shame! shame! Where is thy blush?

"The art of boxing in America ought to be raised to its old classic excellence." (As in the dark ages, I suppose.) "The way to do it is to make the 'knocking-out' business a heavy crime, and offer the prizes to those who compete for points of skill."

Is not the whole thing a heavy, yea, an abominable crime, classed with felony?

Again: "The proper object of boxing is the cultivation of a manly and healthful exercise. For high skill prizes ought to be offered, and here public interest is well directed."

Yes, pugilistic prizes offered! Good! Selah! Offered by the latter-day followers of the Meek and Lowly! Who, being reviled, reviled not again; persecuted, he threatened not.

Again: "Sedentary reformers may satisfy themselves that because prize fighting is brutal it is dying out. The facts are against them."

Of course not, when the Church leads off. Ho! ye patron saints of the prize ring! Now, sir, I ask in all sincerity, how long will modern civilization stand such Christianity as this? How long? O Lord God Almighty! How long! How long!

H. M.

CHAPTER III.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE. —
BURNING OF THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS LESSONS.

[*Delivered on Mount Benedict, Somerville, Sunday, Aug. 27, 1882,*
by REV. HENRY MORGAN.]

TEXT: “*Our holy and beautiful house is burned up with fire.*” — Is. lxiv. 11.

WE stand on historic ground. These ruins mark a battle-field, — battle-field of two opposing forces: one mob force, the other a religious force; apparently the mob won. Yonder tall shaft on Bunker Hill also commemorates a battle-field. But over there, victory perched on our banners; a victory of which Americans may well be proud. Here also victory was won; but it was a victory that brings the blush of shame!

On this pleasant August evening, you see few indications of the fierce passions that raged here on that memorable August night, forty-eight years ago. These crumbling ruins indeed remain; but the lurid glare, reddening the summer sky; the cries of frightened women and almost frenzied children; the fierce rush of the flames, and the

shouts and yells of the maddened mob, — these are all wanting to bring to your eyes the hideous picture of that night of terror. Thank heaven, these broken walls are the only memorial of the violence of religious prejudice throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Forty-eight years ago, the finest Ursuline convent in New England crowned this spot; built by a convert to the Catholic faith, John Thayer of Salem, and intended as a fashionable boarding school for children of wealthy families, — Protestants preferred. Here it was proposed to give Protestant girls a first-class Catholic education in what are called “accomplishments,” — embroidery, painting, drawing, music, and dancing. These are what stanch Puritans opposed; but liberal Unitarians patronized them out of spite to Puritans, — fraternized with the Catholics. The convent had fifty Protestant pupils (mostly Unitarians) to ten Catholics.

The convent was a grand building for the times: surrounded with beautiful grounds, terraces, trees, and shrubbery; aristocratic porter’s lodge and bishop’s house. It looked to the natives as foreign as the castle of the most distant foreign potentate. Common people had to go to the side or back door. The grand entrance was reserved for Bishop Fenwick and the Lady Superior.

These dignitaries ruled with the sway of a king and queen; exacted deference and homage. The whole household stood in awe of the Lady Superior, not excepting the bishop. She was large and corpulent. Nuns bowed before her; servants approached her with bent head, downcast eyes, hands crossed on breast. She always drove out in state,—stylish carriage, fat horses, and fat coachman; the pink of royalty.

WHAT CAUSED THE RIOT. — The convent was looked upon with jealous eyes by the natives. It was foreign, un American; an offshoot of monarchical rule. None more bitter against it than the Boston truckmen: they were a powerful guild in those days; called themselves "the watch-dogs of Boston"; took a prominent part in city politics. The city government was then conducted on the American plan; "Put none but Americans on guard" was the motto. The truckmen were exponents of this policy; they were not fond of royalty or foreign customs.

In fact, they were the Dennis Kearneys of their time. "The Chinese must go." A riot had occurred on Broad Street, blood had been shed; Irishmen were the victims, they had cheapened labor; no chance for Americans but to follow Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man." Hence the riot. The truckmen didn't say, how-

ever, "The Irish must go"; but this, "The Irish must n't underbid! must not introduce popery!" Now, that was just what the Irish were bound to do. "Faith, an' that's jist what we're here fur."

The public mind had recently been agitated on the subject of Catholicism. Dr. Lyman Beecher had lately poured out the vials of his wrath against Romanism, denouncing convents. All Boston was stirred; strange rumors affecting the Ursuline Convent began to fly about; old stories were raked up, new ones bruited abroad. A pupil had just escaped; she was a young girl, native of Charlestown. She told a thrilling tale of persecution, afterwards published under the title of "Six Months in a Convent." She graphically portrayed the priest's visits to her father's death-bed, his anxiety to get possession of her father's property, the inducements offered her for joining the nuns, her cruel treatment, meagre fare, penance and fastings, tyrannical restraint within four walls, her anxiety to escape, her overhearing of the plot to send her to another convent and shut her up forever. At last she made her escape out of the window, over lattice-work and high fences.

Many ridicule to this day the idea that she should make so romantic an elopement when she could have passed out of the open door. That is a

question. I relate two instances of similar restraint.

A few years since, Mary McNeil lived at 174 Dover Street, Boston. She was eighteen years of age, a Protestant, attended Protestant meetings continually, and seemed quite devoted. Her brother was a Catholic, and bigoted. One day he drove up and asked her if she would not like to see her other brother, who was sick. She went with him, but did not return. He drove immediately to the House of the Good Shepherd in Brookline, and had her incarcerated. Mrs. David Owen and daughter called, but could see her but once, and that in the presence of the sisters behind bars. She said she would soon be out, thanked them for the interest taken in her welfare, and would call and see them. As she did not come, they called one week after, could not see her; was told that she was dead, — had died of scrofulous consumption. As she appeared perfectly well the week before, they were thunderstruck. If she had got out she would certainly have showed herself to her Protestant friends. Whether dead or living is still a mystery.

Father Titus, hero of my book "Boston Inside Out," was chaplain of that institution, — a "Refuge for the Fallen." It has the reputation of being a refuge for priestly victims coming from all parts

of the country ; whether true or false I cannot say. But more anon in another lecture.

Here is an instance from the convent itself one week before it was burned : Caroline Frances Alden was an inmate of the nunnery, under the name of "Sister Agnes." She had taken the white veil, but refused to go further and be initiated under the black veil. Her brother, J. W. Alden, also had left the Catholic school in Vermont, and refused to become a priest. He was schooled with Father Fitton ; finally became author of the "Principia Papers" and "Vaticanism Unmasked."

Mr. Alden and a sister from New Hampshire called at the convent to see Caroline. They were refused ; told that Sister Agnes could not be seen. They thought it strange ; something must be wrong ! Were refused the second time. The third time Mr. Alden said, "This sister of mine, on her way from New Hampshire to Belfast, Me., has stopped in Boston to see Caroline, and she *shall see her!*" He rang for the Lady Superior. She would not appear, but sent an attendant. He rang again in unmistakable tones. The Lady Superior with haughty tread at last deigned to show herself.

Mr. Alden said : "I will see my sister Caroline, or I declare this convent shall be torn down over your heads !"

He was then allowed to see Caroline through a grating. She looked as if she had wept her eyes out; gave him no explanation, but said, "If you are a friend to me, you will leave this building immediately. If you are going to Belfast, I shall be there in three days." The Lady Superior, seeing the determination of that family, was compelled to let her go. Caroline met her brother and sister at Belfast; never returned to convent or Catholic Church again. But the vow she was compelled to take on leaving the nunnery she has never revealed to this day!

So much for the free egress of the nuns. When not in accord with the Lady Superior, escape seems almost impossible. No tale-bearers given ticket of leave! Thus thought the Boston truckmen, and thus the community generally; all sympathized with the author of "Six Months in a Convent," and believed her story.

To add fuel to flame, about this time Sister Mary John, Mother Assistant, and principal teacher of music, made her escape in a strange manner. Overtaxed with work and delirious with fever, she leaped from her sick-bed, eluding the vigilance of her watchers, and in her night-dress flew out of the enclosure down the hill to a farm-house owned by a Mr. Cutter. It was at high noon, when Mr. Cutter was at dinner; she screamed and cried,

"Murder! murder! They are trying to kill me on the hill! Save me! save me!"

Mr. Cutter, though not friendly to the institutions, gave her in charge of his wife, hastened to the convent and reported to the Lady Superior. She hurried in her carriage to the farm-house; then, with the bishop and a Catholic brother of Mary John, they seized her while screaming and raving and protesting, forced her into the carriage, and drove with lightning speed back to the convent.

News of the escape and capture flew like wild-fire. Boston was ablaze with excitement. It was said that Mary John had been fiendishly treated, — was walled up alive in an underground cell. Groans and cries had been heard from the cellars. Secret indignation meetings were held by Boston truckmen. Threatening placards appeared in the streets. "Burn down the convent!" was the cry. "Remember the Broad Street riot, where American blood was spilled by Catholics!" Fears of mob violence reached the Superior's ears. She laughed them to scorn. "Irishmen will protect us," she said. The portress came flying in.

"Oh, madam, a selectman from Charlestown wants to see you. He says the convent is in danger: the mob are going to make an attack this very night. He wants to search the cellars, so as

to tell them there are no nuns imprisoned. Oh, pray, dear madam, in the holy Virgin's name, go and see this man." And she fell on her knees and burst into tears.

"Stop whimpering, you fool," cried the Superior. "I won't let anybody search this convent. Bishop Fenwick is my adviser. I won't take advice from selectmen. Pooh! they are weak as old women, — vulgarians, plebeians, shopkeepers."

In came Sister Mary John, with dishevelled hair, flurried and excited. She cried, "Let me go, madam! I am the cause of this trouble. Let me show him the cellars!" Seizing a lantern, she flew to the selectman; but the Superior hastened after. She overtook Mary John at the cellar door, snatched the lantern, and thrust it into the selectman's hand. "I won't allow one of the sisters to show you these premises. Play the spy yourself, if you want to. Take this lantern and look to your heart's content!"

The selectman was grieved and left in a hurry. Many of the nuns and pupils condemned the Superior's arrogance. They said that as the selectman had come to protect the institution, she ought to have treated him politely and explained matters. All but the Superior were alarmed; expected every minute to hear the shouts of the mob. Some of the girls crying for fear the mob would

come ; others for fear it would n't. These wanted to escape, but dared not ; afraid their Protestant parents would bring them back. An inmate of the convent, Miss Louisa Goddard, of Dorchester, now the wife of Prof. Whitney, of Harvard College, describes what she witnessed that night.

It was moonlight ; most of the nuns and pupils were asleep ; no sound to be heard but the crackling of the brick-yard fires near by, and distant barking of dogs. Suddenly there was an awful yell and shout. It was the roar of the mob crossing Charlestown Bridge. Soon another yell, and tramp of feet close by. A host of dark figures poured into view, shouting and yelling. Pandemonium seemed to be let loose.

"Oh, the mob ! the mob !" cried the frightened women and children. "Oh, we shall all be killed !" And they rushed about in despair.

"Where's the Lady Superior ?" cried the mob. "We want the Superior ! Tell her to come out, or we'll pull the convent down about her ears !"

At last the courageous Superior appeared at the top of the high steps.

"What do you want ?" she demanded. "Disperse at once ! If you don't, Bishop Fenwick has twenty thousand Irishmen at his command in Boston, and they will whip you all into the sea !"

Think of that ! Boston truckmen and mechanics "wiped out" by twenty thousand Irish !

This injudicious speech sealed the convent's doom. It was received with a perfect tumult. Shouts of derision, groans, and threatening yells burst from the mob.

"Bring on your twenty thousand men !" "Boston truckmen are good for all the Irishmen in Massachusetts !" "Blow up the nunnery !" "Down with the Catholics !" "Shoot the old witch !" "Give her a coat of tar and feathers !"

Such were the various cries. Then suddenly came two pistol shots.

"Oh, they 've murdered the Mother Superior !" cried the horrified women in the convent, dragging her inside the door.

But she was not hurt. Those men had no intention of injuring her. Her threats had maddened them, but the shots were only fired to scare her.

Cries now arose to tear down the fences.

"Make a big bonfire, boys !" shouted the leader ; "we want more light to work by ! That's the talk ! Now bring on the tar barrels !"

Soon numerous bonfires were blazing. The mob increased, grew more hilarious, yelling, singing, and dancing round the fires ; looked like wild Indians on the war-path. Then came a rattling sound, — the fire-engines. But the firemen were

soon fraternizing with the rioters; they came to an understanding. There was to be no water used *that* night! It was one o'clock in the morning before the final plans were arranged. Suddenly a signal was given. With firemen's torches and blazing brands the crowd rushed upon the convent. Oh, what horrid shouts and fearful cries rang on the night air! What a volcanic roar as they struck at the heavy doors! Crash! crash! went great stones through the windows. Then a louder crash as the doors fell down, battered to pieces.

"Look out for the women!" snouted the leaders. "Don't hurt a hair of their heads! Down with the convent! Raze it to the ground! But spare the women and children!"

Then another cry arose:—

"To the cellars! To the dungeons! Search the underground cells! Rescue the imprisoned nuns!"

The mob poured in like a torrent, overflowing the convent from cellar to garret; not a soul was found within. The Superior, nuns, and children had made their escape by a back door; were huddled behind the convent tomb in the garden. Every sound struck terror to their souls; those wild shouts seemed to portend their doom. Lights flashed throughout the convent. Crash! crash! went handsome furniture and crosses through the

windows. Louder swelled the roar of the mob; louder the jeers and hurrahs as the grand piano was flung, bang! to the ground, smashing into fragments.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the rioters. "Down with Romanism! Set fire to the convent! Burn the Catholic nest!"

Then they rushed from room to room; bedding, curtains, pictures were heaped up in piles and set on fire. Soon the convent was in full blaze. The mob retreated to a safe distance, to watch the final end of their work.

What had become of the nuns and children? While the roaring flames enveloped the convent, they had been rescued by some of the selectmen. Coming up in the rear, unseen by the rioters, they broke off boards from the high fence and silently led the terrified women and children to a place of safety. All that night the blazing convent lit up the country for miles around. The crowd melted away with the first streaks of dawn. When the sun arose, nothing was left but these blackened walls, standing gloomy and grim amidst the scene of desolation.

Such is the story of the convent's fall. But the victory was with the Catholics. All America sympathized with them. From that hour the riotous truckmen who had instigated the mob began to be discarded. Now they no more ride in proces-

sions through the streets with white smock-frocks, ruling politics. They were left out in the cold, just as St. Patrick's parades will be when the voice of the great army of non-church-goers begins to be heard. Three fourths of the population are non-church-goers. Their voice is soon to be omnipotent. Not all the foreign population are Irish, and not half the Irish and their descendants attend the Catholic Church. They do not believe in foreign rule for Americans, — rule of the Pope.

What was the lesson of the riot? Did the Church rise to its great opportunity, — stand up for temperance, chastity, and morality; or was the world of sympathy wasted? When Boston's solid men became stirred in her behalf; when the Lees, the Loring, the Winthrops, the Appletons, and Horace Mann signed letters of condolence, calling a meeting of indignation in Faneuil Hall, then was the Church's hour. Did she embrace it for the glory of God, for morality and temperance? On the contrary, has not the Church been the great bulwark of the rum interest, the lottery interest? Rum-sellers the chief pillars of the church! Lottery fairs, patronized by Protestants, the chief revenue! I shall speak in future lectures of priestly unchastity, intemperance, and profligacy, and of the Church's undue proportion of paupers and criminals, liquor-sellers and gamblers.

CHAPTER IV.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN POLITICS. — FOR SALE OR TO LET.
— WHO RUNS THE CITY OF BOSTON? — WHO PAYS THE
BILLS?

[Delivered in Horticultural Hall, Oct. 1, 1882.]

THE Roman Catholic Church is the strongest organization on earth, the greatest political machine; controls the minds of a hundred and fifty millions. Reform it and you reform the world. It is the great ally of the Democratic party, head and front, bone and sinew of the Democracy. Strike a Catholic and you hit a Democrat every time. Start reform, and your greatest barrier is the Romish priesthood. Yet in spite of its faults, the Church contains some of the purest, noblest men that walk the earth.

Now, Catholics and Democrats are my friends. They have thanked me for what I have done in the past. True Catholics, candid Democrats, will thank me for what I say to-night. They see the danger and welcome the warning.

The boys of my night school, — boot-blacks, newsboys, telegraph messengers, — now grown up, were mostly Catholics, and still hail me as

their friend. A Catholic helped me to repair my church more than all others — gave \$1,000 to the work. Liberal Catholics said to me, “Your expositions are all true, Mr. Morgan. They are needed. Catholics are at the bottom of much of Boston’s wickedness and immorality. It grieves us to say it. The priesthood is rotten. We want reform in the church, in the priesthood. Then we shall not be ashamed that we are Catholics.”

As to the Democrats, the only office I ever held was by Democratic votes, — chaplain of Massachusetts State Senate. Ex-Governor Gaston, only Democratic governor for years, led my forces ; led them to victory.

Yet the truth must be told. Democracy in large cities has fallen into strange hands, — Catholic hands. Having but an eighth of the population, Catholics rule the other seven eighths.

In faith, Catholics are a unit ; in politics, a unit. They vote as a unit ; vote “solid” for the Democratic ticket. No questions asked. No matter if a Beacon Hill “blue-blood” heads the ticket and a North End rum-seller foots it. Like sheep over a fence, they follow the political bell-wether. The bell-wether is generally a Catholic liquor-seller, such as Jim Flynn and Mike Doherty. Votes tell ! Voters are sovereigns. No matter how cheap the material. A hoodlum’s vote counts

as much as the best citizen's ballot; sometimes counts more, when he votes "early and often," — votes on dead men's names.

Such is Democracy, such Catholic power in politics. Do you want office? Give a few thousands to the Catholic Church and the place is secured. The Church is in the market: "*For sale or to let.*" Democrats play bob to the Vatican kite. Puritan Boston is at the mercy of the lazaroni; a foreign army encamped in her midst and demanding tribute. Aristocracy bows to the Roman yoke. Beacon Hill kisses the pope's toe!

Who runs the city of Boston? Who holds the political purse-strings? The Catholic Church. Who manage the appropriations? Who finger the \$12,000,000 of city taxes? Answer: Tools of the Catholic Church. Its agents are in City Hall. Men shouting for liberty, but truckling to monopolists and capitalists on the sly. Tools of rich corporations, hoodlums, men who can't pay \$2 tax on their own heads; ask Ben Butler to do it. Don't own the coats on their backs. Small tools can be bought cheap, handled easy. If the Albany Railroad wants \$100,000 in privileges or encroachments on the city, it buys the tools. If C. A. Richards wants a favor for his horse railroad, he has his voters. The public pays the bills. Who paid for the thousand tickets he gave to the

Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Charity? Perhaps it was charged to "profit and loss." Profitable to get the Catholic vote. Richards gets \$10,000 salary, besides the large income of several rum-shops; and the railroad makes big dividends, besides investing in vacant lots for the city to buy. All out of the public.

If telephone and telegraph companies demand street privileges for their poles, and free use of everybody's roof without let or hindrance, they "feel" their friends before election. Telephone stock originally bought up for \$10 a share. When it was found they could have full control of streets and houses, stock went up from \$10 to \$110. A thousand per cent in one year! How is it done? Through the committee on streets. Alderman Slade, chairman; Superintendent Harris, clerk. Harris winks to Slade; Slade winks to the rest of the committee, and the thing is done. Why? Harris is boss of the streets. He has under him a thousand men paid by the city; pensioners, summer and winter, walking ballots, that vote as they are told. Watch these men at work. What do they do? Some of them make motions with the pick and shovel. Breaking cobble-stones, they would n't smash enough to fill a mud-puddle. Won't shovel enough in a day to fill a man's grave.*

* Harris has been ousted, Merritt put in his place and ousted, Jim Flynn succeeding. Takes vacation, at \$4000 a year.

The whole system is permeated with jobs and jobbery.

Who is the head of the Water Board? How many men at *his* nod and beck?

No wonder Boston water is called "Marah!" Bitter water drives men to bitter beer and bad whiskey. Water Board plays into hands of rum-sellers.

One of these city laborers, last year, having a gin-mill run by his wife, with his checks for free drinks and "stickers" for ballots changed the fate of three aldermen. Two of these candidates had a \$5,000 stake in the result.

Last winter the Metropolitan Railroad snow-shovellers "struck" because not paid as much as city laborers. The Albany Railroad pays laborers \$1.35 a day. No more for working Sundays than a week day. Other railroads pay \$1.40. Boston pays \$1.85, while ten thousand men are waiting for a job, and willing to work cheaper, but they have not the right votes. City men under the Prince *régime* wanted \$2 a day *and vacation!* And all hands, at twenty minutes to twelve, drop shovel and pick and start for dinner.

Corporations, I repeat, wanting favors, go to political brokers at City Hall, — Catholic liquor-sellers, pillars of the church. They say, "Help us, will you?" — "Help you? Well, how much

will you give? How much for the Catholic vote? We can give the goods to you solid! No shrinkage after election."

Mayor Prince was elected, it is said, by votes on dead men's names. At his last election he was counted in, not elected, so say his opponents. There are sixty-five ex-convicts running liquor-shops and brothels in Boston. They can't vote on their own names, they are disfranchised, but they *do* vote nevertheless. "Repeating" is as much a science in Boston as in New York. More, because it is more skilfully done in Boston.

This is how elections are carried in Boston. No wonder Boston's solid men — her active, intelligent citizens, her merchant princes — depart in disgust; no wonder heavy tax-payers refuse to be plundered, voted out of their money by hoodlums; impoverished by ignorant votes.

An instance: William F. Weld, one of Boston's wealthiest men, gave a tablet to my church and money to set the stone, provided the society would call it "Morgan Chapel." Would not live in Boston and pay taxes extorted by criminal and hireling voters. Went to Philadelphia and died there, worth \$21,000,000. Nathaniel Thayer, a millionaire, also one of Boston's largest tax-payers, said he would pay one half the taxes of Lancaster, building town-house, roads, and

bridges, before he would pay taxes in Boston at the beck of the mob vote.

Other men have been driven from Boston by exorbitant taxes, — the Borlands, the Bateses, the Nicholises, the Nickersons, the Lodges, the Lelands, and scores of others, — men who have made millions by honest industry, successful commerce, increasing Boston's wealth and commercial importance, foremost in her charities and philanthropical enterprises; yet these men are at the mercy of 5,000 hoodlums, ex-convicts, pugilists, political pimps, and panders, the scum and offscourings of foreign lands. In the next lecture I shall show how caucuses and elections are run by these men.

Brookline is in the very heart of Boston, adjoining the Back Bay Park, — naturally ought to be a part of Boston, — but Brookline's taxes are \$10 on \$1,000; Boston's are \$15. Brookline has a safe and honest government. Boston has not. When Boston invites Brookline to join her, Brookline says, "No, I thank you. We don't want to be annexed. We don't care to come under the Catholic yoke."

How are the taxes spent? First, in junketing. Junketing leads to jobs and jobbery — contracts with a cat in the meal tub.

When the corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common was laid, the city council

could not march half a mile without \$1,500 for hats, badges, and refreshments. Men that had never taken a step in battle, but profited by staying at home; not patriotic enough to wear their own hats. When completed, it cost nearly as much to dedicate the monument as to build it — \$40,000! The cost of that baby was in the *christening*.

Down the harbor, on one occasion, it took \$1,500 for these men to *wet their whistles!* What enormous whistles some of them must have!

When Mount Hope Cemetery was to be consecrated they had to prepare themselves for the solemn occasion. You cannot consecrate a graveyard without mourning. How shall you mourn without weeping? How can you weep without red eyes? Why, dear me! it cost \$300 to furnish that committee with red eyes.

During the last year of Mayor Prince's rule the bills for refreshments at the Parker House alone were \$14,525; besides bills from eight other hotels. Bills for cigars at Hyneman Brothers, \$1,459, besides bills from thirteen other cigar stores.

Junketings for that year cost over \$40,000; while under jobs, change of plans and contracts, change of contractors to suit favorites, cost over a million. Such is Catholic Democratic rule.

CHAPTER V.

HOW TO CARRY A CATHOLIC DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS. —
THE WAY TO GET A NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS.

"HURRAH! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

It was a terrific yell, — an Indian warwhoop that struck my ear.

"What's up?" I asked of a man standing at the ward-room of one of the city school-houses.

"Democratic caucus, sir. Outsiders have come in and are running the meeting; regular voters of the ward are left out in the cold, and it makes 'em mad."

"Outsiders?"

"Yes, sir; friends of Pat McSweeney."

"Who is Pat McSweeney?"

"What! Didn't you ever hear of McSweeney, of this ward, sir? Why, he's a great political wire-puller, — or *thinks* he is. He wants to go to Congress, and he's 'packed' this caucus so as to send his own delegates to the convention."

"Why do regular residents of the ward submit?"

"Faith, and they can't help themselves, sir.

Look in that room ! There's McSweeney's backers thick as flies round a molasses barrel. They are two to one of the legal voters. His Charlestown friends say to each other, 'Mac's going to run for Congress ; let's go over to the caucus and give him a lift.' His Chelsea friends say the same, and over *they* come. Now, McSweeney belongs to the St. Michael's Catholic Lyceum over there in Ward 29, so *they* send a strong delegation to help him out. And so you see, sir, McSweeney has it all his own way. Oh, it's a regular put-up job. A fraud on the public, sir."

I fancied this man was a "sorehead." His tone and looks betrayed him. I went into the caucus to see for myself.

A perfect babel of sounds greeted my entrance. It was bedlam broke loose ! The large room was full of excited men ; many of them shouting and talking all together, — some crying, "Mr. Chairman ! Mr. Chairman !" at the tops of their lungs, — each trying to outyell his neighbor.

The chairman could not be seen. A triple row of men and boys stood on the settees in front, or were crowded six deep round the bar, behind which stood the officers of the caucus. Six policemen to protect them. These men and boys formed an impenetrable screen, — a living wall. Those in the body of the ward-room could neither see

through them nor get through them. They "held the fort" against all comers.

I soon learned what it all meant. They were McSweeney's friends. Friends from Charlestown, friends from Chelsea; friends from St. Michael's Lyceum, and some of them apparently were friends just arrived from *Concord*, or *down the harbor*! They were a motley looking set. It was Democracy carrying its ends by its favorite methods. The joke of it was, that it was Greek meeting Greek! Democrats fighting Democrats! Irishmen outwitting Irishmen! Catholics — figuratively speaking — cutting Catholic throats!

The temporary chairman was putting some question as I entered. There came a slight lull in the storm, and the officer's voice was heard, saying, —

"It is moved and seconded that Dennis O'Flaherty take the chair. Those in favor of the motion will say 'Aye.'"

A yell from the solid phalanx in front succeeded. It was "Aye!" with a thousand variations, drowning all other sounds. Such a "Ya-h-h!" Such a yell you never heard. The walls shook; the very foundations of the building seemed to rock with the thunders of that yell.

"Contrary minded will say 'No!'" continued the chairman.

The nay vote sounded like a feeble echo.

"The ayes have it!" said the presiding officer; and then ensued a tumult that would rival Pandemonium.

"The caucus is packed! Clean 'em out!"

"The check-list! The check-list!"

"It's a fraud! A put-up job!"

"Order! Order! Ballot! Ballot!"

"Give us the ballots! the ballots! Ballots!"

"Question! Question! Put the question!"

Such cries, such a scramble, were never seen outside of a North End caucus before. Such profanity and foul slang never heard, except in the dives and stews of a great city.

And six stalwart policemen looking on, calm and unconcerned, as if at roll-call. Probably they were used to it. Had been to Democratic caucuses before.

During the din and hubbub Mr. Dennis O'Flaherty had quietly taken the chair, and a secretary been appointed. Then motions were rapidly made, seconded, and carried by the friends of Mr. McSweeney, the indignant and riotous crowd outside having no voice in the proceedings, scarcely knowing what was going on.

The result as announced by the chair, when at last the noise had spent itself, and his voice could be heard, was fifty-six delegates elected, — all Pat McSweeney's friends and supporters: State con-

vention, 14 ; senatorial, 14 ; councillor district, 14 ; congressional, 14. These last instructed to vote for McSweeney, first, last, and all the time.

Where were the property holders? The respectable Democratic property holders of that ward? Why were they not present in force? There were 1,343 Democratic votes cast in this same ward at the last Presidential election. Not one third of that number at the caucus. Scarcely a man in that crowd had a bank account, a roof to shelter him, or represented property in any shape. Decency and respectability were conspicuous by their absence.

I said to one of the leaders, "Then it's the strongest lungs that count the most, eh?"

"Faix, an' it's right you are, sir! Stout lungs go far in carryin' a caucus, sure. It's aquil to *tin* votes is a good, square, Dinmicratic shout; an' we're the b'ys that know how to do it, you bet, — an' shout at the roight time, too, begorra!"

I left the ward-room digesting this piece of Democratic candor. What a fine thing to be a politician! How nice to have your friends come in from the country, kick out the regular voters, and carry the caucus just exactly as you cut and dried it. A "bolt" was organizing outside. Those who had been tricked were full of vengeance. Loud were the threats against the McSweeney faction.

The harmony of the Democratic party in that ward was disturbed.

Such is Catholic Democracy in the large cities of America. The tax-payers of thirteen millions in this ward have about as much voice in elections as an old cheese has among rats. I have lived in the neighborhood of this ward for nearly twenty-five years. I have seen rich men leave, honorable men, driven by hoodlums, until I find but one man left of the old style. He is president of an insurance company, will leave in a few days, and carry his property with him. One man carried eight millions of personal property, not only out of the city but out of the State.

I ask the Church to pause. My night-school boys, now grown up, are almost to a man Catholics. Not a city council, not a legislature, but is represented by my boys. Many a law office, from the office of Ben Butler down, is honored by them. Yet what can they do, mere striplings, to reform the priest or the Church? Only the other day, one of these young men, while at his devotions at the altar, was met by the curate who said, "Ah! you are siding with that Morgan, heh? Double penance, sir!" Again I ask the Church to pause. The crippling of the priesthood may yet become as imperative in America as the fall of the Bastile in France.

CHAPTER VI.

WHO CONTROL THE DAILY PRESS? — JESUITS IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR. — JESUITS IN THE COUNTING-ROOM. — JESUITS AS WATCH-DOGS.

THE Dutch have taken Holland, but the Irish have taken Boston! It is said that Boston is the most Irish city in America. However that may be, it is certain that foreigners — Catholic foreigners — “rule the roost” in the city of the Puritans. Foreign ideas are supplanting Puritan ideas. Foreign votes, as I have shown in the previous chapter, drive the descendants of the Puritans out of their heritage. Foreign office-holders in city departments are the rule where once they were the exception. This may be well; for we are all foreigners here, except the Indians. It is well, provided they are true men.

Foreigners also fill the prisons, jails, houses of correction, and poorhouses. By and by I shall give the figures; startling figures they are, too!

Scarcely a low resort in Boston but is run by a foreigner. Scarcely a newspaper but has its Catholic watch-dog, — either editor, publisher, or part-

ner. If you don't believe it, watch the columns of your favorite daily. Do you ever see any editorials on the Catholic Church? Any word calling the church to account? Any scandal in which a priest is implicated? — while whole columns are given if a Protestant minister commits a *faux pas* or betrays a trust.

Father Titus, vicar-general of the diocese of Boston, the hero of my book, "Boston Inside Out," may corrupt a young wife at the altar, pour poison into her ear at the confessional, carry on a shameful *liason* for years under the very nose of a confiding husband. Yet when that husband has his eyes opened, beholds the sanctity of his home invaded, the wife of his bosom betrayed, and, more horrible still, learns that two children, loved as the very apple of his eye, *are not his*, — not a paper in Boston will publish the facts! No, indeed! Not a word against a priest! Not a word against the holy and immaculate Catholic Church!

And Father Titus dies in the odor of sanctity; is held up as a model, almost canonized as a saint, while his victim wanders, a homeless, hopeless, and broken-hearted man!

I shall have more to say about this in future chapters, giving the facts as related by the betrayed husband in his own words and under his own hand.

Scarcely a Boston daily dares breathe a word that reflects on the Catholic Church, I say. A doctor of divinity, who is the regular correspondent of a leading Boston daily, said to me : —

“ I furnish the religious news for that paper, — everything on church matters ; but whenever I say anything about the Catholic Church it is sure to be cut out.”

“ Of course, doctor,” said I, “ that paper has a Jesuit for a partner, a Jesuit and a Democrat at the desk. Though a Republican and prohibitory journal, it won’t publish any criticism on the Catholic Church ! ”

Two years ago several Boston papers published clairvoyant advertisements and personals. More immorality and vice hidden under those advertisements than would be believed. I made startling disclosures respecting them in my “ Boston Inside Out ” lectures at Music Hall. They awoke a powerful public sentiment. Most of the newspapers bowed to that sentiment, — refused henceforth to publish those advertisements. The same of the lottery advertisements, — “ L. S. L.” — Louisiana State Lottery.

My efforts caused that pernicious advertisement to be expelled from every daily paper in Boston. Only one weekly paper dared publish it, — a religious paper, organ of the Catholic Church, — the Boston *Pilot* ; Archbishop Williams, chief

proprietor; Boyle O'Reilly, editor. There is a slip cut from the *Pilot* of last week, headed, you see, "L. S. L." [*Holding up an extract.*] Here you have the immaculate, the infallible church, — head of all piety and morality, — the church that never could do wrong, openly encouraging the vice of gambling and defying the law.

I sent word to the Police Commissioners: "That advertisement is against the law. You just have it out in a week!" And they did. Next week the *Pilot* bitterly assailed me for my lecture on "The Catholic Church in Politics." It took my dose to heart. It was too much for its sensitive stomach, — stirred up the bile. You tread on a snake and it is bound to squirm: it is the nature of the animal to squirm, and hiss, and sting. I was glad to see that my exposures had struck home. I felt encouraged. Reform cannot be accomplished without blows on both sides. To "give and take" is the very essence of reform.

Now, the editor of the *Pilot* professes to be an admirer of this principle. He says he believes in a fair stand-up fight, — in the "manly art of self-defence." His admiration leads him to go to New York to witness two notorious Catholic pugilists hammer away at each other, — punch each other's noses. One, an Irishman, Tug Wilson; the other, John L. Sullivan, a Boston "bruiser."

Well, if that is piety, — Catholic piety, — I say cross yourselves three times, say an "Ave Maria," take a little holy water, and go in and win.

These two pugilists were in the mill, going to be *ground*, — one of them, I suppose, — and Mayor Grace of New York City, a Catholic, sanctioning the exhibition on one hand, and the representative of the Catholic element in New England — editor of the archbishop's organ — giving grace and "tone" to it on the other hand.

Now, I am told that John Boyle O'Reilly is a gentleman and a scholar; a poet and a literary man of note; a member, also, of the Papyrus Club, and a social favorite. I am told, also, that he is an escaped Fenian convict. I don't know how to reconcile the last with the others. However, in his next week's paper, he comes out in defence of the "manly art of self-defence"; and last week, on account of my lecture, he pays his respects to your humble servant, and insinuates that I had better look out for mob law. Well, now I am not a bit scared at that threat. It is all empty wind. Mob law is a thing of the past in Boston. And you may tell him that, as surely as we live in Boston, there is not a dark hour of the night, there is not a crowd of Boston roughs and hoodlums, but what Henry Morgan can pass through them all in safety; and they will touch their hats to him

with respect. They believe in the moral effect of law still in Boston. Boycotting is not yet imported in free America.

Now I say, though it is advocated by the leading Catholic organ of America, that this same "manly art of self-defence" is demoralizing, pernicious, brutal, and should be met with all the rigors of the law. It is a part of the heathenism of the Dark Ages, — a relic of barbarism.

But is not the Catholic Church itself a relic of barbarism? A relic possessing wonderful vitality, it is true. But so had African slavery a wonderful vitality — handed down from prehistoric times, and made to live and flourish even on free American soil (as the church still flourishes in spite of its corruption) — until America arose in her might and with one Titanic blow struck off the shackles from every slave, and gave four millions the badge and heritage of freedom.

This Catholic element, represented by the advocates of prize-fighting, encouraging liquor selling and gambling, wholesale and retail, I say is brutal, unchristian.

Wherever the Catholic Church is dominant, there you will find ignorance, pauperism, and crime. The nearer you get to Rome, the more degradation, the more wretchedness.

The brigandage of Italy is the fruit of the

Church. So is the licentiousness of France, superstition and lax morality and bull-fights of Spain and South American states, ignorance and squalid misery of Ireland, where twofold more money is spent in whiskey than would pay all the rents and settle the "Irish question" forever, — all are due to the same cause, the moral thralldom of the Church of Rome.

See that magnificent pile, that tall steeple with glittering cross! Who built it? Ah! echo answers, "Who?" It has grown like a cornstalk, fed by the filth around it. Sin and crime are the stock in trade of the Church, — rum its chief revenue. Another: A cathedral located on one corner, a rum-shop and gambling den on the other. The rum-shop is a component part of the cathedral. One grinds the grist, the other takes the toll. Rum breeds vice, and vice leads to the confessional. It costs to confess; costs to be absolved. The victim is double-taxed, — taxed by the rumseller, taxed by the priest. And the overburdened State is taxed for the whole. Taxed for the priest, taxed for the pauper, taxed for the criminal, taxed for churches, taxed for priestly victims.

CHAPTER VII.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS. — WHO FURNISH THE CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS? — ROWDYISM AND RUFFIANISM RAMPANT.

BISHOP IRELAND, at the temperance convention at St. Paul, Minn., in the summer of 1882, said : —

“The list of culprits with Irish names, appearing before municipal courts, filling municipal jails and reformatories, strikes us with horror. Irish names, *doubly more than our due proportion*, are inscribed on our court registers! What a shame for the old race! What a disgrace to our religion!”

Such the testimony of an Irish Catholic bishop, not afraid to speak out.

Who are responsible for the majority of the crimes committed in Massachusetts, — in Boston? Ans. Catholics. Who fill the jails, prisons, poor-houses, and houses of correction? Ans. Catholics. Who own and run the majority of the liquor shops and places of ill repute in this city? Ans. Catholics.

The police commissioners this year have received 2,100 applications for licenses, 1,700 paid for. Look at that list! Look at the Mac's and the O's;

the Murphys, the Mulligans, the Milligans, and Finnigans! It looks too Celtic altogether. It sounds like a Fenian roll-call for invasion of Canada.

The Jew is rarely found in the poorhouse or prison. The Quaker never! Their religion elevates manhood, — makes good citizens. Even the Chinese are thrifty, self-reliant. They respect the laws. But unrestricted Catholicism breeds a standing army of paupers and criminals. The ignorant Catholic takes to the poorhouse and prison as a duck takes to water.

Now for the proofs, — the bottom facts. Heads of penal institutions, city and State, supplied these facts at my request August, 1882.

Warden of State Prison, how many convicts under your charge? Ans. Six hundred and fifty-six. How many are Catholics? Ans. Four hundred. More than sixty per cent. What is their nationality? Ans. Chiefly Irish. This is more than five times their due proportion, according to population.

Superintendent State Reform School, Westboro, what proportion of Catholic boys in your school? Ans. Sixty-two per cent, chiefly foreign parentage. The boys cross themselves at their meals, kneel at their bedside, the priest visits them, they are taught to do penance, practise devotions regu-

larly, say beads constantly, and the Blessed Virgin will deliver them. Some don't wait, they take "French leave."

Superintendent Woman's Prison, Sherborn, how many prisoners have you? Ans. Two hundred and thirty. About seven tenths are Catholics. The very large proportion of these are Irish; not more than a dozen of other nationalities.

Superintendent of Deer Island, how many under your charge are Catholics? Ans. At the very least, seventy-five per cent of the whole number of inmates.

Keeper of City Jail, how many commitments the past year? Ans. Two thousand seven hundred and fifty-one. How many Catholics? Ans. One thousand three hundred and ten, professed Catholics.

The assistant keeper of House of Correction, Cambridge, reports that ninety per cent of prisoners for the past year were foreigners, the majority being Irish Catholics. The statistics of pauperism, public and private charitable institutions, show the same alarming preponderance. Thus, as I have said, the number of Catholic criminals is out of all proportion to the Catholic population of the State.

Examine the penal and pauper records of every city and county in the Commonwealth, and similar results as above will be found. Statistics are their

own interpreters. Figures tell. Facts speak louder than arguments. Candid Catholics, honest Protestants, citizens of all creeds and of no creed, can see for themselves.

But these are the convicted felons only. Who shall say how many criminals escape arrest? How many escape through negligence or connivance of the police? How many unconvicted criminals at large in this city?

There are a thousand professional thieves in Boston (not counting some in the city employ), a thousand who daily ply their trade under the very noses of the police, to say nothing of licensed thieves, — rumsellers, gamblers, policy dealers and lottery brokers, — all birds of prey, preying vulture-like on the community, and inciting to lawlessness and crime.

Now what is the cause of this startling increase in crime? I answer, largely Catholic influence, Catholic votes, — influence in the schools, at the polls, in the courts, in the district attorney's office. The district attorney is chosen mainly by Catholic votes. He becomes a dependent, appoints such assistants as will please his constituents; is a court in himself. Through his recommendation criminals escape by the score, — five hundred cases are *not pros'd* in one year.

Such is the power of the Catholic Church.

It builds up the Church and a political party at the expense of the State.

No wonder then that crime increases, the court dockets are crowded, law falls under contempt, and social order is a thing of the past in Boston.

Never was rowdyism so rampant in Boston as now. Where Catholic churches and Catholic rum-shops are thickest, there turbulence is most prevalent. The "roughs" seem to have it all their own way in Boston. Never were the streets so unsafe. Never so many unprovoked assaults. Never so much crime. Never so many battles between the police and the dangerous classes.

Once it was said of Boston that a woman might walk alone at night from one end of the city to the other in perfect safety, and fear no word of insult. How is it to-day?

What mean these gangs of idle young men that prowl through the streets, elbow respectability off the curbstone, block the sidewalks, and infest the street corners? Who are they? Whence come they? Can they be Bostonians born and bred? Are they graduates of Boston schools? Why do respectable women pass them by with averted eyes and fluttering hearts? What ribald jest or coarse innuendo quickened the step of yonder matron, and caused her to shrink and pale with fear and indignation? What foul words smote

that young school-girl's delicate ear, and brought the flush of shame to her pure cheek?

Hark! from South Boston. What sound is that? A cry for help. An officer is beset by the mob. Single-handed he fights a hundred desperate men. Knives gleam and flash in the air. Bludgeons strike at him. Blows rain thick as hail upon him. He clutches his prisoner to the last, but falls bleeding and senseless from a dozen wounds.

Hark again! Bedlam seems broken loose. What is it? Only a mid-day row in a Richmond Street rum-shop. Two policemen rush in to quell the disturbance; the combatants resist arrest; out into the street they struggle with the officers. It is a fight of gladiators. The crowd gathers, presses like a menacing cloud upon the policemen. Yells and cries and horrid imprecations deafen their ears.

"Let go your prisoners! We'll cut your hearts out if you arrest those men!" And like hungry wolves they fall upon the officers, beat both of them to the earth, trample them under foot, and leave them for dead, after rescuing the culprits.

"Murder! Help! Help! for God's sake, help!" The voice grows weak, and ends in a horrid gurgling gasp; then all is still; that midnight cry has roused the neighborhood. They rush to the scene, and find an old man, his gray hair dabbled

with his life's blood, lying dead upon the sidewalk. Robbed and murdered by some party or parties unknown, — such is the verdict, — and this in the public street, and no help near.

"Spare me, Michael! Spare me, for the blissed Virgin's sake!" piteously cries a poor wife, struggling in the grasp of her drunken husband. Under the very shadow of the Cathedral's cross he has spent her last hard-earned dime for drink, and now demands more. "Sure it's the truth I tell ye, Mike acushla! There's niver a penny more in the house, or ye should have it."

"Ye lie, woman!" shouts the maddened brute, seizing her by the throat and dragging her to the head of the stairway. "Give me the money ye've been hidin' to pay the rint."

"Upon my sowl, it's all gone! Ye've drank it all up. By the saints I swear there's niver a cent left. Oh! don't — don't, dear Mike — it's chokin' me to dith ye are! Have mercy — oh!"

A shriek of mortal agony ended the words, as the poor woman was flung headlong down the stairway. They picked her up unconscious; not dead, but crippled for life. To-day, Michael Brannon is in State Prison, under a long sentence, and Margaret his wife is an inmate of a charitable institution, — both supported by the State.

Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

CHAPTER VIII.

EFFECT OF CATHOLIC RULE. — BOSTON'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY. — OUR GALLANT IRISH NINTH REGIMENT.

Now what is the effect of Catholic rule? Look at the celebration of Boston's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary (Sept. 17, 1880). The Catholic office-holders and politicians wanted to celebrate. Did not care what, so long as a large appropriation was made. They decided to celebrate the anniversary on the half-century. Could not wait fifty years more. They wouldn't be in office. Now was their only chance to finger an appropriation. Well, what did they do? In the first place they got the Mayor, a tool of the Catholics, to recommend \$25,000 to celebrate.

Then a committee was appointed. Who was the chairman? A Catholic liquor seller, — Jim Flynn, present chairman of Common Council. He fingered the appropriation. He stopped at the Parker House, — treated the military and other guests in princely style.

The celebration was in honor of John Winthrop, one of the founders of Boston, a Protestant Puritan, and Bible reader. On that day a statue to his memory was unveiled in Scollay Square. Before that statue the grand procession moved. First came the trades. These were followed by moral and religious societies, nearly all Catholic. Orangemen, with Bible in hand, were refused permission to march. Why? The politicians said, "Catholics are sensitive; they want no Bible readers; their feelings must be respected, or we lose their votes next election." So the Orangemen were ruled out, Bible and all.

The Father Mathew Total-Abstinence Societies, with the priests and officers in carriages, under silken banners, led the van. Bloated liquor drinkers, not over two hours out of the grog-shops, sat under these flaunting standards as leaders and representatives of total abstinence. A noted liquor seller of North End acted as marshal of this division. "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" was the motto. What mockery! What a spectacle for temperance!

Next came the children. What children? Not of the schools. Boston was founded on the public-school principle. Always proud of her children. Signalized every great event by parading the public schools. Every May Day was celebrated by a

school procession. When Lafayette visited Boston, the schools turned out *en masse* to welcome him. The proudest boast of Wendell Phillips was that he, a Boston school boy, on that day, shook the great French general and patriot by the hand.

Now, on this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, where was Boston's pride, her children? What children? Not a pupil in that procession, except those of private Catholic institutions. All anti-Puritan, anti-American, on whose banners might be written, "Death to free schools! Twenty years hence free school-houses for sale or to let!" This, too, in honor of John Winthrop, founder of Boston schools! Shades of the Puritans! venerable pioneer! Great heavens! if that statue could have spoken, what burning words it would have uttered at the ridiculous, almost blasphemous, mockery! If it had possessed the life and animation of the original, how its hair would have stood on end; what horror and indignation would have convulsed that noble brow, what tears of grief and anguish gushed from the eyes, at such a burlesque of Boston's free schools!

The State militia were out in full force. They made a prominent part of the brilliant pageant. Conspicuous in the parade was the Irish Ninth Regiment. This was before their trouble. Before this "crack liquor guard" of our volunteers fell into

ill-repute ; before the " heroes of the cork and canteen " disgraced themselves at Yorktown and brought reproach on Massachusetts' citizen soldiery. That regiment was sent to take part in the Yorktown Centennial. Sent to represent the patriotism, piety, and morality of the old Bay State. Nearly every man a Catholic, and accompanied by a Catholic priest as chaplain. Nearly every officer in the regiment a Catholic rumrunner. It was said the different companies took liquor enough with them to fill a Cork distillery ! Some of the most respectable firms of Boston contributed towards the expenses, amounting to \$10,000, to have our militia represented at the celebration. Among these were Jordan, Marsh & Co., and the Boston *Herald*. The Boston Beer Company of South Boston, with an eye to business, contributed \$500 ; the advertisement worth twice that sum. At Richmond the so-called " Gallant Ninth " forgot their gallantry ; they stole rides on the darkies' mules, and hugged the negro damsels. Blinded with too much of the " crature," *potheen* got the best of them. They forgot the " color line," first time in Irish history ! However, they aroused the ire of decent citizens in Virginia. On the return they had to go through Richmond at full steam to avoid being stoned by the indignant mob. When they reached Boston a grand reception was ordered to

be given them in Faneuil Hall at the city's expense. A premium for good conduct, forsooth! Hurrah for our gallant soldier boys! Hurrah for the honor they had bestowed on Massachusetts!

But there was no concealing the facts. The telegraph and local newspapers had flashed the disgusting news all over the land. Massachusetts had been disgraced through her chosen representatives. For the first time in her proud records she was obliged to hang her diminished head and blush with feelings of burning shame.

Gov. Long ordered an investigation, and inflicted a heavy punishment. He said, "The guilty ones must be dishonorably discharged from the service." And they had to go. The regiment was prohibited by him from appearing in public for six months. One of Boston's police commissioners, a Baptist, accompanied the regiment. He was n't tight himself, yet with two eyes in his head, failed to see anything wrong. It is policy sometimes for a politician to be blind where votes, influence, and office are at stake.

The investigating committee, consisting of Major H. B. Sargent, Jr., Capt. D. F. Dolan, and Judge-Advocate Arthur Lincoln, reported the following: "The misconduct of the men consisted in jumping on to and taking possession of carts and drays against the will of the drivers, and sometimes

pulling the drivers from their seats ; jumping on to the backs of mules harnessed to carts ; parading up and down the streets and sidewalks with brooms or sticks in their hands, sometimes in shirt-sleeves ; shouting in a boisterous manner ; jostling and running one after another in the streets, and obstructing the way, and sometimes under the influence of liquor ; in one instance, pulling two small flags from the decorations, and, in another, jumping upon and breaking down a canvas cot placed as an advertisement upon the sidewalk ; ordering drinks at bar rooms and not paying for them ; going through the market pelt-ing one another with potatoes, cranberries, etc., snatched from fruit-stands, and in one case taking some cheap jewelry from a shop and not paying for it ; snatching articles from girls' hands in the streets ; putting their caps on to negro women's heads ; embracing and kissing negro women and others in the public streets ; approaching and addressing women, some of them young girls, in an improper and familiar way ; forcing a colored woman to drink by holding a canteen to her mouth ; visiting Libby Prison, and, against the keeper's protest, knocking down bricks out of the inside wall to take away as mementos ; in one instance, striking, in a drunken manner, with a heavy stick, the horse and carriage of a lady driving on a public street, and obstructing her way ;

and in committing other acts of a similar nature. Much of this conduct was from ignorance of good breeding, and some of it was clearly the result of over-indulgence in drinking."

When the official axe of Gov. Long fell, and a score or more were dishonorably discharged, it aroused the anger of the Irish citizens. The members of the regiment were also very wrathful. Their indignation against Gov. Long knew no bounds. They threatened all sorts of vengeance. Some of the more hot-headed ones threatened to stack their arms on the State House steps and hang their knapsacks on the fence, and demand the reinstatement of the expelled men; others said they would work for the disbandment of the regiment, and some of the officers resigned their commissions. All this was intended as a rebuke to the governor.

Now the tables are turned. J. D. Long has vacated the chair; B. F. Butler takes his place. Butler loves the Irish — when it pays; he loves them, because he imbibed that love from his mother's Celtic breast.

The Irish Catholics have at last full control at City Hall. Chairmen of both branches of the city government Irish Catholics. Catholics in every department. Rule of our modern civil-service reform is, "Turn out old and worthy officials and appoint Irish Democrats." The hungry hordes

have at last got hold of the public crib. Now look out for large appropriations, jobs, and junketings, all in the name of retrenchment and reform! And the Church is not going to be left, "you bet." Oh, what a heaven-born privilege to be a tax-payer of Boston! Trust a dog with your dinner! Trust these men with economy, retrenchment, and civil-service reform!

Mr. Hugh O'Brien is said to be the most economical of the lot; yet when he was chairman of the Board of Aldermen, under Mayor Prince, he gave a farewell dinner at the city's expense, ordering every detail of the banquet himself, costing the city \$837.60. The participants were thirty-eight in number, — \$22.04 per plate; "a royal price, even for an alderman," says the *Daily Advertiser*. If we count the twelve aldermen alone, price per plate, \$69.80. Well may the Parker House be in favor of Irish Catholic Democracy, when it pockets \$13,000 a year from the city treasury for refreshments, at that rate!

The Irish are sensitive. Gov. Gaston, a Democrat, refused to review an Irish regiment because it was not legally organized. Gaston from that day forth was "left." Mayor Prince, a Democrat, could not get slices of office enough to go round; he was scratched; Republicans alone saved him. Mayor Green, a Democrat, hobnobbed with priests, played toady at their fairs and Sunday concerts;

but they scalped him at the last election. Gov. Long had so roused the Irish ire that he cared not to run again for governor. The Irish Ninth is the "crack" regiment so called; yet look at its record!

Col. William M. Strachan, Catholic liquor seller, denies some of the above charges against the Ninth, but reports the following for improper conduct: —

Company A. — James Atchison, intoxication; Private John Green, running after colored women in the streets; Private Edward Gray, intoxication; Private William J. Wall, under the influence of liquor and refusing to obey the order of his captain; James A. White, jumping on mule-carts.

Company B. — Musician Timothy Donohue, jumping on mules' backs and taking mules from carts; Private Cornelius J. Donovan, jumping into mule-carts; Private Daniel E. Harrigan, jumping into mule-carts; Private Peter Powers, walking through the streets with a broom over his shoulder.

Company C. — Private Patrick Scannell, disobedience of orders in not going aboard cars when ordered by the commanding officer; Private Thos. J. Dugan, under the influence of liquor; Private John T. Sullivan, intoxication, and in shirt-sleeves on the street.

Company D. — John J. Quinn, intoxication.

Company E. — Private John E. Connors, jumping into carts, and also under the influence of liquor; Private Michael W. Clifford, jumping on mules' backs and on carts.

Company J. — Private Eugene Murphy, intoxication.

Company G. — Musician John A. McGlinchy, unsoldierly conduct; Private James J. Hewett, intoxication, and jumping on locomotive at depot.

Company H. — Private Thomas J. Burk, jumping on mule-carts; Private James J. McQuillon, jumping on mule-carts.

Now, if the above aldermen, councilmen, and militia-men are to represent the wealth and culture of famous old Boston, all of them nominated and elected by the united vote of the Roman Catholic Church, then count me no prophet if non-church-goers and heavy tax-payers do not rally and organize, forming an opposing force, — call it "Know-Nothingism" or what you will, — and rising in their might by honest votes, outnumbering two to one all this *religio*, rum-soaked, office-broker horde; then hurling them from their seats, rescue the honor and pride of Boston, Venice of the Sea, and recall among her emerald isles the halo of her former glory, and make her once more the centre of attraction, the seat of purity and virtue, and establish her again the pride and moral leader of an admiring continent.

BOOK III.

KEY AND APPENDIX

TO "BOSTON INSIDE OUT."

LET CATHOLICS DENY. JUNKETING AT CITY HALL
IN 1883.

IN publishing the Key to "Boston Inside Out," I withhold for the present certain facts, names, and dates not interesting to the general reader. I may be induced to publish some time in the distant future the revolting confession in detail concerning the terrible crimes of Father Titus. I may give the year, the month, the day of the confession; also, when the suit was brought, and by whom; names of the three lawyers engaged; how the \$3,100 were obtained as a compromise; how it was divided (\$300 to the three lawyers, \$300 to Father Titus's lawyer, \$2,500 to plaintiff and his wife — \$1,500 to plaintiff alone, \$1,000 to wife — money paid in office of Father Titus's attorney on Washington Street, in presence of attorneys on both sides); how \$500 was used immediately by plaintiff for his family,

\$1,000 placed in the Provident Savings Bank ; how the wife's \$1,000 was held by one of the attorneys ; how the husband became enraged, went with his wife to the lawyer, demanded and obtained the money ; how she placed part of it in the same Provident Savings Bank with her husband's ; how she lent part to her lawyer, taking his note, the husband having no knowledge to this day that the note has ever been paid. These, and a hundred other incidents, I might publish now, but present litigations may reveal these facts with more authority, under solemn oath, than I can by my unaided assertion.

If the lawyers wish their names published in open court, if the victims wish the notoriety of the scandal, if the Roman Catholic Church wishes to blazon to the world the name and title of the reverend father, with his alleged crimes, or defend him from foul aspersions, they have but to furnish these same willing lawyers with a little money, and the work is done.

I might give the real name of Father Titus, his residence, street, and number, the church of which he was pastor ; also the names of his victims. This and much more I might publish, but reverence for the title and office of the dead priest, and my respect and hope for the future of the children of the living, make me pause and await the issue.

When those beautiful and talented children were brought to me from their desolate household, when I was asked to use my influence to secure them homes, my heart was stirred in pity. Ah! cruel be the hand that shall smite them! Cruel be the hoary frost that shall nip these buds of hope and promise, and sear their early bloom, blasting with scandal's mildew their pure, sweet faces forever!

CATHOLIC DENIALS. — Now let the Catholics deny if they will, first, that Father Titus was a real person; that he built many churches, one great cathedral, and was a great financier; that he raised vast sums of money for religious objects which never went into church coffers, but were used for wine, women, and horses; that he was criminally intimate with several of his female parishioners; that he fell down dead while the settlement of the above scandal suit was pending, either by his own hand or the stroke of Providence.

That the hero of this book, Father Keenan, one of the most prominent priests in the diocese and pastor of the largest church, while inebriated, met his death by falling down-stairs in a house of assignation. But in the tale of fiction I have shown more mercy than he really deserved. I have made him heroically striving for reform for the sake of humanity's cause, and to give tone to the character and make a good impression upon youthful readers.

That another priest attached to a church which has been for years a hotbed of priestly lasciviousness, Father Titus leading off; that this self-same priest was seen intoxicated on the street insulting women, and was locked out of the parochial residence on account of his conduct; that he died in a charity hospital from dissipation, women and wine causing his ruin.

That a noted ecclesiastic of Boston goes into a saloon, and after taking his drink, lays down his pocket-book containing a large sum of money, makes a wager with two banco steerers, and gets "left" without any funds to carry him to his home.

That an old and reputed wealthy shepherd carried on for years a gambling *fiesta* at his house; that debauchery was there in its worst form, the gambling table, brandy bottle, and boxes of cigars, being surrounded nightly by the knights of the black robe; that unsophisticated curate lambs were shorn of their shekels again and again, and the pious "faithful of the flock" paying the piper all the time.

That twice within a year priests have been locked up in the same station-house for riot and drunkenness; that when found to be Catholic priests they were liberated, after giving fictitious names, and never brought to trial.

That all these priests are from Boston, and

dozens more, or even scores of criminal ecclesiastics of less prominence can be named.

That whole wards of a certain charitable institution are kept for depraved Catholic priests, and Protestants are piteously and politely called upon to help enlarge the buildings and contribute liberally for the support of these dissipated, flockless, wandering shepherds.

"Like priest, like people"; that the head and front of all Catholic immorality is the priesthood; that horse-racing, boat clubs, betting, and boxing are largely Catholic; that sporting papers find Catholics their best patrons; that the average curate scarcely gets through with his morning prayers before he catches up the sporting news to see who won at the last race, and who got knocked out at the last prize ring.

That sports, pimps, and prostitutes are persistently entreated by the beggar sisterhood to give of their blood money to the charities of the Church, on pain of ostracism or purgatory; that Sunday amusements, concerts, balls, races, picnics, lotteries, and Sunday liquor selling, all are laid under contribution for the "good cause." "Give us help and you shall be secure in your license from Catholics at City Hall; if you don't, woe be to you!"

That the Catholics have control of politics at

City Hall; that new offices have been created, costing thousands upon thousands, to supply the hungry horde of Irish office-seekers; that old and trusted officials in the employ of the city for years have been turned out to give positions to the ward politicians and "heelers" who "helped" in the last election.

That this state of affairs has been brought about by the Catholic political bosses and wire-pullers of the Cathedral parish; that right under the shadow of this same Cathedral resides the "power behind the throne" in Democratic city politics.

That the appointment of assistant assessors is dictated by one of these Catholic bosses of the Cathedral parish.

That these self-same assistant assessors use their office to lower the valuation of certain property in order to secure votes.

That the only two Catholic newspapers published in Boston — one the organ of the archbishop — devote more of their attention to sports and politics than to religion.

That the cases of Catholic prostitutes and other criminals are *not prossed* or placed on file by the hundred every year.

That the district attorney, elected chiefly by Catholic votes, with the aid of his Catholic assistant, is for the most part to blame in this matter.

That a renegade Republican, under the plea of charity, can make a trade with a priest for the votes of his Catholic parishioners.

That an apostate from Protestantism can join the church, become a first-class devotee, curry favor with the priests, — and all to secure the Catholic vote.

That the school board is in the hands of the Catholics. That a priest can at any time secure the appointment of a favorite female member of his sodality as teacher in our public schools.

That members of the Catholic faith on the school board outnumber those of any other denomination almost two to one.

That an old and efficient member of this same school board, a Protestant and a practical educator, is given the "cold shoulder," and not appointed upon a single committee because he represented honesty, economy, and reform.

That all the committees of the board have from one to three Catholics.

That under Catholic rule this year large appropriations, jobs, and junketings are more numerous than ever.

That Catholic hoodlum politics at City Hall have cast a stain upon the fair name of Boston which time alone can obliterate.

That in fact the Roman Catholic Church per-

meates every department of our truly remarkable city government with the sole object of her own aggrandizement and the advancement of her spiritual and temporal interests.

That it was the rogues' gala day when the Catholics got possession of City Hall; when the eagle and the Stars and Stripes were metaphorically supplanted by the Shamrock and the Harp; when our Puritan Sabbath was turned into a Catholic Paris Sunday, making Boston a second Dublin and its surroundings a drunken Ireland.

Finally, that the present city government, in spirit, at least, is the shield, the instigator, head and front of debauchery, prize fights, Sunday amusements, liquor selling, gambling, and general demoralization; that the name of Boston, once the pride of civilization the world over, has become a byword and reproach.

APPENDIX. — SECTION II.

CATHOLIC POLITICS. — CHURCH SHOULDER - HITTERS. —
FATHER BODFISH'S LECTURE, "WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC."

PIETY, prize-fighting, and politics seem woefully mixed up. City Hall is in the hands of the Catholics. The chairman of the Board of Aldermen is a Catholic; the chairman of the Common Council is a Catholic. They manage appropriations and license shoulder-hitters. The Mayor strove to limit their junketings, but failed; strove to prevent the exhibition of the manly art of nose-smashing, and again failed. The Catholic bosses brook no dictation.

They demand exclusive Catholic teachings at the public expense. Now, what are those teachings, pugilistic or ritualistic, or both! I give the following from the *Boston Post*, Feb. 24, 1883:—

PRIZE FIGHT IN BOSTON. — One of the most desperate prize fights that has ever occurred in this city took place on Friday evening at the Crib Club, on Avery Street. The principals were George Godfrey, of Boston, and Frank Hadley, of New York, both colored. The fight was for a purse of \$100. Godfrey won on the sixth round. Both men were severely injured in the disgraceful contest with

their fists, and, when it was ended, showed abundant evidence of what they chose to call a "terrible punishment." John L. Sullivan, the so-called "champion," officiated as referee, and John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., of this city, acted as timekeeper. A large number of so-called sporting men were present from various parts of the country, and a large amount of money changed hands on the result. The police probably did not hear of the affair.

Now, John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., editor of the *Pilot*, is president of this same Crib Club. The *Pilot* is the Archbishop's organ, and John Boyle O'Reilly, an escaped Fenian from Botany Bay, his mouth-piece and chief editor. I never saw the gentleman, but learn he is a genial man, poetic, literary, and a dashing man of the world. So much the worse for religion. This club, this company of shoulder-hitters, gave the grand testimonial benefit to the champion shoulder-hitter of the world. A Catholic councilman secured the license, himself a shoulder-hitter. The papers stated he was to receive five hundred dollars for getting the license through. He didn't get it; the beneficiary went back on him.

Now, I ask, in the face of all this pugilism, together with gambling, drinking, pauperism, lotteries, and priestly criminalities, all in the name of religion, how long will the American people submit? Especially when three quarters of the people have no interest in the Church whatever! A

majority think it a burden, a detriment, and a curse to the State.

Yet Father Joshua Peter Bodfish, of the Cathedral, chief meddler in the Public Library and public schools, champion of anti-divorce, and within a stone's throw of whose church reside the Catholic bosses that rule State and city politics, had the effrontery to come up to the Legislature and ask for exclusive Catholic teachings in public institutions! Catholics were allowed nearly an hour each to present their case; Protestants only ten minutes to remonstrate.

"No you don't! Gentlemen, these remonstrants are here by my invitation," I said to the committee. "I am not to be limited to ten minutes. I speak to the committee of the whole. My address will be given in pamphlet form to the Legislature this afternoon." So I took my hat and left. Rev. A. J. Patterson and others occupied the little time remaining. The room was uncomfortably crowded, and an adjournment to a larger room became necessary. A bill for exclusive Catholic teachings was reported by this subservient committee, but it was defeated in the House, 50 to 91.

Now, this same Father Bodfish lectured in aid of the parochial school at Cambridgeport, Father Scully presiding. His subject was, "Why I became a Catholic." He might have called it, "The Burial of the Sects."

Father Bodfish commenced by stating that he came of Puritan stock, his ancestors having landed from the "Mayflower" on Plymouth Rock. His parents were Baptists; he had been born and bred in that faith. He, however, found no comfort or solace in that denomination; had embraced other religions, but could nowhere find rest until he entered the one true fold, — the Holy Catholic Church.

He then went on to attack Protestantism, saying, as near as we can report it, he declining to give it to the reporters, that "the sects outside the Roman Catholic Church are as numerous as the stars of heaven, the sands on the sea-shore, or the hairs on your head."

Taking from the table before him a roll of paper four or five feet in length (long as a coffin), he proceeded to read the names of the sects passing into oblivion, with a rhyming accompaniment.

"There are the Deists and the Theists, the Trinitarians and the Unitarians, the Tunkers and the Dunkards, the Shakers and the Quakers, the Canters and the Ranters, and then come the Baptists, Hard-Shell Baptists, Soft-Shell Baptists, and Baptists with no shell at all."

Every now and then the reverend lecturer stopped to take breath, as he named these various sects. This action was sure to bring down the

house. The number seemed greater than his lungs and heart could bear; at last he hurled the roll from him in sheer desperation, saying he could not enumerate any further. The poor man, though in pretty healthy condition, appeared utterly exhausted. Then came the interment of the sects on the scroll.

Glorious was the pageantry of the obsequies! Father Scully, robed in a cassock, came to one end of the coffin of the sects, Father Bodfish seizing the other end of the scroll as it lay upon the platform, they proceeded to bear the remains from public gaze amidst tumultuous applause and peals of derision and laughter.

Alas for me! with all my reverence for those holy rites of sepulture, that final interment of my favorite sect and creed, I must call the procession to a *halt!* I say, "*Stop the funeral!*" Why? Because the HEARSEs ARE NOT ALL IN!

The Catholic catafalque has been forgotten. Let me tell Mr. Bodfish and his *confrères* that if all these sects go down, the Roman Catholic Church goes with them just as sure as the sun rises and sets! The black night of infidelity will then reign. The non-church-going public will prefer Darwinism, Tyndallism, Spencerism, Spiritualism, Scepticism, in fact any ism except unpurged Catholicism.

APPENDIX. — SECTION III.

CELIBACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY. — LICENTIOUSNESS ITS FRUIT. — CONFESSION OF PRIEST RIEMBAUER.

I QUOTE from Rev. C. Sparry's book, "Protestant Annual," pages from 211 to 216: Are we coming to this in free America? I confess that signs are somewhat dark and forbidding.

Celibacy of the clergy of the Catholic Church owes its origin to Pope Gregory VII. There is no authority for the prohibition of the marriage of priests in the Word of God. Neither under the Jewish law were prophets, princes, or priests forbidden to marry. This custom has been the cause of all the licentiousness and impurity in the Church from the earliest ages down to the present time. Human nature is the same in all ages. It never changes. When a class of men are secluded from the companionship of women by a mandate, licentiousness and a laxity of morals must be the result.

The history of the crimes of the priesthood, according to the authority of eminent writers in the Church, is a series of multiplied abominations.

Agrippa, the historian, accuses the bishops of taxing the inferior clergy for liberty to violate the

laws of chastity. "One bishop," says he, "on one occasion, boasted of having in his diocese 11,000 priests who paid their superior every year a guinea for leave to keep a concubine." We are told licenses of this kind were common in many European kingdoms.

Clemangis declared the adultery and impurity of the clergy beyond all description. He says: "They frequent stews and taverns, and spend their whole time in eating, drinking, rioting, gaming, and dancing. Surfeited and drunk, these sacerdotal sensualists fought, shouted, rioted, and blasphemed; and passed directly from the embrace of the harlot to the altar of God."

Alvares, a Spanish author, asserts that "the sons of the Spanish clergy were as numerous as those of the laity." "They will pass," says he, "without confession, from their concubines to God's altar."

The German clergy were as bad as the Spanish. Some are charged with living in open concubinage; others of committing incest; and, according to the expressive language of a German council, "wallowing in sensuality; plunging, with slackened rein, into the lake of misery and mire of filthiness."

Albert, Duke of Bavaria, depicted the infamy of the German priesthood in glowing colors. "The recital," says he, "of clerical criminality would

wound the ear of chastity. Debauchery has covered the ecclesiastics with infamy.”

Switzerland was also the scene of similar profligacy. It rose to such a height prior to the Reformation, that the Swiss laity compelled every priest to take a concubine of his own, in order to preserve the safety of others. Clemangis also narrates that the laity would tolerate the clergy only on condition of their keeping concubines.

The French clergy were by no means behind those of other countries in this disgraceful career. According to the account of Mezerey, an eminent historian, all the French ecclesiastics were in a sad state of irregularity. The majority had concubines, while some of the deacons had four or five female companions.

The Italian and Roman clergy surpassed all others in infamy. A select council of cardinals and bishops, assembled by Pope Paul III., have drawn a picture of the morals of the Roman clergy which is absolutely frightful. Amours were carried on in open day, and with most unblushing effrontery. Popes, too, were as badly implicated as the clergy. Some of the hierarchs licensed houses of ill-fame, and gathered large taxes from this source. John, Boniface, Sextus, Alexander, Julius, Leo, and other popes were notoriously guilty of adultery and incest. A Roman council

convicted Pope John XII. of adultery and incest with two of his sisters. John XXII. was also guilty of a like crime.' So profligate were the clergy, that the meeting of a council in a city was enough to demoralize it. At a general council in Lyons, a Cardinal Hoge, in a speech to the citizens, immediately after the dissolution of the sacred synod, alleged that, by the perpetration of licentiousness, the city had been converted into one vast fermenting, overflowing sink of pollution. At the general council of Constance, it was quite as bad. It is said that the number of females of bad character in attendance was not less than fifteen hundred.

These are but specimens of the deliberate assertions of the most authentic historians of the Church. And what a horrible, disgusting picture do they present of the fruits of the celibacy of the clergy! Human depravity never had a worse development, if these accounts are to be believed, — and believed they must be if any credit is ever to be put in any history. And what this practice has done once it will do again. The grosser and more open manifestations of crime, of course, are prevented by the civilization of the age; but to deny that the same cause will produce the same effect, would be to deny that human passions still exist, and that the depravity of the heart is more intense

in one age than another. Celibacy has ever been the source of impurity and licentiousness. It is so now. There are evidences in our possession which will show that the Romish priesthood, since the Reformation, — nay, in our own country, — are deeply implicated in the crime, so deeply as to proclaim, in tones that should reach every parent's heart, that, so long as it forms a feature of Catholic policy, the priesthood are never to be trusted.

CONFESSION OF PRIEST RIEMBAUER, ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF GUILT. — The following extracts are from the "Confession of the Rev. F. Riembauer, a Roman Catholic priest, who was convicted of the murder of Anna Eichstaedter." We copy from the *Investigator*, edited by J. F. Polk, brother of the President of the United States : —

"The letters that I received from Anna Eichstaedter filled me with terror. Unless I would provide for the child, and receive her into my house, she threatened to denounce me to my ecclesiastical superiors. The result of my visit to her at Ratisbon increased my alarm. I explained to her my pecuniary embarrassments, and the impossibility of my receiving her ; but she would listen to no excuses, and would be convinced by no arguments. My *honor* (!), my position, my powers

of being useful, all that I value in the world, were at stake. I often reflected on the *principle* laid down by my old tutor, Father Benedict Sattler, in his 'Ethica Christiana' (a principle which he often explained to his young clerical pupils), '*That it is lawful to deprive another of life, if that be the only means of preserving one's own honor and reputation.*'

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"Two days afterward I buried her; and *as the hands had stiffened in an attitude of entreaty*, they rose above the grave and I was forced to remove them. I have nothing more to relate, except that I have frequently *said masses for her soul*, and that her death has always been a source of grief to me, *though the motives which led me to effect it were PRAISEWORTHY*. These motives — my only motives — were *to save the credit of my honorable profession*, and to prevent the many evils and crimes which a scandalous exposure must have occasioned. Had I not stood so high with my people, I would have submitted to that exposure. But if the faults of a priest, revered as I was, had been *revealed*, many men would have thought that my example justified their sins, others would have lost confidence in their clergy, and some, perhaps, might have thought religion a fable. As these calamities could be prevented only by the getting rid of Anna

Eichstaedter, *I was forced to get rid of her.* The end was good, — her death was the only means. Therefore, I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT IT WAS A CRIME.

“My failings (so far as they were failings) were the incidents of my position. *They were the failings of celibacy. They never disturbed my conscience; for I could defend them, both by reasoning and by examples taken from ecclesiastical history; and I think that I deserve credit for having so managed my conduct as to give no public offence.*

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In one of his examinations, he said: “I thought upon the remark of St. Clement, of Alexandria, that ‘*man is never so obviously the image of God as when he assists God in the creation of a human being!*’ To do so cannot be against the will of God, ‘since thereby the number of the elect may be increased; nor against the will of the Church, since it adds one to the number of her communion; nor against that of the State, which gains a citizen. *My conscience, therefore, gave me no uneasiness.*”

Such abominable principles need no comment. Five years ago I could not have believed the priesthood guilty of such gross acts of immorality. Before I commenced to probe Boston, nothing from Protestant lips would have convinced me of the profligacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood

of New England. I had looked only on the surface,—never dreamt that Catholic lips would disclose so much.

When I began to fathom Boston's iniquity, its crimes, its drinking, its licentiousness, hiring agents to obtain the facts at a cost of several thousand dollars; when I saw whole streets given up to brothels, respectable and wealthy citizens driven out and leaving the city; saw gathering round my own church by the acre houses of assignation, infant slaughter-houses, and dens of every abomination; saw under the very eaves of the church, within ten feet of my dwelling, streams of men and women, day and night, pouring in and out of dens of shame; when I saw that three fourths of the females in the dance-halls and houses of ill-fame were Catholics, most of them still abstaining from meat on Fridays, wearing faithfully the medal of the Virgin, scapulars, and Agnus Deis; when I learned that priests of the highest reputation, having upon them the vow of perpetual chastity, were breaking that vow continually, invading homes while husbands were away, inveigling women, both married and single, into private rooms of questionable hotels kept by Irish landlords; when loud anathemas were hurled against Protestant divorce laws while priestly concubinage was indulged in by the wholesale,—

when I saw all this, I said, "Surely the Roman Catholic hierarchy is responsible for *some* at least of the sins in Boston. Better raze every church to the ground, banish every priest, than have such outrageous perfidy continue in the holy name of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Here is another apostle of guilt, — a prominent priest in charge of a large and influential parish in the suburbs of Boston. What carries him so often to the house of a certain fair communicant, — a married woman? Ask the deceived husband! What did *he* witness on entering his house at an unexpected hour? What mean those cries, those wild appeals for mercy and forgiveness? What crash was that? Ah! the holy father makes a misstep, falls from a second-story window, breaks his leg, and, alas! limps through life to this day.

Still another, from the city of spindles. But I pass over the disgusting details; let it suffice to say that a Protestant physician of Boston holds the proofs of one of the most beastly cases of priestly immorality conceivable. The patient dared not consult a doctor of the Catholic faith: the story might leak out.

From Waltham comes a doubting parishioner on the track of his loved and honored shepherd. He follows him to Boston, strong in the convic-

tion that the good father has been traduced. He appoints himself a committee of one to investigate. His investigations lead into strange neighborhoods. Houses whose inmates seemed to shun the light of day opened their closely guarded portals to the "open sesame" of the priest. What did it mean? Further tracking made assurance doubly sure. The character of the various houses visited repeatedly by Father —— were all of the same type, — houses of sin and shame. The inference was plain. The priest was a false shepherd, — a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Here is a priest near to the bishop charged with unmentionable crimes. What is done? Why, he retires for a short time, then leaps to a first-class position. Here is one, head of an institution, addicted to the same unmentionable crime. The altar boys of those days are now grown up, and they laugh and sneer at the so-called celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy. Their faith is forever gone.

Many wonder where went the half-million lost at Lawrence. They say, "Bad investments"; and many of them were bad. Investments in feminine luxuries. Here is one: —

"Mike, have you a wife?"

"No, Father; I can't afford to marry: I am just over, an' have no job, sir."

"Oh, yes, you can; I will see that you have a job and a home."

He married; he got the job and the home; and in taking his wife to his bosom he got something he did not bargain for. Now that money came from Lawrence, and was distributed in Boston.

No wonder that Catholics stand up for me, help me, and pray for me to succeed in awaking the church to its duty. They say, "Give us trustees, like other sects and other corporations. Let us have a voice in the church; let us have reform. Success to Brother Morgan and his noble cause!"

The church has an eye to public demands; therefore I take hope. I look for the grandest reformation ever known upon this continent. Sects will vie with each other in holy ardor to save the lost. The Roman Catholic Church will leap to the front. Its zeal that awakes its devotees before the morning dawn; its faith that laughs at scepticism and seeming impossibilities; its devotion that is akin to martyrdom; its sacrifices that are simply Christ-like and God-like; its missionaries that build the costliest temples, plant the grandest institutions, penetrate the wilderness, traverse oceans, circle the habitable globe for converts, — these will yet inure to the glory of the American people, and make it foremost among the nations of the earth.

MORGAN'S "FALLEN PRIEST."

FROM "THE WATCHMAN."

Rev. Henry Morgan's "Fallen Priest," key and sequel to "Boston Inside Out," three books in one volume, is now complete in forty chapters, with "Catholic Church in Politics" and appendix added. Few stories ever published so graphically portray the Roman Catholic Church in all its bearings, socially, politically, religiously, as the story of "Father Keenan, the Fallen Priest." Founded on fact in the city of Boston, acting under the eye of the author for twenty-five years, "Father Keenan" is the embodiment of all that is good and bad in the Church hierarchy. The vice and crime attendant upon the Church in all large cities; the temptations of celibacy; the religious devotion and zeal of thieves and robbers; their swagger and brutal fights for the "honor" of the Church; the struggle and tragic death of the noted tramp, Mike Haley, for the "old faith"; the Irish wake at Mag O'Leary's; Father Keenan's ministrations in his low estate; Sam Skillins's intrigue against Mary Mulligan, and her terrible fate; Kate Ransom's escape from the convent; her protest to Father Leonard against parish schools; Father Keenan in the height of his fame and glory, then in his abject fall; how he won the "Belle of Beacon Hill" to the

Church ; how she died heart-broken when she discovered his true character ; how Marie McShea became infatuated with the priest ; how she upbraided him in the great congregation ; how his reputation declined from that eventful moment ; the plot of Sam Skillins which finally caused the priest to be silenced ; his vain endeavor to reform and become reinstated in the priesthood ; his lower descent to the lock-up and the brothel ; his last effort to reform ; his mission among the poor, the outcast and forsaken ; the midnight assault, which at last caused his death ; the heroic, self-sacrificing devotion of the object of his first love, Marie McShea, leaving the convent to minister to his dying wants ; the vision of her hooded features appearing over his midnight pillow, more beautiful to him than the "Mother of God" herself ; the parting of those two lovers, hand in hand, on the borders of the spirit world, hearts united as one from early youth in indissoluble ties, yet forbidden to marry ; the moral of the story, "Does the Roman Church in its present state elevate or degrade?" — all these, and much more, make this one of the most attractive books of the season, and perhaps of the age. If "Boston Inside Out" has reached its twenty-fifth edition, then its key and sequel, the "Fallen Priest," will probably reach twice that number. Superbly bound, five hundred and thirty-four pages, gilt cover and back. Retail price, \$1.50 ; to agents, half price. Agents, send \$1.00 for sample copy by mail.

Address : REV. HENRY MORGAN, 81 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PRESS NOTICES.

[*From the Chelsea, Mass., Record.*]

WE had heard of Rev. Henry Morgan's books previously, but have not seen them until now. That they should have made a sensation is not at all strange, for they are as chock full of incident as a good egg is full of meat. We can see at a mere glance that these books are important factors in rebuking evil and commending good. The author seems to have a way of "putting things" in pretty positive colors, and there is no misunderstanding his intention and meaning. He certainly digs to the very roots of his subjects. He is by some people deemed "eccentric," and that may be so, for everybody is eccentric to somebody, and we wouldn't give a cent for a genius that manifests no eccentricity. Mr. Morgan is evidently a host within himself, and his books reveal him in his many-sided phases. As a friend of the poor, as a preacher and lecturer, and as an author, he has certainly proved himself one of the few men who make their distinctive marks while passing through this wicked world. For quaint and lively literature we commend Mr. Morgan's books.

[*From the Woodbury, Conn., Reporter.*]

SOME years ago Rev. Henry Morgan, of Boston, published a book entitled "Boston Inside Out," which contained startling disclosures and created intense excitement, especially among the Catholics. Mr. Morgan is a regular modern Paul, and the way he handles his subject in this book commands the admiration of all lovers of moral reform. May such men as Morgan continue to increase!

[From the Philadelphia National Baptist.]

REV. HENRY MORGAN gives in these pages a lurid picture of the dark side of Boston life and government, and presents it with a vigor and plainness that cannot be misunderstood. The startling facts he presents cannot and ought not to be hid from public view. It is only by a proper realization of them that good citizens can meet their duties and destroy that which if not destroyed will destroy them. The power of rum, Romanism, and corrupt legislation is here laid bare, and the dangers to which they expose society. We are glad that such men as Henry Morgan are willing to prosecute these researches without fear or favor. They are among the greatest benefactors to the community, although their labors are often too little esteemed. The present volume is certain to gain a large class of readers; and we are safe to say that the stimulus of the book is in its facts, and not in its fancies.

[From the Boston Zion's Herald.]

REV. HENRY MORGAN keeps certain circles in Boston from becoming stagnant by an incessant stirring of them up. Not satisfied with turning Boston "Inside Out," he insists in a "Key and Appendix," upon calling openly, — in quite a disagreeable way to the persons concerned, — their well-known names. It is very certain that the Roman Catholic Church in this city will offer no prayers for the repose of his soul when Mr. Morgan finally ceases at once to live and to disturb its peace.

[From the New Bedford Republican Standard.]

THIS is a book which is being read by hundreds and thousands, and the sins and iniquities of Boston are depicted and laid bare with ungloved hands by the intrepid author. The book deals in facts, every one of which Mr. Morgan stands ready to back up. He believes in calling white white and black black, and hesitates not to expose the corruptions of Boston, whether clothed in rags or broadcloth.

BOOKS

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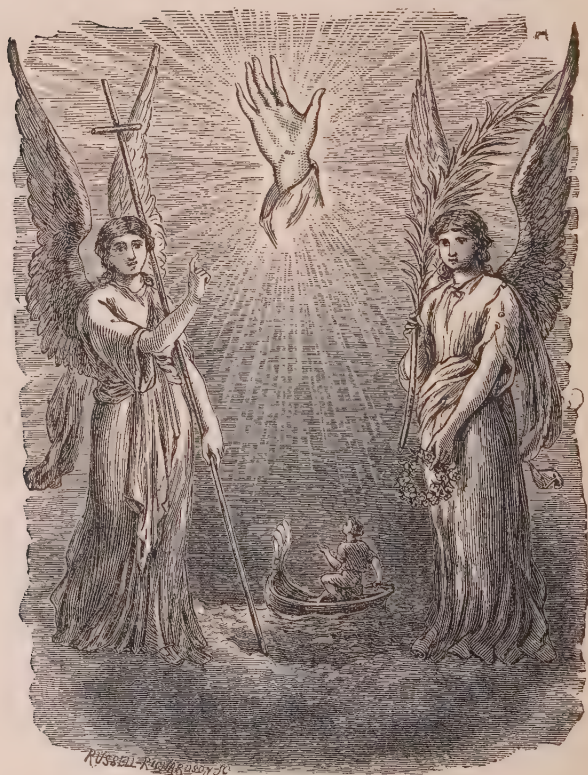
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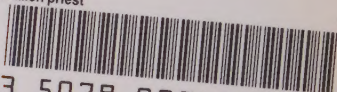
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